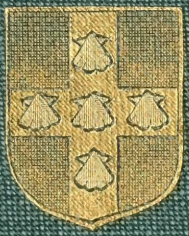
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 01328593 7



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/memoirsofducdesa03sainuoft

MEMOIRS

OF THE

DUC DE SAINT-SIMON.

VOLUME III.

The Cour de France Edition

LIMITED TO TWELVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY NUMBERED SETS, OF WHICH THIS IS

No. 969

The Duc de Bourgogne

MEMOIRS

OF THE

DUC DE SAINT-SIMON

ON THE TIMES OF

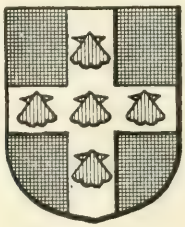
LOUIS XIV. AND THE REGENCY.

Translated and Abridged

BY

KATHARINE PRESCOTT WORMELEY,

FROM THE EDITION COLLATED WITH THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT
BY M. CHÉRUEL.



ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE ORIGINAL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

SEEN BY
PRESERVATION
SERVICES
DATE MAY 1989

BOSTON:
HARDY, PRATT & COMPANY.
1902.

Copyright, 1899,
BY HARDY, PRATT & COMPANY.

All rights reserved.

DC
130
S2A4
V.3

University Press:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Precautions of my conduct towards the dauphin. — *Tête-à-tête* with the dauphin. — Dignities, government, ministry. — Noble and just hopes. — Rank; princes of the blood; the legitimatized princes. — Noble words of the dauphin on bastards. — I often see the dauphin *tête-à-tête*. — The dauphin discovered alone with me by the dauphine. — I try to unite the Duc d'Orléans with the dauphin. — My memoir on the degradation of the dignity of duke and peer. — Death and character of Maréchal de Boufflers. — Charost made captain of the guards by the dauphin. — Princesse des Ursins forms a plan for sovereignty in her own right. — Wickedness of the Jesuit plot against the Cardinal de Noailles. — The affair of Cardinal de Noailles trusted wholly to the dauphin 1

CHAPTER II.

Warning given by Boudin and by the King of Spain. — Eulogy and death of Maréchal Catinat. — The dauphine at Marly for the last time. — Singular loss of a snuff-box. — The dauphine changes her confessor; her death. — Eulogy, traits, and character of the dauphine. — The dauphin at Versailles and Marly. — State of the dauphin, whom I see for the last time. — The dauphin's death; I wish to quit the world. — Eulogy, traits, and character of the dauphin 32

CHAPTER III.

Pontifical obsequies in Rome for the dauphin. — Funeral procession of the bodies of dauphin and dauphine to Saint-Denis. — Death of the little dauphin. — State of M. de Beauvilliers; and my own. — The dauphin's *cassette* puts me in great peril. — The dauphin and dauphine poisoned. — The king persuaded that they were poisoned by the Duc d'Orléans. — Pernicious advice given to the Duc d'Orléans. — The king at Marly; orders cards and the usual

PAGE

life. — Death of the princess of England. — I pass four or five weeks at La Ferté; cause of it. — Renunciations exacted by the allies in authentic and sure form. — Forms for renunciations discussed. — Interests of the Duc de Berry and the Duc d'Orléans. — Methods of reasoning of the Duc de Chevreuse. — The Duc de Beauvilliers declares for my opinion 65

CHAPTER IV.

Conferences on the renunciations between M. de Beauvilliers and me. — Proper course for the Ducs de Berry and d'Orléans to have taken. — Ambassadors appointed between England and France. — Death of the Duc de Chevreuse. — Music and comedies at Mme. de Maintenon's. — The Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury at Court. — The renunciations; abridged reflections. — The Ducs de Berry and d'Orléans go from Versailles to the parliament. — Session of the parliament. — Return to Versailles; despair and reflections of the Duc de Berry. — Peace signed at Utrecht, and announced. — Death of Sévigné. — Deep and underhand manœuvres of Père Tellier. — Daubenton and Fabroni employed to draw up the bull. — The bull Unigenitus posted in Rome. — General rising against the bull on its reception in France 94

CHAPTER V.

Singular conversation between Père Tellier and me. — Beginning of the persecutions in favour of the bull Unigenitus. — Fall of Mme. des Ursins in the minds of the king and Mme. de Maintenon. — Mme. des Ursins hastens to make a marriage for the king of Spain. — Death of the Duc de Berry; his character. — Enigmatical saying of the king about Mme. des Ursins. — Retirement of the chancellor, Pontchartrain. — The bastards and their posterity made capable of succeeding to the throne. — Registration of the edict by parliament. — Death of Queen Anne of England 125

CHAPTER VI.

Deep-laid schemes of the Duc du Maine and Mme. de Maintenon. — Methods employed to carry out those schemes. — Stern language of the king to M. du Maine. — Speech of the king in giving his will to the custody of parliament. — His speech to the Queen of England about the will. — Place and precautions for guarding the will. — General consternation. — Feelings and conduct of the Duc d'Orléans about the will. — Last mark of friendship from the king to Duc de Beauvilliers. — The last from M. de Beauvilliers to

PAGE

me. — Death of the Duc de Beauvilliers. — His character and eulogy. — Characteristics of the Duchesse de Beauvilliers. — My situation at Court. — Maréchal de Villeroy appointed head of the council of finance. — The king disturbed about the bull Unigenitus. — Amelot sent to Rome to arrange a national council. — Père Tellier makes me a proposal 156

CHAPTER VII.

Character, conduct, and death of Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai. — Schemes of Fleury, Bishop of Fréjus. — Fall of the Princesse des Ursins. — Reflections. — Princesse des Ursins in Paris; mortifications she endures. — I pass eight consecutive hours with her. — A more than doubtful Persian ambassador. — His audience and behaviour. — Bets in England on the approaching death of the king. — Boulainvilliers; his predictions, true and false. — The king decides to hold a *lit de justice* to enregister the bull 187

CHAPTER VIII.

Necessity for interrupting the story of the last days of the king. — First part of the character of the Duc d'Orléans. — Character of the Abbé, afterwards Cardinal, Dubois. — Second part of the character of the Duc d'Orléans. — Character of the Duchesse d'Orléans. — Singular behaviour of the Maréchal de Villeroy to me. — His character. — Reflections on the present government, and on that to be established. — I propose the various councils to the Duc d'Orléans. — I refuse positively that of the finances; my reasons. — The Duc d'Orléans destines me to the Council of Regency 216

CHAPTER IX.

Precautions suggested by me to the Duc d'Orléans. — Suggestions that I made as to education of the future king. — Discussion on the choice of members of the Council of Regency. — I propose the convocation of the States-general. — Great advantages to be obtained from it. — Court waves. — Embarrassing curiosity of the Duchesse d'Orléans. — Maisons makes me a monstrous proposition. — Reflections on his purpose. — The Duc d'Orléans gives up the idea of the States-general. — The Duchesse d'Orléans, alarmed, has recourse to me. — Quarrel of the king with d'Aguesseau. — Journal of the king's last days. — Receives the last sacraments. — Writes the codicil to his will, and speaks to the Duc d'Orléans. — The farewells of the king. — Mme. de Maintenon retires to Saint-Cyr. — The king, very ill, sends for her. — His last words; his death . . 248

CHAPTER X.

PAGE

Character of Louis XIV. — His early years. — Mme. de La Vallière; her character. — Hatred of intellect and nobility of sentiment; desire to reign alone. — Eagerness for glory. — Virtues of Louis XIV.; his miserable education. — His liking for detail. — His pleasure in flattery. — Rarity, but advantage, of an audience with him. — His extreme pride; the causes and results of it. — The Court removed to the country; reasons for this. — Origin of Versailles. — Desire of the king for a full Court. — Pains taken by him to obtain information; spies; police. — Secrets of the post-office. — Personal charm of the king. — His politeness. — His patience. — His natural grace in everything. — Love of air and exercise. — His devotion to the services of the Church. — His dress; his love of splendour and profusion. — Fatal and lasting effects of it. — His passion for building; his bad taste. — Abandons Saint-Germain for Versailles. — Versailles; its miserable defects. — King's desire to force nature. — Marly. — Items of king's expenditure in building [Note] 280

CHAPTER XI.

Amours of the king. — The three queens. — Beautiful unknown, very well known. — Another, chiefly unknown. — Mme. Scarron; her early life. — Brings up in secret the children of the king and Mme. de Montespan. — The king cannot endure her. — Little by little she is brought nearer to him. — Mme. de Maintenon supplants Mme. de Montespan. — The king marries Mme. de Maintenon. — Character of Mme. de Maintenon. — Persecution of Jansenism. — Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. — Establishment of Saint-Cyr. — Mme. de Maintenon misses for the second time the declaration of her marriage. — Bossuet; his influence drives Mme. de Montespan from Court. — Life and conduct of Mme. de Maintenon. — Her skilful method of governing the king. — Her desire to play a part in ecclesiastical matters. — Usefulness of the bull Unigenitus to Mme. de Maintenon. — Last years of Louis XIV.; his reverses of fortune. — His domestic calamities. — Firmness and true grandeur of the king; his piety. — Reflections. — Other reflections. — Abandonment of the king in his last days. — Louis XIV. was little regretted 311

INDEX 341

LIST OF

PHOTOGRAVURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

LOUIS DE FRANCE, DUC DE BOURGOGNE AND DAUPHIN . . *Frontispiece*

From an old engraving, proof before marking.

MARIE-ADÉLAÏDE DE SAVOIE, DUCHESSE DE BOURGOGNE AND DAUPHINE 34

By Santerre (Jean-Baptiste); at Versailles.

LOUIS DE FRANCE, DUC DE BOURGOGNE AND DAUPHIN 62

From an old engraving by E. Desrochers.

COLBERT, JEAN-BAPTISTE, MARQUIS DE SEIGNELAY 102

By Nanteuil (Robert); in possession of M. Julien Gréan, at Troyes.

MARLY, CHÂTEAU AND PAVILIONS OF 147

Painted in 1722 by Martin (Pierre Denis), engraved by Devilliers; in Galéries Historiques de Versailles.

FÉNELON, FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE, ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAI 187

By Rigaud; in possession of Comte Sosthènes de Verdonnet, Paris.

LOUIS XIV. IN HIS YOUTH 238

Marble medallion, maker unknown; in possession of M. Delaherche, at Beauvais.

PAGE

BEDROOM OF LOUIS XIV. AT VERSAILLES; THE BED IN WHICH HE DIED 268

From a photograph by Neurdein; Paris.

BONNE, NONNE, AND PONNE, HUNTING-DOGS OF LOUIS XIV. . . . 300

By Desportes (François); in the Louvre. This picture hung in Louis XIV.'s bedroom at Marly.

MADAME DE MAINTENON 330

By Petitot (Jean), miniature painter to Louis XIV.; formerly in the Gore House collection.

MEMOIRS

OF

THE DUC DE SAINT-SIMON.

I.

THE Court being changed by the death of Monseigneur, it became a question for me to change my conduct in regard to the new dauphin. M. de Beauvilliers spoke to me about it immediately; but he thought this change should be made slowly, and in a way to accustom people's minds to it without startling them. I had at divers times escaped strange calumny; I ought therefore to expect that eyes would be fixed upon me in proportion to the envy and jealousy excited; I could escape those dangers only by veiling my present situation, so changed by the changing of the whole Court scene. For this reason, he said, I ought to approach the prince little by little, according to the protection he was able to afford me, that is to say, according as he grew into the king's confidence and so into authority over public affairs and in society.

Precautions of my conduct towards the dauphin.

Nevertheless, I thought it well to sound the dauphin after the first few days of his new scope. One evening when I joined him in the gardens of Marly, there being but few persons with him and no one to alarm me, I profited by his cordial greeting to say in his ear that many reasons of which he was not ignorant had hitherto kept me at a neces-

sary distance from him, but that now I hoped to be able to follow with less constraint my attachment and my inclination; and I flattered myself that he agreed to it. He answered, also in a low voice, that there were indeed reasons which had sometimes restrained him; he thought they had now ceased; he knew very well what I was for him; and that he counted with pleasure on our henceforth seeing each other with greater freedom on both sides. I write the exact words of his answer so as to record the extreme politeness of those that ended it. I looked upon them as a happy pledge that my bait was taken as I wished. After this I became, little by little, more assiduous in joining his walks, but not continually or when dangerous persons were with him; and I spoke to him oftener and with greater liberty. I was sober about seeing him in his own apartments with society about him, and I only approached him in the salon when I saw it was suitable to do so. I was not ignorant of what he thought about the form of the government of the State and of many other topics allied to it; his sentiments were the same as mine and as those of the Ducs de Chevreuse and Beauvilliers on all of them. I had already slipped in a few words to him on the dignity of the peerage, to which I knew him to be favourable from principle. This was all too fine an opening not to endeavour to draw a noble result in that direction from it. I therefore made myself very watchful to seize upon whatever could lead me naturally to enter upon that topic with him; nor were the opportunities long in coming.

Tête-à-tête of the dauphin with me.

A few days later the dauphin sent for me. I entered through his dressing-room, where Duchesne, his first *valet de chambre*, a very sure man who had his full confidence, awaited me to usher me into his cabinet, where he was alone. My thanks were

not unmingled with an expression of joy at the change in his position. He at once entered upon our topics, like a man who fears less to unbosom himself than to let himself fall into the vanity of his new lustre. He told me that until now he had only sought to instruct and occupy himself, not meddling in anything, because he did not think he ought in any way to put himself forward; but since the king had ordered him to take cognizance of all things and to work with the ministers in order to relieve him, he felt that all his time was due to the State and to the public, and that if he abstracted any from the public business or from whatever would make him more capable of performing those duties, it was robbery; therefore he only took amusement as a rest, and to make his mind better fitted to begin afresh and more usefully after the relaxation that nature needed. From that he dilated on the king, speaking with extreme tenderness and gratitude, and told me that he felt himself in a very close manner bound to contribute all he could to his relief, inasmuch as the king had felt confidence enough in him to desire it. I entered heartily into such worthy sentiments, but I was troubled lest tenderness, gratitude, and respect might degenerate into dangerous admiration. Therefore I slipped in a few words about the king being in ignorance of many things which he had put himself out of the power of hearing, and to which his goodness would certainly not be insensible if they could only reach him.

This chord, so lightly touched, gave forth immediately a decisive sound. The prince, after a few words of preface about knowing from M. de Beauvilliers that I could be spoken to with safety, acknowledged the truth of what I said, and fell incontinently on the ministers. He enlarged upon the unbounded authority they had usurped, on the power they had obtained from the king,

Dignity; government; ministry.

on the dangerous use they could make of it, on the impossibility of getting anything to the king, or from the king to any one, except through them; and, without naming persons, he made me clearly understand that this form of government was entirely contrary to his liking and to his ideas. Returning from that very tenderly to the king, he regretted the evil education he had had, the pernicious hands into which he had successively fallen, and by which, under pretexts of policy and authority (the real power and utility being for the ministers), his heart, naturally good and just, was constantly deflected from the right way, without himself being aware of it; long usage having now confirmed him in these courses by which the kingdom had been rendered most unhappy. Then, returning to himself, he gave me great grounds to admire him. After which, as he recurred again to the conduct of the ministers, I took occasion to lead him round to their usurpations over the dukes and other persons of the highest nobility. As he listened to my statement indignation broke through his reserve. I can scarcely repeat to what point this audacity and the distinction so insanely favourable to the bourgeoisie over the nobility shocked him. I let him talk, as much to enjoy the worthy sentiments of one so near to the power of making laws and regulations as to inform myself to what degree a roused sense of equity might carry him. After that I went back to the beginnings of this subversion of true order. All this was the subject of an hour's talk; it diverted us from that we had met to speak about, but in itself it was far more important than that other matter, which was foreign to it.

Noble and just hopes.

It is difficult to express what I felt on leaving the dauphin. A near and magnificent future opened before me. I saw a prince enlightened, pious, just, approachable; one who was seeking for more

and more enlightenment, and with whom the trivial — always so principal a feature with such personages — was useless. I felt also by this experience another thing, unusual in most of them, — namely, that esteem and a sense of attachment once conceived by this prince would resist non-usage and habitual separation. I tasted with delight a confidence so precious and so full, at a first interview, and on matters so vital. I saw with certainty a change of government to its very essence. I foresaw, without illusions, the fall of those oppressors of the State, and the all-powerful enemies of the seigneurs and nobles, whom they had reduced to powder beneath their feet; but who, brought to life by the breath of this dauphin, become king, would recover their Order, their estate, their rank, and would restore all else to its natural condition. This desire of his for the re-establishment of the orders, and of rank in general, had all my life been the principal desire within me, and far superior to that of any personal prosperity. I felt therefore all the sweetness of this prospect, and the deliverance of my Order from a servitude which was secretly intolerable to me, impatience of which did sometimes rise to the surface against my will.

I cannot refuse myself a charming comparison of the reign of Monseigneur, which I had never anticipated without all possible dread, both public and private, with the solid comforts of this ante-reign soon to become the actual reign of his son, who was already opening his heart to me, and, at the same time, the path of hope, the best-founded hope of all that a man of my sort could legitimately place before him, desiring as I did order, justice, reason, the good of the State, and that of individuals by all honest and honourable methods wherein truth and integrity could show themselves. I resolved to conceal with the utmost

care this favour, so likely, if perceived, to startle and rouse my enemies against me, but also to cultivate it under that precaution, and to procure, with discretion, many such audiences in which I might learn and sow and gently inculcate much, and fortify my own position.

I should have thought it, however, a robbery and deep ingratitude, had I failed to give full homage for this favour to him to whom I owed it. Certain as I was that the Duc de Beauvilliers held the pass-key to the heart and mind of the dauphin, I did not think I committed an infidelity in relating to him all that had passed between the prince and myself. I therefore went at once and repeated the conversation to M. de Beauvilliers, who was not less delighted than I was myself. The duke, in spite of a piety that was almost that of the other world, a timidity too conscious of shackles, a respect for the king that was little short of the adoration of the latria, was not less concerned than I at the evils of the present form of government, the effrontery of the power of the ministers and the manner of its exercise, they being absolute kings within their departments, and even outside of them, for in fact they were not less dukes and peers than I was myself. He was much astonished at so great an unbosoming to me, and surprised at the remarkable effect of all that he had taken pains to plant and cultivate on my behalf in his pupil's mind.

Another tête-à-tête of the dauphin with me.

A few days later I had another audience. I will say here, once for all, that Duchesne usually, M. de Beauvilliers rarely, and sometimes the dauphin, in a low voice when out walking, told me the hour at which I was to go to him. If it was I who wanted an audience, I told Duchesne, who at once conveyed the request and brought me an appointment. Wherever we were, at Fontainebleau, Versailles, or Marly, I always en-

tered secretly through the dressing-room, where Duchesne was careful to be stationed alone to introduce me immediately, and to wait until I left to usher me out; so that no one ever knew of these visits, except the dauphine once, but she kept the secret perfectly.

At the third interview I have just mentioned the dauphin fell at once upon the insolence of the ministers (he did not spare them that term), and on the great repression of the seigneurs. As I had principally intended to sound him on all that concerned our dignities, I evaded every topic that led away from that point, bringing back the conversation to it, and leading him through all the phases of it. I found him well informed as to our dignities, their proper relation to the State and crown, and all that history furnished him on that and kindred subjects, but not much else, though full of its being the strong interest of the State, of the majesty of the kings of France and the supremacy of their crown, to re-establish and maintain this highest dignity of the kingdom, — together with the desire to do so himself. I made him make certain natural reflections on the extreme injury which the tolerance of this abuse did to the kings and to their crown, an injury bearing down upon the most solid things of the State by the weakening of the idea of their grandeur. I showed him very clearly that the degrees of this descent were the same as ours, and that we the peers being lowered and degraded gave cause for the discredit of the throne itself, through the degradation of the highest thing that emanated from it.

Dignity; princes of the blood; the legitimatized princes.

The dauphin, earnestly attentive, liked my arguments, completed them in several instances, and eagerly received the impression of all these truths. We discussed them in a manner both agreeable and instructive. The dauphin, ex-

tremely well-informed on all historical facts, groaned over the ignorance and the want of reflection in the king. I did but little more than open the points of discussion and present them successively, leaving to him the pleasure of speaking, and to myself that of seeing him so well-informed, and of giving him the chance to persuade himself by himself, to excite himself and spur himself, while I looked on at his sentiments, his method of conceiving and of taking impressions, in order to profit by that knowledge and more easily increase along the same line his convictions and his ardour.

The usurpations of the princes of the blood over the peers was one of the points on which I found him best informed from the point of view of the princes, but at the same time perfectly equitable, as he had shown himself on all other points. He was less informed as to the times and the occasions of those usurpations than of the fact of usurpation itself. I therefore told him of some, to his great satisfaction, being more careful to follow his lead and answer his questions, which kept up his eagerness and his curiosity, than to make him a statement and a connected discourse. When I thought I had, for this time, sufficiently instructed him about the princes of the blood, I alluded to the assumption of the bastards, which had done so much to increase that of the princes, in order to lead the dauphin to speak of them; for that was a chord I wished him to touch first, that I might feel, by the tone he gave to it, the tone I myself ought to take on that subject. My sensitiveness on all that they had snatched away from us, and the respect of the dauphin for the king, his grandfather, made me cautious, so that it was long before I brought him to my point. But at last he fell upon it himself. Speaking in a much lower tone and with measured words, but, in exchange, with a far more significant expression of face (for my eyes were at work with even

greater intentness than my ears), he began to excuse the king, to praise him, to dwell on the misfortune of his education, and that of the position in which he had put himself of never hearing the truth from any one. I did not gainsay him; but by manner and countenance I modestly made him feel how this misfortune bore full upon us. He understood the meaning of that mute language well, and he encouraged me to speak. I preluded, as he did, by praises of the king, by the same regrets that he had uttered, and then I fell upon the harm that resulted. I used, not without cause, the arguments of piety, — the example, the powerful temptation, added to that of the thing itself, which precipitated all women into the arms of a king, the scandal of the absolute equality between the children of the sacrament and those of the double adultery; for, after the second generation, there was perfect equality in the legitimate and the illegitimate offspring of kings, as was now seen in those of M. le Duc de Chartres and the children of M. du Maine; these remarks were not lukewarm.

Noble words of the dauphin on bastards.

The dauphin, satisfied with his exordium and content, perhaps, with mine, excited later by my words, interrupted me and grew heated. He spoke of the difference of an extraction which derived all that distinguished it so grandly from its congenital qualification of royalty, with that other, due only to seductive and scandalous crime, that bore within itself only infamy. He went over the divers and numerous degrees by which the bastards (for he often used that word) had mounted to the level of the princes of the blood, who, in self-defence, had raised their own level so many degrees at the expense of the dukes. Throughout it all many returns of respect, tenderness, and even compassion for the king, which made me admire the just mingling of the good son

and the good prince in this enlightened dauphin. At length, concentrating his mind upon himself, he said: "It is a great misfortune to have such children. So far God has given me the grace to keep away from that path; but no man can boast; I do not know what may happen to me in future; I may fall into many evil ways; I pray God to preserve me from them! but I think that if I should have bastards, I would take great care not to bring them up as these are, and even not to recognize them. But that is a feeling I have now, by the grace of God who gives it to me. As no man can be sure of deserving his grace and keeping it always, we should curb ourselves perpetually, that we may not fall into such unseemliness."

A sentiment so humble and at the same time so virtuous charmed me, and I praised it with all my strength. The conversation lasted more than two hours, and at the end he again referred to the losses of our dignity as dukes and peers and to the importance of repairing them, adding that he would be very glad if he could be informed on the subject to the very bottom. At the beginning of the conversation I had said that he would be surprised at the number and greatness of our losses if he saw them collected together at a glance. I therefore proposed to him now to search them out and lay them before him. Not only was he willing, but he begged me eagerly to do so. I asked for a little time, so as not to bring him anything that was not strictly correct, and I left him the choice of the order in which I should present the subject, whether according to the nature of the things and matters, or by the dates of losses. He preferred the latter, though much less clear for him, and more toilsome for me. I represented this at once, but he persisted in his choice, and it was too important to serve him in the way he wished, to spare myself any trouble. He

gave me, when I took leave, full liberty not to see him in public except when I thought it could be done without risk, but in private whenever I desired to discuss the matters about which I wished to speak to him.

It is not difficult to imagine the delight in which I issued from an interview so interesting. The confidence of a dauphin, just, enlightened, and so near the throne, already, as it were, sharing it, left nothing to be desired for present satisfaction nor for future hopes. The happiness and order of the State, and after that the restoration of our dignity, had been through all the days of my life the object of my most ardent desires, leaving far behind it that of my own fortunes. I had found that same object in the dauphin; I saw myself in a situation to contribute to that great work, to raise myself at the same time, by careful conduct, into tranquil possession of those precious advantages. I now thought only of how to make myself worthy of the one, and the faithful co-operator of the others.

I often see the dauphin tête-à-tête.

After this I often saw the dauphin in private, and immediately rendered to the Duc de Beauvilliers an account of what had passed. I profited by his advice, and I spoke to the dauphin about all things. Neither his reserve nor his charity took fright at anything; not only did he enter easily and with freedom into all that I brought upon the tapis about things and persons, but he encouraged me and charged me with rendering an account of many persons and many things to him. He gave me notes, which I returned to him with the comments he had asked for; and I gave him others, which he kept, and then discussed with me before returning them. I filled all my pockets with quantities of papers every time I went to one of these audiences, and I often laughed to myself as I passed through the salon and saw so many

people who were actually at the moment in my pockets, and yet so far from imagining the important discussion then to be made about them.

The dauphin was lodged in one of the four great suites of rooms on the same floor as the salon. In his own chamber the bed stood with its feet to the windows; at the side of it towards the fireplace was the door of the dark dressing-room through which I entered; between the fireplace and one of the windows was a little movable secretary or desk at which he worked; opposite to the usual door of entrance and behind the desk and the seat before it was a door into another room leading to the dauphine's apartment; between the two windows stood a bureau, used only for papers.

The dauphin discovered alone with me by the dauphine.

There were always a few moments of conversation before the dauphin seated himself at his desk, and ordered me to sit down opposite to him. Become quite free with him, I took the liberty to say one day, while we were standing and talking during those first moments, that he would do well to run the bolt of the door behind him. He said that the dauphine would not come, as it was not one of her hours. I replied that I was not afraid of the princess, but very much afraid of the train of ladies who accompanied her everywhere. He was obstinate, however, and would not run the bolt. I dared not press him farther. He then sat down at his desk, and told me to sit as usual. The session was long; after which we sorted our papers. He gave me his notes to put in my pockets, and took mine, some of which he locked up in the bureau; after which he stood talking with his back to the chimney, the rest of the papers in one hand and his keys in the other. I was standing by the desk searching for certain papers with one hand and holding others in my left, when the opposite door opened and the dauphine entered.

The first glance of all three — for, thank God, she was alone — the astonishment of our three countenances have never left my memory. The fixed glance, the statue-like immobility, the silence, the awkwardness lasted fully through a slow Pater. The princess was the first to speak. She said to the prince in a very uneasy voice that she did not know she should find him in such good company, smiling at him and then at me. I had time to smile too and lower my eyes before the dauphin spoke. "As you have found me, madame," he said, smiling himself, "go away." She stood an instant smiling at him in return, and he to her; then she looked at me, smiling with more freedom than at first, turned quickly and went out, closing the door, which she had, in truth, scarcely entered.

Never did I see a woman so astonished; and never did I see a man — I shall risk the word — so sheepish as the prince, even after she had left the room; and never man, if it must be told, was more frightened than I, — though I felt easier when I saw she was not accompanied. As soon as she had closed the door, "Well, monsieur," I said to the dauphin, "if you had only pleased to bolt the door!" "You are right," he replied, "I was wrong. But there is no harm done; happily she was alone, and I will answer for her secrecy." "I am not anxious about that," I said (I was, though!), "but 't is a miracle she was alone. With her usual following you might have escaped with a reprimand, but I should have been ruined without return." He admitted his wrong once more, but assured me as to secrecy.

After this discovery the dauphine often smiled at me as if to remind me of it, and took an air of marked attention to me. Fond as she was of Mme. de Saint-Simon, she never mentioned the matter to her. She was afraid of me in a general way because she greatly feared the Duc de Chevreuse

and de Beauvilliers, whose grave and serious ways were not hers, and she was not ignorant of my long and close intimacy with them. Their strict morals and their influence over the dauphin disturbed her; the aversion of Mme. de Maintenon did not tend to reassure her; the confidence of the king in them and their position with him kept her, timid as she was, uneasy.

I work to unite the Duc d'Orleans to the dauphin.

Among the many matters of general and private interest which occupied me, not the least was a desire on my part to bring the Duc d'Orléans into union with the dauphin, and, with that object, to ally him to the Duc de Beauvilliers. All things seconded me, except himself and his daughter the Duchesse de Berry; strangely enough, because the prince felt both the need and the propriety of this union and he desired it. The close intimacy always maintained between the dauphin and the Duchesse d'Orléans, that which existed after their fashion between himself and the Duc de Chevreuse, the open partiality, never relaxed, of the prince for M. de Cambrai, and the little niche he had always managed to keep for himself among the Jesuits, were all great advances towards the end I wanted. But the hindrances were scarcely less. The morals of the Duc d'Orléans, his affectation of adorning himself with debauchery and impiety, his extremely misplaced indiscretions in those matters led the dauphin to shun him, and repulsed his old governor. The gleam of reason and of religion which shone about him after his separation from Mme. d'Argenton had not been of long duration, though wholly sincere for some time, prolonged possibly for the sake of the marriage of the Duchesse de Berry, which followed the separation in about six months. Ennui, habit, and the bad company he still saw whenever he went to Paris dragged him away again. He plunged once more

into debauchery and impiety, though without a leading mistress and without any quarrels with the Duchesse d'Orléans, except a few in connection with the Duchesse de Berry. It was a race between the father and daughter which of them could most ridiculously inveigh against morality and religion; sometimes such talks were before the Duc de Berry, who had much of both principles and thought the sentiments of father and daughter very strange and as bad as he dared to think them, and also the attacks they made upon him to do likewise, which never succeeded.

The king was not ignorant of his nephew's conduct. He had been much shocked by his return to debauchery and his scandalous companions in Paris. The prince's assiduity to the Duchesse de Berry and his attachment to her made the disgust the king now felt for his grandson's wife and his displeasure at her open insults to her mother, to whom he felt as a father and a protector, and for love of whom he had made the marriage in spite of Monsieur's repugnance, fall back upon the duke.

Conscious of all this I nevertheless urged strongly on M. de Beauvilliers the importance and the necessity of not being revolted and so allowing the principal fruit of that marriage, namely the union of the royal family, to escape us, and I showed him that the more we had been deceived in the character of the Duchesse de Berry, the more we ought to stiffen ourselves to avert and correct the evil consequences, which could alone be done by the means I proposed to him. At first the duke was excited, but on my begging him to listen to me he allowed me to say all without interruption. He agreed as to the truth of it, but at the same time he brought up against me the morals of the duke and the loose talk which sometimes escaped him before the dauphin, and alienated the latter infinitely; and he showed me without

difficulty that such indiscretion was an obstacle that put the strongest barrier to their intercourse. I felt this too much to be able to deny it, but I urged that *that* obstacle at least could be removed, on which I saw him inwardly give way. Then I stopped, feeling that everything depended on that condition, which it was necessary to work at before all else; for, knowing as I did the levity of the Duc d'Orléans and his detestable heroics of impiety, which he affected far more than he felt, I could not answer even to myself for success.

I did not delay attacking him, and I found no difficulty in making him sincerely agree as to the solid advantages he would gain, not only at the present moment, but in future from a union with the dauphin. From this acknowledgment I led him easily to a wish for it, which I thought it well to sharpen by the difficulty which lay, as he himself felt, in his morals and conduct. I tossed him about for a long time on that point; and then I said that I abstained from exhorting him about his morals or his pretended opinions, which he did not hold in his heart and only deceived himself about, and should merely tell him that the present necessity was for two things: first to be on his guard continually against the slightest licentious talk before the dauphin, and also at the Princesse de Conti's, where the dauphin went sometimes, and whence it was certain to reach his ears. I told him that his indiscretion on such matters alienated the prince far more, and more dangerously, than he could imagine, and that what I said about it was not opinion, but knowledge. The other point was to go less often to Paris, and to do his debauchery, since he was so unfortunate that he must do it, behind closed doors, and also to put such restraint on himself and those who were with him that there should be no talk about it the very next morning.

This expedient, which did not attack his pleasures, pleased him, and he promised to follow it. He was faithful to his word, especially in his talk before the dauphin and in all places whence his remarks might reach him. I told what I had done to the Duc de Beauvilliers. The dauphin soon after noticed the change himself, and spoke of it to the duke, from whom it came back to me. Little by little the two approached each other.

Among all these cares and other business I had to work at the memoir of our losses as dukes and peers which the dauphin had asked of me.[1] At all times I had gathered them, with the occasions that caused them, as much as I could. I had had this interest from my earliest youth, and I had followed it ever since, applying continually for information to the old dukes and duchesses who were most at Court in their day, and the best informed. I verified by others what I learned from them; and above all I sought corroboration from non-titled persons, elders, well-informed and versed in the usages of the Court and of the world, who had been much in both and had seen them with their own eyes; to these I added certain old and leading valets. I started all these persons upon their own track and gently, by conversation, I trapped them into relating what I wanted to get out of them. I had written the information down as I gathered it; consequently, I had my materials ready; to these I added the losses in my own time, to which I had been a

My memoir on the degradation of the dignity of duke and peer.

[1] Sainte-Beuve in his preface explains Saint-Simon's political theory. He felt the moral weakness of France caused by the degradation of his Order, through the jealousy of kings, from the duties of statesmanship to the despicable idleness of mere courtiers. The Memoir is brimming with the topic in all its aspects; instinct throughout with a lofty sense of Honour and patriotism (as patriotism could alone be understood in those days); but unutterably wearisome in details of rank and precedence, degenerating sometimes into woful pettiness. — Tr.

witness together with all the Court. Without this previous work a present gathering of these facts would have been impossible, and the search would have led me too far. As it was, the arrangement which the dauphin had chosen made the work long and fatiguing, and I could get no help from any one; M. de Chevreuse was not at Marly, M. de Beauvilliers too busy, and I dared not employ a secretary. However, I concluded it just as the long stay at Marly, from the time of Monseigneur's death in April to July 15th, came to an end. I put a short preface addressed to the dauphin. This document will be found among my papers. Since it was written many a strange supplement might be added to it.

Though the dauphin was much occupied with the affair which later gave birth to the famous bull Unigenitus, the king having placed it in his hands for settlement, he gave me an hour in his cabinet. I had some trouble to hide in my pockets, without their bulging being perceived, the many papers I took to him. He put some of them away with his own most important documents, others with less important ones, and I could not help admiring the precise and careful manner in which he kept his papers, in spite of the constant change of residence of the Court, which was not the least among his many annoyances. Before putting the memoir under lock and key, he ran his eye over our decadence and was horrified at the number of items. I read him the preface, and explained the sources from which I had gathered all that preceded my own time. He admired the fulness of the work, the order and convenience of the tables; he thanked me for the pains I had taken as if I had not been a party interested. He said that he should read the whole at Fontainebleau (where the king was soon going), in order to furnish his head with it, after which he would dis-

cuss the whole matter with me. He added that he only postponed the reading until Fontainebleau because he was oppressed by an affair the king had almost entirely left to him, and which occupied his mind all the more because religion was involved in it. I understood of course that it was that of the Cardinal de Noailles, which led, as I have said, to the famous constitution Unigenitus.

I thought it not best to prolong an audience in which I had nothing to add to the subject that procured it, seeing that he was not disposed to speak to me on other matters. As he did not say more about the affair which occupied him so much (in fact, too much), I contented myself with thanking him for the time he promised to bestow upon my memoir; representing in a general way how desirable it was that the present state of things should soon end; and how dangerous were the passions and altercations which obscured and prolonged it. He answered with his usual humility about himself and with kindness to me, after which I left him.

Death and character of the Maréchal de Boufflers.

The Maréchal de Boufflers died at Fontainebleau, aged sixty-eight. I have so often mentioned him in these Memoirs, that there is little left to say. Nothing is more surprising than the fact that with little mind, and a mind so courtier-like (but never to ministers, with whom he knew well how to hold his own), he still preserved an integrity without the slightest stain, a generosity that was perfectly pure, a nobility in all things of the first order, and a true and sincere virtue, all of which continually showed forth in his conduct throughout his life. He was strictly just to the merits and actions of others without respect to persons or distinctions, and often at his own expense; kind and adroit in excusing faults; bold in snatching occasions to replace a dismissed man in the saddle. He

had a true passion for the State, its honour, its prosperity; and he had the same, through gratitude and admiration, for the glory and the person of the king. No one loved his family and his friends better, nor was more essentially an honest man, nor more faithful to all his duties. Men of honour and good officers were held by him in the highest esteem. With the magnificence of a king he knew how to regulate his life and was singularly disinterested; he was sensitive to respect, confidence, and friendship; discreet and secret to the last degree and of rare modesty at all times; which, however, did not prevent him from feeling his importance on certain occasions, as we have seen, and making himself heavily felt by whoever showed presumption in regard to him. He derived what he was from his love of the good, from the excellent uprightness of his intentions, and from labours of many kinds which exceeded ordinary powers; so that, notwithstanding the limited extent of his ideas, he was often applied to for memoranda, projects, and letters on public affairs, which were very correct and very sensible. He showed me several of them; I communicated to him some of my own; and he had a very important one in his desk when I heard of his extreme illness, which was such that he died the next day. I had hoped for his recovery all along, and was reluctant to show any uneasiness. On hearing the news I rushed to his house in fear of seals and inventory; I told him I hoped all from the state in which I found him, but that his illness being severe it would be long before he could apply himself, and that meantime I wanted to use my memoir, and if he would kindly give it to me I would return it when he liked. He was not at all disturbed by these remarks; called his wife, who had arrived the night before, and asked her to go and find his desk, opened it when she brought it, took out the paper and gave it to me.

The rare and most fortunate service which he rendered at the battle of Malplaquet had turned his head to the point of daring to demand the sword of *connétable*, and, on being refused, the post of colonel-general of the infantry, also suppressed, and still more dangerous. The refusal of the latter, which was even more curt than that of the former, angered him; he forgot his rewards and saw only these refusals, in contrast with what was lavished on Maréchal de Villars in recompense for the same battle and a campaign of which all the merit of every kind was on Boufflers' side, and on that of Villars all possible demerit. It drove him to despair. The king was disgusted, as if he were an ambitious man who was insatiable, and did not restrain himself from saying so. Boufflers loved the king as one loves a master; he feared him, admired him, and adored him almost as a god. He felt the impression now made, and soon after he saw it was irremediable. He sank into a deep depression, bitter, gloomy, which made him count all his glory as of no value, and little by little this brooding cast him into strange infirmities which the doctors were unable to understand. I lost my time and efforts in trying to console him; for he never hid anything from me, except those two requests before he made them, but not their sad result. Sometimes he complained to Monseigneur, who was kind to him and sought to comfort him; often to the Duc de Bourgogne, and again after he was dauphin; the latter loved and esteemed him and went to see him with affection during his illness. He had just returned from Paris when he was seized, and four or five days' illness brought him to death's door. An empiric gave him a remedy which put him out of danger by sweating, but the man forbade him to take any purgative. The next morning the Faculty, much astonished to find him in such good condition, persuaded him to take a medicine which killed him

within twenty-four hours, with signs that showed it worked as a poison in conjunction with the other remedy, and did no honour to those who gave it. He was universally regretted, and his praises sounded from all lips, although his influence had by this time been wholly lost. The king spoke well of him, but little, and felt extremely relieved by his death. The Maréchale de Boufflers was taken to the apartment of the Duchesse de Guiche, where the dauphin and the dauphine went to see her. She wished to return immediately to Paris, and would not allow that anything should be asked in her behalf, even rejecting the idea with indignation. Nevertheless, as it proved that their affairs were much embarrassed, her friends forced her at last to accept a pension from the king of twelve thousand francs.

Charost made captain of the guards by the dauphin.

The office of captain of the guards made vacant by this death had many aspirants. I risked putting myself among them by a letter which I presented to the king. I heard afterwards that it had pleased him enough to give me hope of the place. But M. de Beauvilliers, without whom I did nothing important, and who had urged me to the step, presently brought me down about it. The maréchal died on the 22nd of August. Friday, September 4, the king worked as usual with Père Tellier, and then sent for the dauphin. He told him that at his present advanced age it was no longer for himself that he ought to choose men, who would serve him for a short time only but the dauphin all their lives, and he ordered him to say frankly to which of the applicants he gave the preference. The dauphin, after suitable acknowledgments, named the Duc de Charost as the one that would be most agreeable to him, and obtained the appointment instantly. The king went soon after to Mme. de Maintenon's apartment, and sent for Charost and gave him the post with

a patent of five hundred thousand francs, the same as Maréchal de Boufflers had received, telling him that he owed this preference to the dauphin, to whom he had left the choice, and ordering him to send the news at once to his father, to whom it would give great pleasure.

Charost was lieutenant-general, but had not served for a long time. He was not upon such a footing with the king as made him feared by the other aspirants for the place; there was therefore extreme surprise and much buzzing over an event which impressed the whole Court with great respect for the dauphin and a perfect persuasion of what he could now do. Not obtaining the office myself, I was delighted to have one of my most intimate friends in it. He and I had reciprocally wished it for the other. I never saw a man so pleased, both at the thing and at the manner of it. The dauphin, through all his modest reserve, seemed extremely well-satisfied; the dauphine too, but only by sympathy; we have seen the rank held by his mother the Duchesse de Béthune in the little flock of M. de Cambrai, and among the disciples of Mme. Guyon, and how that re-acted for the Duc de Charost on the dauphin and on the Ducs de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers. The latter, who considered the Duc de Charost fitted for only the external offices, and had always approached him to the dauphin on that footing, was glad of this appointment, which rewarded the faithfulness of the mother, and favoured the little flock by placing a man of their own in so important a place.

As for me, he had other views, which he now did not delay to explain to me, and in which I was soon after confirmed by the dauphin himself. It was to make me governor of M. le Duc de Bretagne, born January 8, 1707, as soon as he should be of an age to leave the hands of women, — a place there was every appearance that the king would leave

to the dauphin's disposal, inasmuch as he had just given him that of another principal post, but less important and less close to him. God, whose breath is on the projects of men, did not permit the accomplishment of this one. We shall soon see this little prince interred in the same grave with him who was the hope and the happiness of the nation, and with her who made all the grace and charm and pleasure of the Court.

The Princesse des Ursins forms a project for sovereignty in her own right.

About this time it was known that the King of Spain had given to the Elector of Bavaria in full sovereignty all that remained to him of the Low-Countries. Of cities, there were only Luxembourg, Namur, Charleroy, and Nieuport; the promise of this cession had long been made to the Elector. The Princesse des Ursins, not content with reigning virtually in Spain with all authority and power, dared to dream of having something to reign over actually in her own right. She seized the occasion of the gift made by the King of Spain to the Elector to stipulate that the latter should give her territory producing a revenue of one hundred thousand francs a year, to be held by her in full sovereignty during her lifetime. Soon after it was agreed with the Elector that the chief town of this territory should be Roche in Ardennes, and that the new sovereignty should bear that name. It will be seen in the end that this sovereignty took divers forms, changed its locality, and went up finally in smoke, but the notion of it lasted a long time. Mme. des Ursins was so sure of it that she built thereon a splendid project, which was to exchange with Louis XIV. the sovereignty assigned to her on the frontier for another, namely a sovereignty in Touraine and the country about Amboise for her lifetime, reverting afterwards to the crown; intending to leave Spain and go there to enjoy it for the rest of her days.

With this design, which she thought infallible, she sent d'Aubigny, her favourite equerry, to France, with orders to prepare a fine dwelling, that she might find everything ready to receive her when the time should come. He bought a field near Tours, but nearer still to Amboise, without lands or rights of seigneurie, because when sovereign of the province she would, of course, need none. D'Aubigny immediately began to erect, as if for himself, very rapidly but very solidly, a vast and superb castle, with immense inner courtyards, enormous offices, the finest and most beautiful gardens, and furnished in a manner which responded in magnificence to all the rest. The provinces, the neighbouring country, Paris, the Court itself, were filled with amazement. No one could understand so prodigious an expense for a simple country-box, a mere house in the middle of a field, without lands, without revenue, without seigneurie, and still less why a cage so vast and so superb was wanted by the bird who was building it. It was long an enigma; and this folly of Mme. des Ursins was, as we shall see later, the first cause of her downfall. I shall say no more as to the fate of her chimera, except that the king obliged the King of Spain to leave out of the treaty the stipulation with the Elector, which the allies had always sneered at contemptuously, never allowing it to appear in the formal agreements; but, in order not to return to the subject, let us see what became of this wonderful palace, which was wholly completed and furnished before Mme. des Ursins lost hope of playing the sovereign within it.

No one could suppose that a man of small account like d'Aubigny, no matter what wealth he might have amassed, would have dared to build such a structure for himself, but it was only little by little that the obscurity cleared up. It was suspected, certainly, that Mme. des Ursins was behind

him; it was thought that she might weary Spain, or be herself wearied out with her life there, and wish to end her days in her own country; without, however, hanging about the Court or in Paris after so despotically reigning elsewhere. But a palace that was nothing really but a wayside country-box could not be understood as her retreat. It was not until the noise that her proposed sovereignty made throughout Europe that people began to open their eyes about Chanteloup, — that was the name of the palace, — the destination of which now became evident. The total downfall of this ambitious woman, which will be told in its proper place, did not allow her to inhabit this beautiful dwelling. It remained in the possession of d'Aubigny, who received there, very suitably, the neighbours and inquisitive persons, and travellers of consideration, to whom he made no concealment of the fact that it was not for himself nor with his own means that he had built and furnished it. He settled there, however, with his family, and was liked and respected.

Wickedness of the Jesuits' plot against Cardinal de Noailles.

Let us now return for a moment to Cardinal de Noailles. He was a man with whom my age and my position had given me no sort of intimacy or even intercourse. His deplorable weakness in the utter ruin of Port-Royal des Champs and the exile of Charmel, of which I spoke at the time, had even given me some aversion to him. But the trap laid for him by the Jesuits, the hypocritical insolence with which it was supported, his evident innocence, caught in their toils and oppressed by an injustice that was equally evident, and that innocence at a disadvantage through patience, charity, confidence in the goodness and simplicity of his cause, and through a fatal slowness of nature, had roused me against the iniquity of the plot, which was palpable, the progress of which went on advancing. I was the intimate friend of

several of his friends, both men and women, who spoke to me often of the matter; and Père Tellier, while sounding me about it in his sly way, had not slyness enough to cover its gross rascality. He had already used his influence with the king to forbid Cardinal de Noailles' presence at Court unless summoned. All this had so revolted me that I went to the archbishop's palace one morning at the close of his audience hour to testify to him the sense I had of the wrong done him. He was extremely touched by my visit, and also by the little caution I showed in coming to him at so public an hour. He testified in return how much he felt about it, and then he entered upon the matter freely, and from that moment an intimacy was born between us, which ever broadened, and ended only with his life. Soon after he had permission to see the king, and not long after that his affair was made over to the dauphin.

The Court had scarcely returned from Fontainebleau to Versailles before the mine, laid with such art, exploded with all the effect the sappers and miners expected. The king was overwhelmed with letters of bishops, hypocritically trembling for the faith, who, in the extreme peril brought upon it by Cardinal de Noailles, felt themselves forced by their conscience, and for the preservation of the precious trust confided to them, to fling themselves at the feet of the elder son of the Church, the destroyer of heresy, the Constantine, the Theodosius of these our days, to ask a protection he had never refused to sound doctrine. The pathos of these missives, expressed in various styles, was further supported by the anxious terror of these poor humble bishops, who found themselves forced to combat the archbishop of the capital, adorned with the Roman purple, and powerful in family, in friends, in favour, in influence. The uproar was great; and the king, to whom these letters were presented

by Père Tellier (whose hands were full of them), and by him commented upon, fell into a state of alarm, as if religion itself were being destroyed. Mme. de Maintenon also received letters of the same kind which the Bishop of Meaux made her believe, for he too was in the battle, and she stirred up the king still further. But at the height of this triumph a misfortune occurred which would have defeated forever the affair thus powerfully conducted, if Cardinal de Noailles had taken the trouble to profit by it.

I repeat here that I shall not swell these Memoirs by the tale of an affair which has filled folio volumes, but merely skirt it in places where it passed through my hands. I refer the reader, therefore, to those volumes for comment as to this present matter and all the rest. Now it so happened that the original letter of Père Tellier to the Bishop of Clermont urging him to write to the king, informing him, in order to persuade him, of the promise made to him, Père Tellier, by several other bishops to take the same step, and enclosing a draught for his letter to the king which he had only to copy, sign, and send through him, fell into the hands of Cardinal de Noailles. It showed the plot so manifestly that there was neither cloak nor cover to be put upon it. The cardinal had only to go to the king instantly, and, without letting these important papers be taken from him, make the king read them, point out to him briefly the outrage of the whole affair and the consequences of what was brewing so darkly against him at the cost of the king's peace and that of the Church, and ask him for justice, in general, and in particular that Père Tellier should be dismissed to such a distance that no one should ever hear of him again; and also to speak in the same way to Mme. de Maintenon, and make all the public stir about it that such profound wickedness deserved. Père Tellier would then have been ruined beyond recall; the

letter-writing bishops convicted; the affair reduced to ashes, and the cardinal in greater credit and safer than ever.

Instead of taking this wise and easy course, the good man, full of confidence in the proofs he held, talked about them, showed them, and waited for the day of his audience. The matter transpired; Père Tellier was warned; the excess of his danger gave wings to his strength; he prejudiced the king as he knew so well how to do, and succeeded — so utterly was that prince abandoned to him. The cardinal found himself forestalled. His surprise and indignation at seeing the king cold to so monstrous an imposture, thus clearly exposed, bewildered him. He did not sufficiently perceive that the king was still uncertain and shaken; it was a moment when force was needed to carry the day; he ought not to have left the king, as he did, through an interval of eight days till his next audience, to be caught still further in the toils of the confessor. Instead of force, he showed only gentleness and feeble distress, and was wrecked in port. Père Tellier, who, in spite of his audacity, his lies, and his tricks, trembled for the effect of this audience, was reassured when he saw there was none. He profited by it, like a clever scoundrel who felt with whom he had to do; having escaped with only the greatest fright that he and his ever had in their lives. They now worked without ceasing on the king and Mme. de Maintenon; but it was some little time before they dared to push against Cardinal de Noailles, fearing the public which was making an outcry. They gave time for the uproar to subside and for themselves to get breath; after which they continued boldly the scheme they had undertaken.

The dauphin could not be hoodwinked like the king. He and the dauphine spoke openly; the prince told me, and also told others, that Père Tellier ought to be dismissed. Before the end of the Fontainebleau trip the king had turned

over totally to the dauphin the affair of the Cardinal de Noailles. The prince had worked over it too theologically, but I thought I saw that he was brought to great distrust of the Jesuits by this affair; in fact, this is clear from his remark which I have just quoted about Père Tellier. And what convinced me of it was that the last time I worked with him (which was two days before the return to Marly from Versailles, and four or five days before the illness which ended in the dauphine's death), after a sitting of two hours in which there had been no question of the affair of Cardinal de Noailles, he began to speak of it as we were putting up our papers, and the conversation that followed was long. In the course of it he said a remarkable thing. Praising the piety, candour, and gentleness of the cardinal, "Never," he added, "will they persuade me that he is a Jansenist;" and he went on to give proofs for his opinion.

The affair of Cardinal de Noailles given wholly to the dauphin.

This conversation ended by his ordering me to inform myself to the bottom about all matters relating to the liberties of the Gallican Church, and also about this affair of the Cardinal de Noailles, which the king had completely made over to him to settle finally. He had worked much over it and he wished now to finish it with me; he requested me two or three times over to inform myself thoroughly, especially on the two points above named; to go to Paris and consult with whom I thought best; to find the most instructive books on Rome and our liberties, because he wanted to work fundamentally on those two points with me, and to finish the cardinal's affair, which he thought was going too far and too slowly, and he now desired to end it without appeal by my assistance. Never had the prince given me any idea of this intention, although he had often spoken to me of the affair. I have since believed that he conceived it only from the

disgust and suspicions excited in him by the manifestation of the infamy of the intrigue revealed by the discovery of Père Tellier's letter. He made me promise to apply myself without delay to the execution of his orders, and not to lose an instant in putting myself in a condition to work at the matter with him. I went, in consequence, for several days to Paris, when I was stopped by the dauphine's illness, and, a few days later, by the most fatal blow that France could possibly have received.

II.

Monday, January 18, the king went to Marly. I note this trip expressly. Scarcely was the Court established there when Boudin, now first physician to the dauphine, whom he amused immensely, warned her to be careful, because he had sure information that persons were seeking to poison her, and the dauphin also. He spoke in the same way to the dauphin; but not content with that, he talked of the matter openly in the salon, with a frightened air which terrified everybody. The king wished to speak to him in private. He told the king that the warning was sure, without his knowing how it reached him; and he held firm to that contradiction — for if he was ignorant of whence it came, how could he think and assert that it was sure? This was a first puff of something mysterious, which his friends at once put a stop to; but public rumour was started and re-echoed it. What was still more singular is that twenty-four hours after Boudin had given this warning, the dauphin received another like it from the King of Spain, given vaguely, and without quoting any one, but as if he were convinced of the truth of it. In this latter warning the dauphin only was clearly mentioned; the dauphine obscurely and by implication. At least, this was how the dauphin spoke of it to me, and I do not know that he said more to any one. Every one assumed an air of despising so vague a tale, of which the origin was not known; but inwardly people were much struck; and a gloom of consternation and silence

1712. Warning given by Boudin and by the King of Spain.

spread about the Court and through all the usual occupations and amusements.

Not long before this a shock of earthquake had been felt at Paris and at Versailles; but so light that many persons did not perceive it; in Touraine, however, and other places on the same day and hour, and in Saxony and the neighbouring German towns, it was very perceptible. At this time a new tontine was established in Paris.[1]

Eulogy and death of Maréchal Catinat.

I have often spoken of Maréchal Catinat, of his virtue, his wisdom, his modesty, his disinterestedness; of the rare superiority of his sentiments, of his great parts as a captain, so that little remains to say at his death, which took place at a very advanced age in his little house of Saint-Gatien near Saint-Denis, where he had retired, having never married or laid by any wealth, and where of late years he seldom received any one. He recalled, by his simplicity, his frugality, his contempt for worldly things, by the peace of his soul and the uniformity of his conduct, the memory of those great men who, after triumphs well-deserved, returned tranquilly to their ploughs, always lovers of their country and little sensitive to the ingratitude of the Rome they had served so well. Catinat put his philosophy to profit by true piety. He had mind, great sense, mature reflection, and he never forgot his lowly station. His clothes, his equipments, his furniture, his house, were all of the utmost simplicity; so were his air, his manner, and his whole bearing. He was tall, dark-complexioned, thin, with a pensive, rather slow

[1] What was called a tontine was a financial association composed of persons who each put into a common capital, in order to draw an annuity either on his own head or on that of somebody else; with the condition that the interest should revert at each decease to the survivors. The name *tontine* came from the Neapolitan, Laurent Tontin [Lorenzo Tonti], who obtained from Louis XIII., in 1635, the authority to found in Paris an establishment of this description. (Note by the French editor.)

and somewhat common air, and beautiful eyes that were very intelligent. He deplored the signal faults he saw succeeding one another ceaselessly: the extinction of all emulation; the luxury, the vacancy, the ignorance; the confusion of classes; the inquisition put in place of the police; he saw all these signs of destruction, and he said that nothing but some very dangerous crisis of disorder would ever restore order to the kingdom.

The dauphine at Marly for the last time.

The king, as I have said, went to Marly on Monday the 18th of January. The dauphine had gone there early with a swelling in her face, and on her arrival went instantly to bed. She rose at seven in the evening because the king wished her to preside in the salon. She played cards in dishabille with her head wrapped up; saw the king at Mme. de Maintenon's a little before his supper, and then went to bed, where she supped herself. She did not rise the next day until it was time to play cards in the salon and see the king, after which she went to bed as before and supped there. On the 20th the swelling diminished, and she was better. She was rather subject to these swellings on account of her teeth. She lived the next few days as usual.

Saturday, January 30, the dauphin and the Duc de Berry went with M. le Duc to a battue. It was freezing hard; chance willed that the Duc de Berry should be on one side of a long and wide pond and M. le Duc on the other, opposite to him. The Duc de Berry fired; a grain of shot slipped, rebounded, and struck M. le Duc, putting out his eye. The king heard of the accident while in the gardens. The next day, Sunday, the Duc de Berry went to throw himself at the feet of Mme. la Duchesse. He had not dared to go the evening before, nor to see M. le Duc, who bore his misfortune with much patience. The king saw him Sunday; the dauphin

The Duchesse de Bourgogne

and dauphine the day before. The Court returned to Versailles the next day, Monday, February 1; Mme. la Princesse and all her family, and several ladies familiar with Mme. la Duchesse established themselves at Marly. The Duc de Berry was bitterly grieved. M. le Duc was seriously ill for quite a long time; then he had the measles at Marly, and after a short interval of recovery the small-pox at Saint-Maur.

Singular loss of a snuff-box.

Friday, February 5, the Duc de Noailles gave a very beautiful box filled with excellent Spanish snuff to the dauphine, who took some and thought it very good. This was late in the morning. Entering her cabinet, where no one went, she put the box upon the table and left it there. That evening fever seized her with chills. She went to bed and could not rise, not even to go to the king's cabinet after supper. The next day, although she had had fever all night, she rose at her customary hour and passed the day as usual, but at night the fever seized her again. She was tolerably well through the night, but less so the next day (Sunday), and at six o'clock that evening she was suddenly seized with a pain below the temple, covering a space of only the size of a six-sous piece, but so violent that she begged the king, who was coming to see her, not to enter. This fury of pain lasted without relief till Monday the 8th, resisting the smoking and chewing of tobacco, quantities of opium, and two bleedings from the arm. The fever grew worse as the pain quieted. She said she had suffered more than in childbirth.

A state so violent roused rumours in her chamber about the box which the Duc de Noailles had given her. When she went to bed after the fever seized her on the day she had received it, she spoke of it to her ladies, praising both the box and the snuff, and she asked Mme. de Lévi to go

and fetch it from her cabinet where she would find it on the table. Mme. de Lévi went and could not find it; in a word, to make a long story short, in spite of all inquiry, nothing was ever seen or heard of the box which the dauphine had left in her cabinet on that table. This disappearance seemed very extraordinary at the time it was first noticed; but the fruitless search which was continued, followed by such strange and rapid illness, roused dire suspicions. They did not go so far as to involve the man who gave the box, or at any rate they were restrained so carefully that they never touched him. The whole talk was, in fact, confined to a very restricted circle. She used tobacco unknown to the king, though with confidence because this habit was known to Mme. de Maintenon; but it would have caused real anger in the king had he known of it; and that is why those about her feared to divulge the singularity of the loss of the box.

The dauphine changes her confessor; her death.

Tuesday, February 9, the drowsiness was great all day, the fever strong, short wakings with the mind confused, and certain marks on the skin, which gave hopes of the disease being measles; because it was much about, and many well-known persons were attacked by it at the same time both at Versailles and in Paris. The night of Tuesday to Wednesday was all the worse because the hope of measles vanished. In the morning the king came to see the dauphine, to whom they had given an emetic. The operation of it was all that was desired, but it produced no relief. They forced the dauphin, who had not left her bedside, to go down into the gardens to take the air, of which he had great need; but his anxiety brought him back incontinently to the room. The disease increased towards night and at eleven o'clock a paroxysm of fever came on. The night was very bad. Thursday, the 11th, the king came at nine o'clock into the dauphine's room, which

Mme. de Maintenon scarcely left except when the king was in hers. The princess was now so ill that they resolved to speak to her about the sacraments. Low as she was, she was nevertheless surprised; she asked questions about her state, to which they made their answers as little alarming as they could, but without giving up the proposal. She thanked them for their sincerity and said she would prepare herself.

After a short time they began to fear a sudden change. Père La Rue, Jesuit, her confessor, whom she had always seemed to like, went to the bedside and exhorted her not to delay her confession. She looked at him; answered that she understood him, and said no more. La Rue then proposed that she should make it at once, and received no answer. Like a man of sense he felt what the trouble was, and like a man of tact he changed his course instantly. He said to her that she might have some repugnance to confess herself to him, and if so he conjured her to feel no constraint, above all not to fear anything whatever; he promised to take all upon himself, and he begged her to tell him whom she would like, and he would go himself and fetch him. She then said she would be very glad to confess to M. Bailly, priest of the mission of the parish church of Versailles. He was a much respected man, who confessed the more sober persons of the Court, and who, in the language of the day, was clean of all suspicion of Jansenism, which was rare among his kind. He proved to be in Paris. The princess seemed distressed, and inclined to await his return; but on Père La Rue telling her it was best not to lose precious time, which, after she had received the sacraments, could be usefully employed by the doctors, she asked for a Franciscan friar, called Père Noël, whom Père La Rue went to find immediately, and brought to her.

It may be imagined what excitement was caused by this change of confessor at so critical and fearful a moment, and all that was thought of it. I shall return to that; I cannot now interrupt a narrative so fatally interesting. The dauphin had succumbed. He had hidden his illness as long as he could in order not to leave the pillow of the dauphine's bed. His fever became too strong to be further concealed, and the doctors, who wished to spare him the horrors they foresaw, neglected nothing, urged by the king, to keep him in his own room and to support him there from moment to moment with false news of his wife's state.

The confession was long. Extreme unction was administered, immediately followed by the holy viaticum, which the king went to receive at the foot of the grand staircase. An hour later, the dauphine asked for the prayers for the dying. They told her she was not yet in that condition, and with words of consolation they exhorted her to try to go to sleep. The Queen of England came early after dinner; she was taken by the gallery into the salon which separates the gallery from the chamber of the dauphine. The king and Mme. de Maintenon were in the salon, where the doctors were brought to consult in their presence; there were seven, either belonging to the Court or summoned from Paris. They all with one voice decided on bleeding from the foot before the return of the fever; and if that did not have the success they expected, to give an emetic in the morning. The bleeding of the foot was done at seven o'clock in the evening. The paroxysm came on, but they thought it less violent than the preceding one. The night was cruel. The king came very early into the dauphine's room; the emetic which she had taken at nine o'clock had little effect. The day went by in symptoms that were each more distressing than the others; consciousness at rare

intervals. Towards evening all who were in the chamber lost their heads; many persons were allowed to enter, although the king was there. A few moments before she expired he left the room, got into his carriage with Mme. de Maintenon and Mme. de Caylus, and went to Marly. Both were in the most bitter grief; and had no strength to go and see the dauphin.

Eulogy, traits, and character of the dauphine.

Never did any princess arriving at a strange Court so young come better trained and instructed, or knowing better how to profit by the instructions she had received. Her able father, who knew our Court to its depths, had pictured it to her, and shown her plainly the way in which alone she could make herself happy. Much natural intelligence and adaptability seconded him, and many amiable qualities which attached all hearts, while her personal situation with her husband, with the king, with Mme. de Maintenon, drew to her the homage of ambition. She had worked for this from the moment of her arrival, and she never ceased so long as she lived a work so useful, of which she gathered the fruits continually. Gentle, timid, but clever, so kind that she dreaded to give the slightest pain to others, and, though lively and volatile, very capable of views and of long-continued and persevering action, she bore constraint even to torture, of which she felt the weight, although apparently it cost her nothing. Kindness was natural to her, spontaneous; she showed it in all things even to her Court.

Regularly plain, with pendent cheeks, a forehead too prominent, a nose that said nothing, thick, cracking lips, hair and eyebrows of a chestnut-brown well-planted, the most speaking and beautiful eyes in all the world, few teeth and those decayed (of which she was the first to speak and laugh), the finest complexion, and the softest skin,

little bust but admirable in shape, the throat long, with a touch of goitre that was not unbecoming to her, a noble carriage of the head, graceful but majestic, and a glance in keeping, with a most expressive smile, a long waist, round and slender, easy and perfect in outline, the walk of a goddess on the clouds, — she pleased to the last degree. Graces were born at every step, from her manners, from her commonest words. Always a simple and natural air, naïve very often, but seasoned with intelligence, charming all who approached her with the ease that was in her, so that she communicated that ease to all.

She wanted to please even the most useless and commonplace persons, without ever seeming to seek it. Each was tempted to think that she was wholly and solely for the one who was with her. Her youthful gayety, lively, active, animated everything, and her nymphlike airiness and lightness carried her along like those whirling vapours that fill many places in a moment, giving life and motion to all. She adorned all spectacles; she was the soul of fêtes, of pleasures, balls, where she enchanted by her grace and by the perfection and precision of her dancing. She loved cards, amused herself with small play (for everything amused her), but preferred high stakes, was prompt, clear-headed, and the prettiest player in the world, detecting the game of every one in a moment; but she was equally gay and amused in the afternoons with sober reading and conversation on what was read, and in working with her serious ladies, as she called the older ladies of the palace. She never spared herself, not even as to her health; she forgot not the slightest little things, and this persistently, to win Mme. de Maintenon and the king through her. Her suppleness towards them was unequalled, and it never failed for a moment. She accompanied it with a discretion

she had gained from the thorough knowledge of them which study and experience as to proper degrees of freedom or caution had given her. Her pleasure, her amusements, — even, I repeat, her health, — were sacrificed to them. In this way she acquired a freedom in their presence which none of the king's children, not even his bastards, had approached.

In public she was serious, circumspect, respectful with the king, and timid in her decorum towards Mme. de Maintenon, whom she always called "Aunt," to prettily mingle friendship with respect. In private she chattered and jumped and hovered about them; sometimes perched on the arms of their chairs, sometimes on their knees; flinging her arms about their necks, kissing them, caressing them, rumpling them, holding them by the chin, teasing them; rummaging among their papers, their letters, opening and reading some occasionally in spite of their remonstrances (but only when she saw that they were ready to laugh), and chattering about what she read. Admitted at all times, even when couriers bringing the most important news were received, and during the councils, she was always seeking to oblige, to serve, to excuse, to do good; unless she was violently opposed to some one like Pontchartrain, whom she called, to the king, "your one-eyed villain." She was so free in speech that one evening, hearing Mme. de Maintenon and the king talking with affection for the English Court, at the time when they hoped for peace from Queen Anne, "Aunt," she said, "it must be owned that in England the queens reign better than the kings; and do you know why?" skipping about the room. "Because under kings the women govern, but the men under queens." The wonder is that they both laughed and said she was right.

One evening as she was going to bed, where the Duc de

Bourgogne awaited her, she began to talk to Mmes. de Nogaret and du Châtelet, who told it to me the next day, of the luck of those witches [Mme. de Maintenon and Mlle. Choin], and added, laughing: "I should like to die before M. le Duc de Bourgogne and see what would happen; I am certain he would marry a Gray Sister, or the doorkeeper at the Filles de Sainte-Marie." She was quite as attentive to please the Duc de Bourgogne as to please the king himself; though sometimes she risked a good deal, trusting too much to his passion for her; but she took the keenest interest in his personal grandeur and in his fame. We have seen how she felt the events of the campaign of Lille and its results, and all that she did to rescue him in many ways so essential that he owed his safety principally to her. The king could not do without her. All was blank to him in his private life when the parties of pleasure, which his tenderness and consideration wished her to make for her diversion, kept her away from him; and until his public supper, which she rarely missed, a cloud of gravity and silence appeared upon his whole person. So, whatever liking she had for such parties, she was very sober about them, and only made them when especially told to do so. She took great care to see the king before starting, and immediately on her return; and if a ball in winter or a fête in summer kept her up late at night, she so arranged matters that she could go and kiss him as soon as he woke, and amuse him with an account of the festivity.

I have said so much about her constraint before Monseigneur, and especially the treatment of his private Court, that I shall say nothing of it here. But she felt it much, and after Monseigneur's death she promised herself to return it. One evening at Fontainebleau, where the princesses and all their ladies were in the king's cabinet after supper, she had been

chattering to the king in a variety of languages and playing a hundred childish tricks to amuse him, which he liked; she noticed that Mme. la Duchesse and the Princesse de Conti were looking at each other and making signs and shrugging their shoulders with an air of contempt and disdain. The king rose and went as usual into his back cabinet to feed his dogs, after which he always returned to say good-night to the princesses. The dauphine caught Mme. de Saint-Simon by one hand and Mme. de Lévi by the other, and nodding towards Mme. la Duchesse and the Princesse de Conti, who were only a few steps off, she exclaimed, "Did you see, did you see? I know as well as they do that there is n't common-sense in what I say and do; it is all miserable; but he *must* have a stir, and these things amuse him." And with that, leaning on their arms, she began to dance and sing: "Hey! I laugh at it! hey, I scoff at them! I shall be their queen! I don't care for them! either now or ever! but they must care for me, for I shall be their queen," jumping and dancing with all her might. The two ladies cried to her in a low voice to be silent, that the princesses heard her, and that everybody was watching her behaviour; they even told her she was crazy (for from them she thought all was right), but still she jumped and sang, only louder still: "Hey, I laugh at them! I don't care for them! I shall be their queen!" and did not stop until the king returned.

Alas! she thought so, the charming princess, and who would not have thought it with her? It pleased God, for our misfortune, to arrange it otherwise. So far was she from thinking of the coming end that on Candlemas day, February 2, being almost alone with Mme. de Saint-Simon in her bedroom, the other ladies having preceded her to the chapel, and Mme. de Saint-Simon waiting to accompany her, because the Duchesse du Lude had the gout, the dauphine

began to talk of the quantities of people about the Court whom she had known and who now were dead; and then of what she would do when she was old, and of the life she would lead, and how no one would be left of her young days but Mme. de Saint-Simon and Mme. de Lauzun, and how they would talk together of all they had seen and done; and she kept this topic up until it was time to go to sermon.

With so many great and unusual and lovable qualities she had another side both as princess and woman, not in fidelity or secrecy, for in that she was a pit, nor yet in thoughtfulness and circumspection for the interests of others, but in faults that were human shadows on the picture. Her friendships followed her acquaintance, her amusement, her habits, her need. I know no one but Mme. de Saint-Simon excepted. She herself acknowledged it with a grace and *naïveté* which made this strange defect almost endurable. She wanted, as I have said, to please everybody; and her choice among those of her own age who surrounded her was mostly made less for virtue than from favouritism. The natural pliancy of the princess made her conform to persons with whom she was familiar; although (and this was never sufficiently put to profit), she took as much pleasure, and was as much at her ease and amused in reasonable afternoons, mingled with reading and useful conversation, either pious or historical, with the older ladies of her suite, as in the freer and stealthy talk of others who led her away much farther than she went of her own will, restrained by her natural shyness and the remains of delicacy. It is nevertheless true that they led her far, and that a princess less amiable and less universally beloved, not to say adored, might have found herself in cruel straits. Her death indicates something of these mysteries, while it plainly shows the tyranny which the king never ceased to exercise over the souls of his family. What was

his surprise and that of the Court when, in those terrible moments when we fear nothing but that which is coming and when the present disappears, she wished to change her confessors in order to receive the last sacraments.

Mme. de Maintenon loved, or rather she adored the princess, whose manners and charms had won her heart and amused the king most usefully for her; she herself was amused and, what is very true although surprising, she leaned on the princess and sometimes consulted her. With all the dauphine's gayety and gallantry, never woman cared so little for appearance, or took so little heed or precaution about it. Her toilet was made in a moment; she did not care for adornments except for balls or fêtes; and the jewels she wore at other times (and they were as few as possible) were only worn to oblige the king. With her, all joy, all pleasure, all amusements even, and every species of grace were eclipsed; darkness covered the whole Court; she had animated, she had lighted every corner of it; she had filled it, she had pervaded its most inward parts. If the Court existed without her it was only to languish. Never was a princess so regretted, or so deserving of it; and thus it is that regrets have never passed away; involuntary and latent sorrow has remained, with an awful void which has never been diminished.

The king, filled with the keenest grief, the only true grief that he ever had in his life, entered Mme. de Maintenon's apartment on reaching Marly; he supped alone in his bedroom and saw only the Duc d'Orléans and his natural children. The Duc de Berry, full of his own affliction, which was true and great, and even more concerned for that of his brother, had stayed with the latter at Versailles. The dauphin, ill, and broken-hearted by the bitterest grief, did not leave his room, where

The dauphin at Versailles, then at Marly.

he would see no one but his brother, his confessor, and the Duc de Beauvilliers. The latter, who had been ill for a week at his house in Paris, made a great effort to leave his bed, to admire in his pupil all that God made him that was grand; a grandeur which never appeared so great as on this awful day and those that followed until he died. It was the last time that friend and pupil met on earth. Cheverny, d'O, and Gamaches, the dauphin's pages, passed the night in his apartments, but did not see him except at moments.

Saturday morning, February 13, they urged him to go to Marly, to spare him the horror of the noise that he would hear in the room above him, where the dauphine lay dead. He went away at seven in the morning by a back door and threw himself into a blue chaise which took him to his carriage. He found beside it a few indiscreet courtiers, who made their bows to him, which he received with an air of politeness. His three pages entered the carriage with him; on reaching Marly he went to the chapel and heard mass, and was then taken in a sedan-chair to the window of his apartment by which he entered. Mme. de Maintenon came to him instantly; we can judge of the agony of that interview; she could not bear it long, and returned to her room. He was forced after that to endure the princes and princesses, but they, out of discretion, stayed only a moment, even the Duchesse de Berry and with her Mme. de Saint-Simon, towards whom the dauphin turned with a look expressive of their common sorrow.

After this the dauphin was a long time alone with the Duc de Berry. The king's hour for waking arrived; and then the pages entered the dauphin's room, and I ventured to enter with them. He showed me that he perceived my entrance by a look of gentleness and affection that deeply moved me. But I was

State of the dauphin, whom I see for the last time.

horrified at his eyes, which were fixed, constrained, with something wild about them, and by the change in his face, on which were spots more livid than red; I noticed many that were rather large, and others in the room observed them also. He was standing up; a few moments later they came to tell him that the king had waked; the tears he had long restrained were rolling from his eyes. Receiving the message he turned away and stood still. No one was there but the three pages and I and Duchesne. The pages proposed to him two or three times to go to the king; he neither moved nor answered. I went to him and made him a sign to go; then I proposed it in a low voice. Seeing that he stood still and was silent, I ventured to take him by the arm, representing that sooner or later he must go to the king, who was waiting for him, and surely with a desire to see him, and embrace him; I said it was more gracious not to delay; thus pressing him I took the liberty to push him gently. He cast upon me a look which pierced my soul, and went. I followed him a few steps; then I took myself away to get my breath. I never saw him again. May God in his mercy please that I shall see him eternally in the place where His goodness has doubtless placed him.

As soon as the king saw him he embraced him tenderly and long, and many times. These first touching moments were passed in broken words mingled with tears and sobs. Presently the king, looking at the dauphin, was frightened by the same things we had noticed in his chamber. All who were with the king were frightened likewise, the doctors most of all. The king told the latter to feel his pulse, which they found very bad; so they said afterwards; at the time they contented themselves with saying it was not quite right and it would be well if he went to bed. The king embraced him again, urged him very tenderly to take care

of himself and ordered him to go to bed; he obeyed, and never rose again.

It was late in the morning, for the king had passed a cruel night and his head ached. He saw a few of the principal courtiers who presented themselves at his dinner; after dinner he went to see the dauphin, whose fever was increasing and the pulse worse than ever; then he went to Mme. de Maintenon, and supped alone in his own room. The dauphin saw only his pages at intervals, the doctors occasionally, his brother, his confessor, and M. de Chevreuse for a short time; he spent the day in prayer and in sacred reading. The list for Marly was made, and those admitted were notified as at the death of Monseigneur.

The next day, Sunday, the king lived as he did the day before. Anxiety for the dauphin increased. He himself did not conceal from Boudin, in presence of Duchesne and M. de Cheverny, that he did not think he should recover, and by what he felt he did not doubt that the warning Boudin had given him was fulfilled. He said the same thing more than once, but with great detachment, indifference to the world and all that was earthly grandeur, with a submission, and a love of God incomparable.

It is impossible to express the public consternation. Monday, the 15th, the king was bled; the dauphin was no better than the day before. The king and Mme. de Maintenon saw him separately more than once during the day. As for the rest, no one but his brother occasionally, his pages scarcely at all, M. de Chevreuse a short while; his time still spent in prayer and reading. Tuesday morning, 16th, he was much worse; he felt as if consumed by a devouring flame, to which the external appearance of fever did not respond; but the pulse, deep sunk and very extraordinary, was most alarming. The day was still worse, but

it caused a deception; the spots on his face extended over his whole body; they were taken for measles; those about him flattered themselves with hope, but the doctors and the best informed about the Court did not forget that the same spots had appeared on the body of the dauphine, which was not known beyond her chamber until after her death.

Wednesday, 17th, he was still growing worse. I heard news of him continually from Cheverny, and when Boulduc could leave the room he came to speak to me. Boulduc was an excellent apothecary to the king, who, succeeding his father, had long been and still was ours, with great attachment to us. He knew at least as much as the doctors, as we had found by experience, and with his knowledge he had much spirit and honour, discretion and judgment. He hid nothing from Mme. de Saint-Simon and me; letting us know clearly what he thought of the dauphine. He had also spoken to me plainly from the second day about the dauphin. I hoped no longer; but it seems that people hope to the end against all hope.

The sufferings, as of a devouring inward fire, increased throughout the day. In the evening, quite late, the dauphin sent to ask permission of the king to take the communion very early the next morning, without ceremony, and without assistants, at the mass that was said in his bedroom. But no one knew this that night, they only heard it in the course of the next morning. That same Wednesday evening I went quite late to the Duc and Duchesse de Chevreuse, who lodged in the first pavilion next to the village, and we in the second. My misery was extreme; I could hardly see the king once a day; I went out only to obtain news and solely to the pavilion of M. and Mme. de Chevreuse, with whom I was wholly free. Mme. de Chevreuse had no more hope than I

M. de Chevreuse, always equable, always hopeful, always seeing everything in white, tried to prove to us that we had more to hope than fear, by arguments about constitutions and medicines, uttered with a tranquillity that exasperated me and made me swoop down upon him with some indecency, but to the comfort of Mme. de Chevreuse and the few that were with us.

The dauphin's death. I wish to quit the world.

I returned home to pass a cruel night. Thursday morning, February 18, I learned that the dauphin had awaited midnight with impatience, had heard mass immediately after, and communicated, and had since passed two hours in great communication with God, after which his head became confused. Mme. de Saint-Simon next told me that he had received extreme unction; and then, that he had died at half-past eight o'clock. These Memoirs are not written to render an account of my feelings. Those who read them will only too well understand what I felt. If, long after I am gone, they should see the light it will be known the state in which I was, and Mme. de Saint-Simon also. Suffice it to say here that we could scarcely appear, either of us, for the first few days; that I wanted to quit all and retire from the Court and the world, and it was only the wisdom, guidance, and power of Mme. de Saint-Simon upon me that prevented it; and even so with much difficulty.

Eulogy, traits, and character of the dauphin.

This prince, first heir-presumptive, and then heir-apparent of the crown, was born terrible, and his early youth made men tremble; hard and choleric to the utmost violence, even against inanimate things; impetuous to fury; incapable of bearing the slightest resistance even of hours and elements without flying into passions which made one fear that his very body would give way; obstinate to excess; eager for every species

of sensual pleasure, for women, for wine, for good eating, for hunting with fury, for music with a sort of ravishment, and for cards, at which he could not tolerate being beaten, so that the danger of playing with him was extreme; in short, given over to all the passions and transported by all the pleasures; often savage; naturally inclined to cruelty; barbarous in sarcasm and in showing up absurdities with an accuracy that crushed the delinquents. From the height of his skies he looked on men as atoms with whom he had no resemblance, whoever they might be. His brothers scarcely seemed to him intermediaries between himself and the human race, although they had always been brought up together in perfect equality. Intellect, penetration sparkled from him on every side. Even in his furies his replies astonished. His arguments always tended towards correctness and depth, even when most excited. He acquired with the greatest facility the most abstract knowledge. The extent and vivacity of his mind were amazing and prevented him from applying himself to one thing at a time, so that he became absolutely incapable of doing so. The necessity of letting him draw while he studied, for which art he had much taste and cleverness, without which his study would have been fruitless, may perhaps have injured his figure.

He was short rather than tall; his face long and dark; the upper part perfect, with most beautiful eyes; a glance that was keen, touching, striking, wonderful, usually gentle, always penetrating; and a pleasing expression of countenance, lofty, refined, intellectual, and inspiring to things of mind. The lower part of the face was rather pointed; the nose long and high, not handsome, and less pleasing; chestnut hair, closely curling and in great quantity, puffing out to excess; lips and mouth agreeable when he did not speak, but, though his teeth were not bad, the upper row projected

too much and almost closed over the under one, which had, when he spoke or laughed, a disagreeable effect. He had the handsomest legs and the handsomest feet, except those of the king, that I have ever seen; the thighs, however, were too long in proportion to his body. When he came from the hands of the women he was straight; but it was noticed after a time that his figure began to turn. They put on instantly and made him wear for a long time a collar and iron cross, which he wore continuously in his own apartment, even before the courtiers; and nothing was neglected in his plays or exercises to correct the trouble. But nature was the stronger. He became hump-backed; so much so in one shoulder that he finally limped, — not but what his thighs and legs were perfectly straight and equal, but because as the shoulder grew out there was no longer the same distance to the feet; for, instead of standing plumb, he leaned to one side. He did not, however, walk less easily, nor less far, nor slower, nor unwillingly; he was fond of walking, and of riding, which he did very badly. What was surprising is that, having eyes and a mind so intelligent, and having attained to such extraordinary virtue and to the most eminent and solid piety, the prince never saw himself as he was in figure, or at any rate was never reconciled to his defect. It was a weakness which kept others on the watch against inadvertence and indiscretion, and gave much trouble to those of his people who had charge of his toilet; they arranged his clothes and hair to mask the deformity as much as possible, but were very careful not to let him feel that they saw what was indeed so visible. We must conclude from this that it is not given to any man to be perfect here below.

So much mind, and mind of such a sort, joined to so much vivacity, so much sensibility, to such passions and all so ardent, was not easy to educate. The Duc de Beauvilliers,

who felt both the difficulties and the consequences, surpassed himself by his perseverance, his patience, and the variety of his remedies. Little aided by the sub-governors, he strengthened himself by those persons who were under his own hand, by Fénelon, Fleury the sub-preceptor (who has given us that fine "History of the Church"), several of the gentlemen in attendance, and by Moreau, the head *valet de chambre*, who was far above his station without ever mistaking it, some few of the other valets, and by the Duc de Chevreuse; all of these, put to work in the same spirit, strove each in his way towards the same end under the direction of the governor, whose art in this matter, if revealed in a narrative, would make a volume equally instructive and curious. But God, who is the master of hearts, and whose divine breath breathes on whom he will, made of this prince a work of his own right hand; and between the ages of eighteen and twenty that work was accomplished. From the abyss there issued a prince who was affable, gentle, humane, moderate, patient, modest, repentant, and, as far as his position properly allowed, humble and severe to himself. Wholly devoted to his duties, and understanding them to be immense, he thought no longer of anything but of joining his duties as son and subject with those to which he saw himself destined. The shortness of the days distressed him. He put all his strength and found his comfort in prayer, and his preservatives in pious reading. His taste for abstract sciences, his facility in acquiring them, robbed him at first of a time which he soon recognized he ought to spend on his training for the duties of his state, and on the social decorums of a rank that was destined to reign, and was called upon meantime to hold its proper Court.

His apprenticeship to piety and the fear of his own weakness for pleasures made him at first both shy and aloof.

Vigilance over himself, in whom he overlooked no fault and thought none should be overlooked, shut him up in his cabinet as an impenetrable asylum at times. How strange the world is! It would have abhorred him in his first state, and it was ready to despise the second. The prince felt this, and he bore it; he attached this sort of opprobrium with joy to the cross of his Saviour; it humbled him with the bitter memory of his past pride. This opprobrium was, however, the more painful because he felt it in the oppressed looks of his own family. The king, with his surface devotion and observance of rules, saw with secret irritation a prince of this age censuring his life unconsciously by his own; refusing to himself a new desk that he might give the cost of it to the poor; declining modestly a fresh gilding with which they desired to brighten his little apartment. We have seen how vexed the king was at his obstinate refusal to go to a ball on the night of the Epiphany. Truly, that was the fault of a novice. He owed that respect, let us say the word, that charitable condescension, to the king his grandfather, in order not to irritate him by this strange contrast; but at the bottom, and in itself, it was a noble action, which exposed him in its results to that disgust which he caused in the king, and to the talk of a Court which made the king its idol and turned into ridicule so great a singularity.

Monseigneur was no less a sharp thorn in his side. Given over to materialism he had long dreaded the young prince, seeing only the strictness of his outside shell and alienated from him as a censor. The Duchesse de Bourgogne, alarmed at so austere a husband, neglected nothing to soften his manners and ways. Her charms which filled his soul, the schemes and heedless importunities of the younger ladies of her suite, the temptation of pleasures and parties to which

he was far from being insensible, were daily displayed before him. In addition to this, from the inner chambers came the remonstrances of their pious witch and the sarcastic speeches of the king. It needed a very strong soul to bear such trials, and to bear them every day, without being shaken; he must have been powerfully supported by the Hand Invisible, when other help was denied him. Nevertheless, drawing more and more within himself through a scruple of displeasing the king, disgusting Monseigneur, and of causing in others an estrangement from virtue, the rough, stern, outside bark softened of itself little by little, though never affecting the solidity of the trunk. He understood at last what it means to quit God for God's sake; he became aware that the faithful practice of virtues proper to the state to which God has called us is solid piety and the most agreeable to Him. He therefore applied himself to those things which would instruct him in government; he also lent himself more to society, and did it with such grace and so natural an air that the reason of his avoiding it became felt, and society, which likes so much to be liked, began, after a while, to be reconciled to him.

So much virtue found at last its recognition in this world, and it was all the more pure because the prince, far from contributing to it, held himself much in the background. I have explained already this precious revolution. The ministers and the Court were at his feet, and he himself was the depositary of the king's heart and of his authority in public affairs, in favours, and in care for the details of government. It was then that he redoubled his application to the duty of governing, instructing himself in all that could make him more capable of it. He banished his amusement in sciences to divide his time in his cabinet between prayer, which he shortened, and instruction, which he multiplied; and ex-

ternally between his assiduity to the king, his attentions to Mme. de Maintenon, courtesy and love for his wife, and care in holding a Court and in making himself accessible and liked by every one. The more the king elevated him, the more he showed that he held himself submissive beneath his hand; the more consideration and confidence the king gave to him, the more he responded by feeling, judgment, comprehension; above all, by moderation, far removed from all desire and complacency about himself and from all presumption. The king's secrecy and that of others was impenetrable through him.

The discernment of the prince was not yet fully under control; but like the bee he gathered his honey from the best and sweetest flowers. He tried to know men; to extract from them the lessons and the ideas for which he sought. He conferred at times, though rarely, with some of them and as it were in passing, on certain special matters. I never heard, and I think it would not have escaped me, that he worked habitually with any except the ministers, the Duc de Chevreuse being considered as one, and with the prelates in the affair of the Duc de Noailles. Outside of that number I was the only person who had frequent and free access to him, either at his request or mine. To me, he revealed his soul as to the present and as to the future with confidence, but always with judgment, with reserve, with discretion. He let himself freely out on plans which he believed to be necessary; he talked plainly on public matters, but was reserved upon private ones, and especially as to private persons; but feeling that he wished to draw all he could out of me, I adroitly gave him chances for little outbursts, often successfully because of the confidence he grew to feel in me more and more, — a confidence which I owed first to the Duc de Beauvilliers, and secondly to the Duc de

Chevreuse. A volume could not sufficiently describe these diverse *tête-à-têtes* between the prince and me. What love of the right! what renouncing of self! what study, what search, what fruits! How pure those objects — shall I dare to say it? — what reflection of the Divinity in that candid, strong, and simple soul, which had preserved, as much as is given to man on this earth, Its image! There I beheld the shining marks of an education that was equally laborious and industrious, equally wise, virtuous, and Christian, reflected in a luminous disciple who was born for command.

With so many great qualities this admirable prince was not without some human drawbacks, that is to say, defects, and those at times but little seemly. And this was something which, with all that was solid and grand about him, people found hard to understand, because they did not choose to remember that he was once all vice and fault, or to reflect on the prodigious change and what it must have cost him to make himself a prince already so near perfection that he amazed them — although he had not yet reached its summit. I have touched elsewhere on some of these defects[1] which, in spite of his years, were still boyish; day by day they were being so corrected as to give sound augury that they would disappear entirely. One defect, that was more important, reflection and experience would surely have corrected; namely, that he had intercourse with a few persons for whom his esteem and his liking did not go together. His scruples, his constraint, his pettiness of devotion were diminishing daily; above all, he was getting cured of the opinion that he

[1] These defects are not specified in the Memoirs; but in the "Discours" there is some mention of them. They seem to have been horseplay and practical jokes with men during his two first campaigns, silly pranks at Versailles, misplacing shutters, romping with his wife's young ladies, making caricatures, blowing up toads with gunpowder, and other boyish tricks. — Tr.

ought to choose piety before talent; that is to say, that a minister, an ambassador, a general ought to be appointed more for his devoutness than for his capacity and experience. He was still more corrected as to the credit to be given to pious persons; becoming convinced that very honest men, useful in many ways, might be so without devotion; and he saw the danger of making hypocrites. His confidence in his confessor did not go into public affairs, and I have shown two memorable instances, very important to the Jesuits, in which he was against them with all his strength. Whether he would have had more confidence in M. de Cambrai cannot be known; we can only judge by that he showed in M. de Chevreuse, and, above all, in M. de Beauvilliers.

As his own feelings were very quick, he overlooked hastiness in others, and did not like them or esteem them less. No man was ever a greater lover of order, or understood it better, or was more desirous to re-establish it in everything, to correct all mixed confusion, and to put persons and things in their places. Informed, in the highest degree, of all that should regulate that order by maxims, by justice, by reason, he was attentive, before becoming master, to render to age, merit, birth, rank, the distinction proper to each, and to mark it on all occasions. His designs for the future would prolong these Memoirs too far. To explain them would need a work by itself — a work to make one die of regret. Without entering into a thousand details, I cannot refuse myself here a brief mention of the subject in general.

The abasement of the nobles was odious to him, and their equality among themselves intolerable.[1] This last

[1] *Nobles* were the highest privileged class by right of birth; *gentilshommes* were of noble race in the service of princes; *seigneurs* of like race, with feudal authority over persons or property. — TR.

innovation, which yielded only to offices and confounded the nobles with the gentlemen, and the latter with the seigneurs, seemed to him of the utmost injustice, and this want of gradation an approaching cause of ruin, and destructive of a military kingdom. He remembered that France had owed her safety in great perils under Philippe de Valois, Charles V., Charles VII., Louis XII., François I., his grandsons, and Henri IV., to that nobility, which knew its ground and held itself securely within its respective differences, having the will and the means to march to the succour of the State, by companies and provinces, without confusion or embarrassment, because no one issued from his own condition or made any difficulty in obeying a greater than himself. He saw at the present time this succour extinct, — not a person who did not claim equality with all others; consequently nothing organized, no commanding, no obedience.

As to the present time, he was touched to the heart at the ruin of the nobles, at the means taken and pursued to reduce them to it, and to keep them there, the degeneracy which poverty and the mixture of blood by constant misalliances to get bread had brought about in courage, in valour, in virtue, in sentiments. He was indignant at seeing this French nobility, so celebrated, so illustrious, become a people almost of the same sort as the people itself; only distinguished from it in one way, namely: that the people have liberty for work, for commerce, even for arms, while the nobles have become another people, with no choice left except that of a deadly and ruinous idleness which renders them by their inutility in every way burdensome and despised, or else to go to war and be killed among the insults of clerks, of ministers, and intendants. Above all, he could not contain himself against the insult shown to

the career of arms, by which this monarchy was founded and maintained, when veteran officers, often covered with wounds, lieutenant-generals of the armies it may be, retired to their homes with esteem, reputation, and a pension, are actually taxed with the *taille*, like all the other peasants of their parish, if they are not noble, and ground down by it; as I have seen happen to knightly old captains like Saint-Louis, without appeal that can exempt them, whereas exemptions are numberless for the lowest employés of petty lawyers and financiers.

I shall not repeat what he thought on the power and elevation of the secretaries of State, the other ministers, and the form of their government. We have seen that already; also what he thought of the tithe, of finances, and financiers; of the immense number of persons employed to levy and collect the taxes both ordinary and extraordinary; the method of levying them; the enormous multitude of offices, and of officers of justice of all kinds, for suits, quibbles, costs; the iniquity of the prolongation of suits; the ruin and the cruelty therein committed — all these things were the objects of an impatience which almost amounted to that of being in power to remedy them.

A comparison which he had made of the *pays d'états* [1] with other provinces gave him the idea of forming the kingdom into divisions, as nearly equal in wealth as they could be made; to have each administrated by its own assembly, simplified, to keep down clamour and disorder; and a draft, also much simplified, from these provincial assemblies to form, at times, the general or State assembly of the kingdom. I scarcely dare to add a grand saying, the saying of a princely conviction, that "a king is made for

[1] *Pays d'états*, under the old monarchy, were those regions which enjoyed the privilege of having provincial assemblies. — TR.

his subjects, and not his subjects for him," which he did not restrain himself from uttering even in the salon at Marly, the saying of a father of his people, but one that outside of his reign, which God has not permitted, would be a frightful perjury. To return to the States-general. It was not that he intended them to exercise power. He was too well-informed to be ignorant that such a body, august as its representation renders it, is only a body of complainants, remonstrants, and, when the king consents, a body of proponents. But the prince, who would have liked to feel himself in the midst of his assembled nation, believed there would be infinite advantages in being informed of evils and their remedies by deputies who would know the first through experience, and be able to consult as to the latter with those on whom they would bear.

With regard to rank, dignities, and offices we have seen that the novel ranks, so-called, were not to his taste or his maxims, which were all for the regulation of rank. Neither did he like perpetual offices, governments becoming a patrimony by the habit of handing them down from father to son. His project of freeing, little by little, all the offices of the Court and army, in order to remove them forever from venality, was not favourable to patents of retention and survivance which left nothing for young men to aspire to.

As for war, he did not like the system of the *tableau*,[1] which Louvois introduced by his personal authority, to place on one line rank, merit, and nothingness, and make a populace of all who served.

[1] The system of the *tableau*, established by Louvois, regulated promotion by length of service. Saint-Simon returns to the subject several times. "By means of this rule," he says, "it was established that, no matter what a man might be, all who served remained where they were as to service and rank, in absolute equality. Hence the seigneurs were mingled in a crowd of officers of all descriptions; hence the mixing up that the king desired."—Tr.

This grand and sacred maxim, that kings are made for their peoples, and not their peoples for them, was so impressed upon his soul that luxury and even war were odious to him. At times this caused him to speak too hastily as to the latter, led away by a truth too hard for the ears of the world, which made people sometimes say maliciously that he did not like war. His justice was supplied with that impenetrable bandage which makes for safety. He took the trouble to study all matters presented to the king for decision at the councils of finance and despatches; if they were important, he worked with the persons concerned in such business, from whom he drew their knowledge without being a slave to their opinions. He took the communion at least every fortnight with a collected mind and a lowliness that was striking, always wearing the collar of the Order of the Holy Spirit, and with bands and mantle. He saw his Jesuit confessor once or twice a week, sometimes at great length, which he shortened after a time, while approaching the communion oftener.

His conversation was amiable, solid as far as he could make it so, and choice, but always adapted to those with whom he talked. He relaxed very much when walking; it was then that his personal qualities showed most. If he found himself with any one who could talk of the sciences, that was a pleasure to him, but a modest pleasure, taken to amuse and instruct himself, expatiating little and listening all the more. But what he searched for most was the useful; men who could talk of the war and the fortresses, of the navy and commerce; of foreign countries and Courts; sometimes on special but public acts, and on questions of history and former wars. He set up, in place of the theatre (as to which he had long restricted himself), a moderate stake at cards, which even slender purses could manage, in order to vary those who

LOUIS DE FRANCE DUC DE BOURGOGNE FILS AINÉ DE MONSEIGNEUR DAUPHIN
E. Desrochers Sculpsit 1699 et exc
rue St jacques prés les Mathurins
Petit fils de Louis le Grand,
Cet invincible Conquerant:
Je ne repondray point a ma haute Naissance,
Si comme ce heros, qui met Bellone aux fers
Je ne fais quelque jour le bonheur de la France
Et celuy de tout l'Univers

The Duc de Bourgogne

had the honour to play with him, and so to render himself visible to every one. He was always alive to the pleasures of the table and hunting. The latter he allowed himself without many scruples, but he feared his weakness for the former. He was excellent company when he let himself out.

He understood the king perfectly; he respected him and towards the end he loved him as a son and paid him court as a subject, but always like one who felt his own position. He cultivated Mme. de Maintenon with the care that their respective situations demanded. As long as Monseigneur lived he rendered what he owed to him scrupulously. He loved his brothers tenderly, and his wife with the utmost passion. Sorrow for her loss entered his very marrow. Piety rose above it by mighty efforts. The sacrifice was entire, but it was agonizing. In this terrible affliction nothing was low, nothing petty, nothing indecent. We saw a man distraught, yet extorting from himself a calm exterior, and succumbing under it. The days of that effort were short. He did not expect to recover; he reasoned about it with the doctors, not hiding the grounds on which that opinion was founded; and what he felt, from the first day to the last, confirmed it. What an awful conviction as to his wife's end and his own! But, great God! what a spectacle Thou gavest us in him; the inmost secrets and sublimity of which are not permitted to be revealed, for it is only Thou who knoweth their cost. What an imitation of Jesus Christ upon the cross! — not only in regard to death and suffering, but what tender, tranquil views! what growth of detachment! what ardent outbursts of thanksgiving that he was saved from reigning and from the great account he would have had to render! what submission, and how perfect! what love to God! how keen his glance upon his nothingness

and his sinfulness! how magnificent his sense of the infinite mercy! what religious, humble awe! what tempered confidence! what quiet peace! what continual prayer! how earnest his desire for the last sacraments! how sacred that inward communing! how invincible his patience! how constant his kindness for all who approached him! how pure the love that pressed him ever to go to God! France fell at last under chastisement; God showed her a prince whom she did not deserve. Earth was not worthy of him; he was ripe already for the blessed eternity.

III.

The consternation was real and general. It reached foreign courts and nations. While the peoples wept for one who thought for their relief, and all France mourned a ruler who wished to reign solely to make her happy and prosperous, the sovereigns of Europe publicly deplored the loss of a prince whom they regarded already as an example, whose virtues would have made him their arbitrator and the revered and pacific moderator of the nations. The pope was so affected that he resolved of himself and without being requested, to pass over all rules and formalities of his Court, and in this he was unanimously applauded. He held a consistory, at which he deplored the infinite loss to the Church and to Christendom; he made a eulogy on the prince whose death caused just regrets throughout all Europe; and declared that in consequence of his extraordinary virtues and the public grief, so far beyond what was customary, he should himself perform in his own chapel the public and solemn obsequies. He then appointed a day for the service, at which the Sacred College and all the Court of Rome assisted, applauding an honour so unusual.

Pontifical obsequies in Rome for the dauphin.

Friday, 19th, the body of the dauphin was opened, about twenty-four hours after his death, and his heart conveyed at once to Versailles and placed beside that of the dauphine. The same day the two hearts were taken to the Val-de-Grâce in Paris. Saturday, 20th, the king sent word to the Duchesse

Funeral procession of the bodies of the dauphin and dauphine to Saint-Denis.

de Ventadour that Mgr. le Duc de Bretagne would henceforth take the name and rank of dauphin. Tuesday, 25th, the two bodies were taken from Versailles to Saint-Denis on the same funeral car. The king appointed the Duc d'Orléans to accompany the body of the dauphin, and four princesses that of the dauphine. The procession, which left Versailles at six in the evening, entered Paris by the Porte Saint-Honoré at two in the morning, issued by the Porte Saint-Denis at four, and reached Saint-Denis between seven and eight o'clock. Great order prevailed in Paris, and no hindrance.

Death of the little dauphin.

Sunday, March 6, the two children, sons of France, ailing for some days, became very ill with spots, apparently of measles, like those which had appeared on the dauphin and the dauphine. They had both been privately baptized without ceremonies when born. The king now sent word to the Duchesse de Ventadour to have the full baptismal ceremonies performed; to order the children held by whom she pleased, and to name each of them Louis. Mme. de Ventadour chose the most distinguished persons who were at hand. She herself held the little dauphin with Comte de La Mothe; the Marquis de Prie and the Duchesse de la Ferté held the Duc d'Anjou, now King Louis XV. The next day, Tuesday, the doctors called in five others from Paris. The king, however, held the council of finances, went shooting after dinner, and worked with a minister in the evening in Mme. de Maintenon's apartment. The bleedings and other remedies were unable to save the little dauphin; he died the same day just before midnight. He was five years and some months old; well-made, tall and strong for his age. He had given great hopes as to intelligence and the correctness he showed in everything, but he also gave anxiety by an obstinate will and extreme haughtiness.

The Duc d'Anjou was still suckling. The Duchesse de Ventadour, aided by the women of the bed-chamber, took possession of him and would not allow him to be bled or to take any remedy. The Comtesse de Verue, when poisoned at Turin and almost dying, had been saved by a counter-poison sent to her by the Duc de Savoie. She had brought some with her when she returned. Mme. de Ventadour sent for it and gave it to the Duc d'Anjou. He was very ill, but he recovered, and is to-day the King of France. He knew this subsequently, and has always shown great distinction to Mme. de Verue and all belonging to her. Thus three dauphins died within a year; and in twenty-four days the father, mother, and eldest son. Wednesday, March 6, his body was opened, his heart taken to the Val-de-Grâce, and his body to Saint-Denis and placed beside those of his father and mother. The Duc d'Anjou, henceforth the only remaining heir, succeeded to the title and rank of dauphin. The king, on waking and hearing of the death of M. le Dauphin, embraced the Duc de Berry many times, tenderly saying to him: "I have none left but you." The prince burst into tears; no one was ever more bitterly afflicted, and his sorrow lasted a long time.

State of M. de Beauvilliers and my own.

M. de Beauvilliers was ill in bed at Versailles; in order to be more quiet he was in his house in the town, at the foot of the rue de l'Orangerie. It would be difficult to comprehend the extent of his grief, the grandeur of his piety, his resignation, his courage. I have never seen anything so hard to describe, so impossible to emulate, nor so incomparable to admire. The day of our dauphin's death I could not leave my room, where I barricaded myself until I went out to join the king who walked about the gardens, and spent the afternoon very close to my pavilion. Curiosity may have taken

me. But the irritation of seeing him almost as usual made me unable to endure the walk. I could see, in the distance, that they were carrying away the body of the dauphin. I flung myself back into my own room and scarcely left it (except to go and pass the afternoons with the Duc de Beauvilliers) during the rest of the stay at Marly. I was not supported by either the lofty faith of M. de Beauvilliers, nor by that of Mme. de Saint-Simon, who did not suffer less than we did. The truth is, I was in despair. To whoever sees the point to which I had attained, this condition will seem less strange than that I was able to endure at all so complete a misfortune. It happened to me precisely at the very age my father was when he lost Louis XIII.; but at least he had long enjoyed him; and I,—*gustavi paululum mellis, et ecce morior!*

The dauphin's cassette puts me in great peril.

In the dauphin's document box were several memoranda which he had asked me to make for him. I had done so in all confidence, and he was keeping them in the same. There was one very long one in my handwriting, perfectly recognizable, which alone would have sufficed to ruin me irretrievably with the king. No one imagines beforehand such catastrophes. The king knew my writing; he may not have known my sentiments, but he had some suspicion of them. I had given some ground for it, and good friends at Court had done their best to advance it. The king would also have discovered the free and most entire confidence between the dauphin and me, and on most important topics little agreeable to him; he meanwhile having no suspicion that I was nearer to his grandson than all the other courtiers. It was the duty of the Duc de Beauvilliers to take the box to the king, the key of which Duchesne had already taken to him. The danger was great; there was every reason to wager that I should be lost and exiled during the rest of the king's reign.

What a contrast between the open skies I had lately seen without illusions and the abysses now yawning beneath my feet! Such is a Court and the world! But I was feeling then the nothingness of the most desirable things with an inward sentiment which showed how much I clung to them; so that this alarm about the box took scarcely any hold upon me. I had to make reflections in order to return to it. Regrets for what had escaped me, more, beyond comparison, for that which France had lost in that incomparable dauphin, pierced my heart and suspended all the faculties of my soul. I wanted, for a long while, to flee away and never see the treacherous face of the world again. My grief, so little capable of consolation and reasoning, betrayed what I had hidden until now with so much care and policy, and manifested in spite of myself all that I had lost. Mme. de Saint-Simon, not less feeling, not less sorrowful, and as little capable of dissimulating it, but with greater sense, stronger, and all-relying upon God, had, in her wise caution, a deeper impression of anxiety about those papers.

M. de Beauvilliers was determined not to allow the box to leave his hands, although the king had the key, and to wait until his health allowed him to deliver it himself, and endeavour, in the king's presence, to hide the papers from him under cover of the rest. The scheme was difficult, for he did not even know the position of the papers in the box, and yet it was the only resource. This terrible anxiety lasted fifteen days. At the end of that time the king saw the Duc de Beauvilliers for the first time, the latter not having been in a condition to go earlier. On his return the duke came to my apartment and told Mme. de Saint-Simon and me that the king had ordered him to bring the dauphin's box of papers to him the following evening at Mme. de Maintenon's, and he assured us that, without being able to promise anything,

he would be most attentive to prevent the king, if possible, from seeing anything of mine; and he promised to come to us the next evening on his return from Mme. de Maintenon's and tell us what had happened. It can be imagined how we awaited him, with doors well-closed to every one. He arrived, and before sitting down made us a sign to feel no uneasiness. He told us that the whole upper part of the box was filled with memoranda and projects about the finances, and also about matters relating to the interior of the kingdom; that he had read a quantity of these to the king in order to tire him, and had succeeded so well that at last the king was satisfied to hear only the titles, and after a while, fatigued at finding nothing else and concluding that the rest was of the same sort, he told the duke it was not worth while to go further and he had better throw all those papers into the fire. The duke assured us he did not let himself be told twice, especially as he saw at the bottom some words in my handwriting, which he promptly covered in taking out other papers. As soon as the word was given he flung back into the box all that he had taken, and then threw the whole contents into the fire between the king and Mme. de Maintenon, taking great care that my memorandum, which was large and thick, should be covered with the others, holding them down with the tongs that no scrap might escape. He had thus seen everything burned before leaving the room. We embraced one another with mutual comfort, proportioned at the moment to the danger we had run.

Horrors, the relation of which can no longer be delayed, paralyze my hand. I would suppress them if truth were not wholly due to what I write, and if other horrors (increasing if possible, the first) and the publicity that made them echo throughout

The dauphin and the dauphine poisoned.

all Europe, together with the important consequences to which they gave rise, did not force me to expose them here as an integral and considerable part of what has passed before my own eyes. The illness of the dauphine, so sudden, singular, rapid, and little understood by the doctors, had, in its short duration, blackened imaginations already excited by the recent warning of Boudin, confirmed by that of the King of Spain.

The report of the opening of the body brought nothing comforting; no natural cause of death was found, but others not natural appeared in the interior parts of the head near to the fatal spot where she had suffered so severely. Fagon and Boudin had no doubt of her being poisoned, and they said so plainly to the king in presence of Mme. de Maintenon. Boulduc assured me that he, too, was convinced of it, and the few others who assisted at the opening to whom the king spoke confirmed the fact by their gloomy silence. Maréchal alone maintained that there were no signs of poison, except some so equivocal that he had opened many bodies and found the same in cases where there was not the faintest suspicion of poison. He said the same to me, from whom he hid nothing; adding, nevertheless, that from what he had seen he would not swear yes or no; but it was murdering the king, killing him by inches, to let him take an opinion in itself so distressing, and which in its bearing on the future, even for his own life, would leave him no peace.

When the body of the dauphin was opened Fagon, Boudin, and some others declared they found the most violent effects of a very subtle and virulent poison, which like fire had consumed the whole interior of the body; the heart had no consistence, its substance liquefied and ran to the ground within their hands; the blood was corrupted; but the head,

which was the only part seriously affected in the dauphine, was not attacked. Maréchal, who performed the opening, was decided in his opinion against Fagon and the rest. He declared that there were no distinct marks of poison; that he had seen many bodies opened in nearly the same state about which there had never been suspicion; that the poison which had carried those persons off and killed the dauphin was the natural venom of the corruption of a mass of blood by a fever which had appeared the less because it was internal; from that had come the corruption which had putrefied all the parts, and there was no need to search for other causes than this, which was a natural end, as he had seen in many persons, though rarely to so great a degree. Fagon replied; Boudin also, and both with bitterness. Maréchal grew angry and hotly maintained his opinion. He ended the discussion by telling the king and Mme. de Maintenon, before all the doctors, that he told the truth as he saw it and thought it; that to speak otherwise was guess-work, and at the same time to do a thing which would give the king a miserable life, always distrustful and full of the worst suspicions, which would act like a poison on him. He therefore exhorted him, for the peace and prolongation of his life, to shake off these ideas, so terrible in themselves, false according to all his own knowledge and experience, which could only give birth to vague suspicions and poignant anxiety; and he spoke very angrily against those who were endeavouring to inspire them.[1]

[1] In Saint-Simon's account of the palace of Versailles there is a very significant passage unconsciously bearing upon this matter; he says: "The king's apartments and those of the queen" [the latter occupied by the dauphin and dauphine after Monseigneur's death, and by the Duc de Berry after theirs] "are of the utmost inconvenience, looking out at the back upon privies and all that is dark, close, and evil-smelling. The gardens, the magnificence of which is amazing by the quantity of water

He related this circumstance to me afterwards, saying at the same time that, while he thought the death might be natural (although he doubted all from the extraordinary things he had remarked), yet he had principally insisted upon it out of compassion for the state of heart and mind into which the suspicion of poison would fling the king, and also from indignation at a cabal, which he had seen forming itself in the interior cabinets from the beginning of the illness, and especially since the dauphine's death, to lay the crime to the Duc d'Orléans, of which he then warned me as his nearest friend; for Maréchal was a man who acted up to his opinions; he was integrity, truth, and virtue itself; though rather rough, and never knowing either the force or the proper measure of terms; but always respectful, and far from stepping out of his place.

I was not long, in spite of my seclusion, in hearing what was now beginning to be told about the Duc d'Orléans. The first low secret sounds whispered in the ear did not long remain such. The rapidity with which the rumour filled the Court, Paris, the provinces, the remotest corners of France, the distant monasteries, the desert solitudes, and spread finally to foreign countries and all the peoples of Europe, reminded me of those black attempts during the campaign in Flanders against the honour of him whom the world was now mourning.

The king persuaded that the dauphin was poisoned by the Duc d'Orleans.

The author and the protectress of these horrible rumours were the Duc du Maine and Mme. de Maintenon. M. du Maine, the most timid of men, though the greatest of subterranean workers, lived in mortal terror about his grandeurs;

forced into them to render them verdant, and actually muddy, exhale an unhealthy dampness which can be felt, and an odour that is even more so." A malignant fever in such apartments was, sooner or later, almost inevitable. —Tr.

he had too much intelligence not to tremble for his enormous but little assured gains when the throne he had built for himself should fall away from him. His children were growing up; the king was getting old; he trembled with fear at the prospect which the king's age told him could not be far off. He had no influence of any kind with the dauphin or the dauphine through which to obtain support, and he saw no remedy. Their deaths were to him therefore a true deliverance, and in the same degree that they were for France the crown of all misfortunes. What a rising star! what a touch of some fairy wand! what a sudden passage from terrors of the fate of Enceladus to the firm hope of that of Phaeton! He revived, therefore, under the tears of the nation. But, always underhand and master of dark arts (I will not say the blackest, for no notion of it came to me — *je ne dirai pas les plus noirs, parce que nulle notion ne m'en est revenue*), he thought it wise to fix suspicions upon some one; and his interests told him to muffle them around the Duc d'Orléans. The death of all the princes of the blood of an age to take part in the world had won him his latest and most important grandeur. By crushing this member of the royal family with so fearful a calumny, and by inducing the king and society to believe it, he counted on destroying him forever in the most odious and ignominious manner; and if the same wand did not do him a like service in regard to the Duc de Berry, he had reason to believe that that timid prince would not oppose the wishes of the king in his behalf.[1]

Madame de Maintenon now had eyes for the Duc du Maine only; in him was concentrated all her tenderness after the

[1] Sainte-Beuve in his preface says plainly that Saint-Simon was wrong in fearing the Duc du Maine so much; and that his portrait of him is one into which hatred visibly enters. For this reason the most severe passages, often reiterated, have been omitted in this abridgment; the parts given are in all probability just. — TR.

death of her dear dauphine, while her hatred to the Duc d'Orléans was ever the same. Her nursling, therefore, had no difficulty in persuading her of a charge which gratified that hatred, and in bringing her not only not to doubt it herself but to make the king believe it, and so to infatuate the public. She became the protectress of the calumny, and was even irritable to Maréchal before the king. Words escaped her to the effect that it was well known whence the blow had come; and she named the Duc d'Orléans; the king assented, with horror, as if not doubting it, and both appeared to take it ill that Maréchal should exclaim against the accusation. Fagon, with his nods, seemed to approve of this monstrous allegation; and Boudin was mad enough to dare to say that he had never doubted the prince was guilty, and to shake his head impudently at the outburst which Maréchal had the courage to make upon him.

Fatal external circumstances served the purpose of the Duc du Maine, which he well knew how to handle powerfully with an art in which he was singularly adept. The Duc d'Orléans, married by force, shown the indignity of his marriage by Madame's anger, by public outcry, by Monsieur's weakness, was just then entering, as it is called, the world. The more his education up to that time had been restricted, the more he then sought compensations. He fell into evil ways; he preferred the most dissolute companions; his great position and his youth made him fancy that all was permissible; he imagined that he recovered in the eyes of the world what he thought he had lost through his marriage by despising his wife and exhibiting himself as living among and liking the most licentious *roués*. Hence the attraction of irreligion, and the extravagant vanity of making open profession of it; hence his dull weariness in everything that was not startling debauchery. Pleasures ordinary and

reasonable were to him insipid; the utter idleness of the Court, where he could not bring his baneful company, and where, however, he was forced to spend some of his time, want of tact in drawing better persons about him, mutual constraint with his wife and all that concerned her, made him prefer solitude; but this solitude he was too much accustomed to excitement to be able to bear.

Cast thus upon the arts for amusement, he began to experiment in alchemy, — not under the idea of seeking for gold, at which he always laughed, but to amuse himself with curious experiments in chemistry. He built himself a laboratory and supplied it thoroughly; he obtained a chemist of great reputation, named Humbert, who had no less honour and virtue than he had capacity in his profession. He made him undertake a variety of experiments, and worked with him, but very openly; he had frequent discussions with others of the same profession at the Court and in town, and took them sometimes to see Humbert and himself at work. In former times he had piqued himself openly on trying to see the devil, though he owned he had never succeeded; and after he was in love with Mme. d'Argenton and living with her, he took to other inquiries of the same nature and liable to be as dangerously interpreted. I have related already certain singular things, which were merely unfortunate pastimes, and far indeed from the slightest idea of crime.

But with that idea he was now so rapidly drenched that on February 17, when he went with Madame to give the holy water to the dauphine, the crowd in the streets shouted aloud all sorts of follies against him, which he and Madame heard distinctly, and dared not notice; but the grief, indignation, and embarrassment they felt can be imagined. There was even reason to fear worse from an excited populace on

the day, February 21, when he went alone to give the holy water to the dauphin. He was forced to endure all the way the most atrocious insults from the crowd, which openly cast monstrous accusations in his face, pointing their fingers at him with the coarsest epithets, which no one silenced, seeming to think that they showed mercy in not tearing him to pieces.

Pernicious advice given to the Duc d'Orléans.

After the dauphin's death I scarcely left my chamber, except to see the king for a moment, and go to Versailles in the afternoons to be with M. de Beauvilliers. One evening after my return the Duchesse d'Orléans sent me word that the duke and herself were troubled at never seeing me, and they both requested that I would go to them, because they had something very urgent to say to me. I had not seen them since the public calamity. Though Maréchal had spoken to me as I have related, I had not been master enough of my own sorrow to go elsewhere to see another like it. I was not in a state to speak, still less to reason; my mind had so little spring; and besides, I saw nothing to do under such atrocious but such crazy calumny, forged in the face of the tenderest regard. I therefore begged the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans to permit me to defer seeing them till the next day.

I went then. I found the Duchesse d'Orléans in deep distress. She told me that the Marquis d'Effiat had come the night before from Paris to warn them of the awful rumours which were universally spread about, and the general effect produced; he had also said that the king and Mme. de Maintenon were not only convinced by the report of the physicians, but that they believed all that was said against the Duc d'Orléans, and spoke of it with such anger that d'Effiat believed the duke was not in safety, and there-

fore determined, in spite of the horror of the thing, to come and warn them, and to press the Duc d'Orléans to have an explanation at once with the king, which ought not to be delayed a moment; and that the simplest, clearest, most persuasive argument was to insist that the king should put him in the Bastille, and arrest Humbert and all those of his people whom the king might think proper, until the matter was cleared up. "Madame," I cried, "what does M. le Duc d'Orléans intend to do?" "Monsieur," she replied, "he went to the king this morning; he found him very grave, very cold, even stern and silent, about the complaints he made and the justice he asked." "But the Bastille, madame," I interrupted; "he surely did not speak of that?" "Yes, indeed he did, monsieur," she replied, "but it was not agreed to. The king took an air of disdain, which did not change, although he insisted strongly. At last, the Duc d'Orléans fell back on requesting that at least Humbert should be put in the Bastille, and interrogated. The king still refused, with very bad grace. At last he said he should not have him arrested, but he would give an order to the Bastille to receive him, if he went there of his own accord." I exclaimed at such pernicious advice so hastily acted upon. By this conduct the Duc d'Orléans lowered himself to the condition of the smallest individual, to that of a valet in a house that has been robbed, instead of taking a high tone and that of a prince of his rank on whom no suspicion can hold, who defies with dignity the possibility of producing or setting forth the slightest ground or the slightest appearance for any.

From these first days when the scandal broke forth at Marly and elsewhere, the Duc d'Orléans was not only abandoned by every one, but a clear space was left around

him in presence of the king and in the salon; if he approached a group of courtiers, each one, without the least hesitation, turned away to the right or left and collected again at the farther end of the salon; so that it was not possible for him to speak to any unless he took them by surprise, and even then he was immediately left with the most marked indecency. Even the ladies deserted the Duchesse d'Orléans, and some of them no longer went near her. After so pitiable a beginning, there was nothing to be done but to let the storm pass; but the storm was too carefully managed to be allowed to pass. It was maintained with the same shrinking at his approach, the same alienation until the last Marly of the king's life, when the condition of the monarch's health openly threatened ruin. When the rumours weakened in Paris and the provinces, adroit and watchful emissaries renewed them, others made them echo about the Court; and this continued long after the death of the king, with the same artfulness. In a word, I was the only man, I say it distinctly, the sole person who continued to see the Duc d'Orléans in my usual manner either in his apartments or the king's; I joined him, I sat with him in a corner of the salon (where assuredly we had no listener to fear); I walked with him in the gardens, in full view from the windows of the king and Mme. de Maintenon. At Versailles I lived with him in the same daily intercourse as at Marly.

M. de Beauvilliers, the chancellor, and all my friends of both sexes warned me perpetually that I should ruin myself by a conduct so opposed to that of others and to the feelings of the king and Mme. de Maintenon. Not to break with him, they said, by an entire cessation of intercourse was an honest thing, which might be allowed, but to live continually and publicly in intercourse with him before the

very eyes of the king and Court was a folly, useless to the Duc d'Orléans, and which could not fail to offend until it ruined me. I held firm; I thought that in cases of such rare misfortunes we ought, not only *not* to abandon friends when we were sure they were innocent, but to draw nearer to them, more and more, for one's own honour, and for the consolation that we owed to them, and thus exhibit to the world the indignation that we felt at the calumny. They kept on insisting, however, and let me know that the king thought it very wrong, and that Mme. de Maintenon was irritated; they neglected nothing to frighten me. I was quite insensible to all they said. I never ceased seeing the Duc d'Orléans daily, and usually for two or three hours at a time. This matter will be recurred to. It is now necessary to take up the current of the year's events. I shall only add that it was Maréchal who prevented Humbert from going to the Bastille.

The king, when the Duc d'Orléans left him, after making the proposal first for himself and then for Humbert, went to his dressing-room, where, being full of the thing, he told it to Fagon and Maréchal, who were there. Maréchal, with his brave freedom, asked the king what he had ordered. On receiving an answer, he praised the candour and frankness of the Duc d'Orléans, and the prudence of the king in refusing to let him go to the Bastille, but disapproved of the permission given to Humbert. "What do you expect to gain by that, sire?" he said boldly. "To proclaim everywhere a shame in your nearest family? What would be the result? Nothing can be found, and the shame would remain. If by any possibility you should find proof, and I will answer that you do not, will you cut off the head of your nephew who has married your daughter, and publish judicially his crime and his ignominy? If you find nothing — and most as-

suredly there is nothing to be found — will you let all his enemies and yours say it was because you did not choose to find it? Believe me, sire, the result will be dreadful; spare yourself, revoke the permission you have given, put these horrors out of your head, — these black falsehoods, which will only shorten your days and make them very miserable." This prompt and eager outburst from a man whom the king knew to be really and truly attached to him, had its effect for Humbert. The king said at once that Maréchal was right; that he had only let himself agree about Humbert through importunity, and that he would not allow him to go to the Bastille. In fact, a few hours later, when the Duc d'Orléans presented himself before him, he ordered him to send word to Humbert to give up the thought of it. Maréchal told me this the next day. He said that Fagon and Bloin never uttered a word. I embraced him for his virtuous act which had succeeded so well, and I did not leave the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans in ignorance of it.

The king went, on Wednesday, April 6, to Marly, where, although the dauphin and dauphine were not yet buried, he re-established his games in Mme. de Maintenon's apartment, wished the salon to be as usual, and ordered the Duc and Duchesse de Berry to hold public lansquenet and brélan with tables for different games for the whole Court. It was not long before he dined with Mme. de Maintenon once or twice a week, and heard music with the usual intimate ladies.

The king at Marly; re-establishes cards and the usual life.

It was at this time that the Abbé de Vasé refused the bishopric of Mans. He was a man of great excellence all his life, who thought of nothing but of how to be so. He was not, however, without seeing good company and being much considered in it. Being over sixty he refused to be tempted by a bishopric at that age, although it was among the estates

of his own family. I have not been willing to omit this refusal, for its rarity, and for the greater rarity of a man of merit and quality having been selected; it was indeed a phenomenon on the part of Père Tellier.

Death of the Princess of England.

The King of England had the small-pox at Saint-Germain and received the sacraments. It is not known for what reason, but, like the dauphine, he refused his Jesuit confessor and sent for the rector of the parish church, to whom he confessed. The queen his mother took every possible precaution to protect her daughter from the contagion. All were useless; small-pox attacked her, and she died on the seventh day. It was a great affliction for the Queen of England, with the sad prospect before her of parting with her son under the necessities of the coming peace and the embarrassment of his presence in France. The body of the princess was taken without ceremonies to the convent of the Filles de Sainte-Marie at Chaillot, where the queen frequently retired subsequently.

I pass four or five weeks at La Ferte; cause of it.

It was during this trip to Marly, when, as I have said, the amusements began again, that the uneasiness of my friends at my conduct with the Duc d'Orléans became so great. It went on increasing. I could not yield to their advice, which for a long time I thought showed want of courage. In the end their unanimity, without concert among them, forced me to make reflections. Without despising the threats of the king's anger and Mme. de Maintenon's spite, I could not believe the results to be such as they tried to persuade me, because I could not understand that my being more or less with the Duc d'Orléans, whom everybody shunned with the most marked indecency, could have any effect in rendering him less guilty in the eyes of the world. This, however, was the point which made my crime and the anxiety of the two dukes, the chancellor,

and all my other friends. They warned me many times that the king was displeased, sometimes at having seen me in the gardens with his nephew, sometimes when Mme. de Maintenon expressed surprise that I alone of all the Court ventured to approach him and be with him. Finally M. de Beauvilliers pressed me to go to La Ferté from Marly, and not return to Versailles, in order to conjure from a distance the storm he saw ready to burst upon my head.

I resisted still; but he came one morning to see Mme. de Saint-Simon while I was attending the king's mass, and told her that he knew very positively that Mme. de Maintenon was about to break forth against me, and that, without alleging any cause, I should be dismissed from Court if I did not myself retire for a certain time. He added that he would take upon himself to keep me informed of how things went and let me know at once when it was safe to return; and he requested Mme. de Saint-Simon to think of some sort of cipher language, but not an actual cipher, which she could use to let me know the information he should tell her to send me during my absence. He conjured her to do this that very day, so that I might start for La Ferté the next morning as if summoned there by pressing business. I found him still with Mme. de Saint-Simon on my return from mass. The great alarm which I saw in his face made much less impression upon me than his dictatorial and determined manner of speaking, and the air of authority with which he explained himself. Nothing was less characteristic of him, and for years nothing so strange had come between us. A secret intrusted to him was impenetrable, but his tone and expression made me feel what he did not tell; it seemed to me assumed expressly to show by such imperative and determined advice that he was acting under an order he was not at liberty to avow.

Mme. de Saint-Simon and I saw that there was no room for further objection. I employed the rest of the day in gently spreading about the pretended necessity of my journey, in paying my court as usual, seeing the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans, and in getting ready to start, which I did the next morning. I never saw a stern face change to such serenity as did that of the duke as soon so I gave him my promise to go. He never said another word to me about it; but I am well convinced that the king had sent him to me, and had told him I should be sent away if, following his advice, I did not take myself off with a good grace. My departure and my absence made no talk; no one suspected anything. I was kept informed carefully, but always in the concerted way, as to whether I must remain or return. I never knew what led to my return, which was notified to me in the same way. My absence lasted about a month or six weeks; after which I returned to Court and lived with the Duc d'Orléans precisely as before.

The Peace came very near failing between France and England, the latter of which had answered for its allies. I have already said more than once that I should pass the details of that great event in silence, because they will be found, written by the hand of a master, among my Documents, from Torcy's journey to the Hague to the signing of the Peace of Utrecht, inclusively. Torcy himself wrote down the whole narrative, which he communicated to me, a faithful copy of which will be found, as I have said, with my papers. I have only to add to this curious item of the history of our times what could not have been given in the narrative because, not being part of the negotiation, Torcy was unable to write it, although it had a direct bearing on the affair of the Peace, of which he was not ignorant.

Renunciations exacted by the allies in authentic and sure form.

Our domestic misfortunes gave rise to a difficulty which endangered that Peace (already drawn up in London) and delayed it greatly. Queen Anne and her council were stopped by the question of the right of the King of Spain to succeed to the throne of France if the august and precious thread of a single remaining life, which alone excluded him, should break; for it was not possible for England or any of the other powers at war with us to consent to see the two first crowns of Europe on the same head. The difficulty was propounded. The king was not in a position to disregard it. It was necessary to meet it in some such solid manner that the case could never happen, and that the Powers should feel, once for all, entire security about it. They were justly alarmed at the recent failure of the king's renunciations, so solemnly made in the Treaty of the Pyrenees and in that of his marriage, signed in public after twenty-four conferences. A will made by Philippe V. was no security to them. They had not forgotten the writings that the king published four or five years after the Peace of the Pyrenees, when on the death of the King of Spain, he seized the great part of the Spanish Low-Countries and Franche-Comté, under pretence of the rights of the queen; and the Treaty of Partition, to which the emperor, alone of all Europe, had refused to consent, was another strong cause for fear. A third was not forgotten. The same renunciations had been made by the marriage treaty of Louis XIII.; nevertheless, a short time after Philippe V. arrived in Spain, he caused to be recognized and re-established, to the prejudice of the said renunciations, the right of the Duc d'Orléans to succession to the crown of Spain, derived from the queen, his grandmother, wife of Louis XIII. In truth, all this was enough to induce the powers of Europe to take precautions and to have the matter settled in some solid manner. But there lay the trouble;

treaties, renunciations, oaths seemed a feeble reliance after these examples. Something stronger was wanted; it could not be found in the renunciation itself, because nothing could be more sacred among men than those to which it had been proved they could not trust; it was necessary, therefore, to look for legal forms which should supply the want with the greatest solemnity that could be given to them.

This was long discussed. Although the king offered all that could be asked of him to reassure Europe as to the danger of seeing two crowns on one head, he would really grant nothing at all, — not to reserve a back door to let in his family, but simply out of the obstinate maintenance of his authority, which he felt that all legal forms attacked, so far as they were demanded to support that authority and add to its solidity. On this point he was wounded in his tenderest spot. He had made himself absolute without reply; he had extinguished and absorbed to their very last traces, even to their idea, the memory of any other authority or power in France that did not emanate from himself alone. The English, little accustomed to such principles, and wanting their own security and that of their allies (who, even had they been willing, would not have been persuaded to pass lightly over this essential point), insisted, and proposed that the States-general of the kingdom should be convoked to ratify the renunciations. They said, with reason, that it was not sufficient for the permanent verification of the thing, consequently for the safety of Europe, that the King of Spain should renounce the crown of France if the kingdom of France did not also renounce it for him and for his posterity by accepting and ratifying his renunciation; that this formality was necessary to break the double tie attaching the branch in Spain to France, as France was attached to the branch of Spain.

The English, accustomed to their parliaments, which are in fact their States-general, believed that ours had the same authority. They wanted ours to support and consolidate the renunciations by an authority according to their ideas legal, the highest that could be appealed to, and one which supported solidly the authority of the king. To show him that they distrusted the weakness of his power had an inexpressible effect on the soul of a prince who was almost deified in his own eyes, and in the constant exercise of illimitable despotism. To let him see that they wanted from his subjects an authority confirming his own was a blow on the most sensitive spot of his head, which a crown could not cover. The English were made to understand the weakness and inutility of the additional authority they demanded. The nature and impotence of the States-general were explained to them, and they understood at last how vain such concurrence would be, were it even granted.

They were told the truth; but good care was taken at the same time not to tell them where there existed, by right, by nature, by examples, what they were seeking without being able to find it, — perhaps not wishing to do so, because of Philippe de Valois and the Salic law. However that may be, they beat about for a long time; France insisting that a treaty of renunciations, an express and confirmatory declaration by the king, simply registered by the parliament, sufficed; the English replying by the results of past renunciations, treaties, and marriage contracts of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. Thus the peace, agreed to by the English, and much beyond our hopes, hung fire. The renunciations were agreed to in Spain, where there was no difficulty as to form; the whole trouble was in France. It was this that caused Bolingbroke to be despatched from London to Fontainebleau. This journey, even to its slightest particulars, is so well

explained in the Documents that I abstain from saying anything about it here.

Forms for the renunciations discussed.

From the beginning of this difficulty it had been discussed between the Ducs de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers and myself. The Duc d'Humières was admitted after a time as a fourth, and the Duc de Noailles as a fifth in this great affair. But of those five persons only the Duc de Chevreuse was really well-informed about it. M. de Beauvilliers had never studied the subject to the bottom, and for years he had not had time to add reading to his many functions. I shall not have the boldness nor the fatuity to mention myself; I submit, very sincerely, to the judgment that may be formed of me by examining the Documents. We all fell readily into agreement on the view that I myself took, which was approved and supported by the Duc de Chevreuse. But when it came to details this was a labour for which M. de Chevreuse had no leisure, being wholly occupied with affairs of State, nor M. de Beauvilliers and M. de Humières, who were busy with theirs. I felt my loins too weak; so that the Duc de Noailles offered to draw up a memorandum embracing the whole matter, explaining by proofs and arguments the proper forms for consolidating the renunciations as desired by the English in a firm, stable, and legal manner. He promised the Ducs de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers, in presence of us all, that it should be done and ready for examination among all five of us before the Court went to Fontainebleau. From time to time I asked him news of it, and so did the others, to which he always replied that he was getting on with the work and would keep his word.

Meantime there remained the great difficulty, — how to bring the king to consent to legal forms; and MM. de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers, whose particular work this

was as ministers, were much concerned about it. But, persuaded as they were that there was no other way to secure validity and safety, and moreover that it could only be employed by the express will of the king, they flattered themselves he could be induced to believe that his authority was thus protected, and, being pressed by the necessity for peace which the English would not otherwise agree to, he would in the end bring himself to consent in view of so great a good, which in fact his exhausted forces did not allow him to delay.

Interests of the Duc de Berry and the Duc d'Orléans.

While this state of things was going on I was constantly pressed by the Duc de Berry and the Duc d'Orléans. The latter believed me well-informed as to the necessary forms for the validity of the renunciations, and he readily persuaded the other to think so, too. He himself, isolated by the scandal of the poisonings, had none but me with whom he could speak and consult; the Duc de Berry, shy to excess and always under the hard and jealous yoke of the king, had none either. Both had the strongest interest in not renouncing the crown of Spain in a solid manner beyond recall through the laws of the country unless every precaution was also taken to secure to them the crown of France by an equally solid and safe renunciation on the part of the King of Spain and his posterity. It was on this point that they consulted me. At first I temporized with them easily, on pretence of the difficulty of the whole matter, which had to be studied and discussed to its depths. But at last they pressed me hard, pressed themselves by news from England. I still evaded them; but when I found that we, that is, the five I have named, were agreed on the form to be proposed, and that the details only depended on the memorandum of the Duc de Noailles, I felt I ought not to play any longer with the two princes so

deeply interested, who placed all confidence in me, and had no one else to whom they could go. I explained, therefore, what I thought to the Duc d'Orléans, who was well-informed himself upon our history. He saw the solidity of what I proposed, and took upon himself to inform the Duc de Berry, whom he easily convinced because he was convinced himself.

Matters were in this state when the trip to Fontainebleau approached. The Duc de Noailles had not finished his report. He excused himself on the importance of the matter and the number of things he had to examine, select, and arrange. Delays were prolonged; and at last we discovered that he had obscure persons hidden away in the upper part of his lodging, to whom he had given the work; remodelling it continually himself, so that there was no end to it. This discovery was made known to him, and as he could not deny it he was much embarrassed.

M. de Beauvilliers, greatly pressed by the English, was unwilling to wait any longer. He asked me to draw up the report. I objected for many reasons; I had brought few books to Fontainebleau and none that would serve me for the work. It was useless, however, to produce the best excuses; I was forced to yield to the authority over me. I went to work in a place where I could get no help, and where I had no freedom for such labour, compelled as I was to be assiduous in the usual Court attendance, to dine in company (and Fontainebleau was the place of all others where people were most invited to sup and dine); I had moreover to seem unemployed, because no suspicion should be given that I was seriously occupied. Consequently, my toil was much interrupted, which, of all things in the world, is the most injurious to good work, especially in such cases. I often used the nights. Every evening M. de Beauvilliers came alone, without lacqueys or torches, and felt his way up my stairs

during the king's supper to make me read to him what I had written during the day. We had an hour together and then he returned as he came. He was satisfied with what I did, and said so to the three others. Meantime the Duc de Noailles was making his unknown writers sweat; so that his report, which was rather short, was finished about the same time as mine.

I shall not make an analysis here of either of them. Mine will be found among the Documents. It appeared that the Duc de Noailles and I differed on one point. I thought that none but the duke-peers, the verified dukes, and the officers of the crown could be summoned. The Duc de Noailles thought, or wanted to think, that the governors of the provinces and the Knights of the Order should be added. On this we argued. He afterwards went to see the Duc de Chevreuse without saying a word to me, and persuaded him; for M. de Chevreuse, with all the knowledge, illumination, and candour a man could have, was subject to perverted reasoning. His mind, always geometrical, misled him by rule as soon as he had started on a false principle; and as he had extreme facility and much natural grace in expressing himself, he dazzled and carried away his hearers, even when he was most in error, having dazzled himself to begin with and being convinced that he was right. This is what happened to him in the management of his domestic affairs, which he improved, mended, and destroyed geometrically by rule until he brought them to such radical ruin that he would certainly have died of hunger but for the government of Guyenne; and Mme. de Chevreuse after him, if the king had not given her a pension of thirty thousand francs from the revenues of that government.

Methods of reasoning of the Duc de Chevreuse.

Meantime the affair pressed; the English wished to know

what to expect. M. de Beauvilliers appointed an afternoon on which we should assemble in the little apartment of the Duc de Chevreuse on the ground-floor near the chapel. We all arrived at the same time. After a few words in general as to what had brought us together, M. de Beauvilliers looked at the Ducs de Chevreuse and Noailles and asked them to explain what they had to say. M. de Chevreuse wished to leave it to M. de Noailles, from whom he had received the opinion he embraced. M. de Noailles, in deference to age and older rank and wisdom (and still more for the effect he expected to produce on the Duc de Beauvilliers), insisted that M. de Chevreuse should speak first; which he did, and I must say briefly, not to prolong this narrative, that I never saw a worse cause sustained with better grace, or with more wit, eloquence, and elegance; if everything was lacking as to reasons, the perfection of the utterance, aided by wit and knowledge, left nothing to be desired.

The Duc de Beauvilliers declares for my opinion.

I spoke in my turn; and though I restrained myself as much as possible, the importance of the matter, the necessity of disentangling it, of making it palpable, and of replying to the sophisms, inductions, and convolutions in which the Duc de Chevreuse excelled, and by which he knew how to mask a fallacy with an appearance of simplicity and justice, made me speak more at length than I wished. Silence was complete during both speeches, and the attention of the listeners great; M. de Beauvilliers in particular did not lose a word. He looked at the Duc d'Humières as if to ask his opinion, who said he was of mine more than ever. Then I beheld a prodigy which filled me with embarrassment, and, I may say, covered me with confusion. M. de Beauvilliers summed up in a very few words the points of the matter and the diversity of the two opinions; and then, suddenly, this cautious, sage, and modest

man, accustomed to be of one sentiment in all things with the Duc de Chevreuse, and to defer to him in every way, changed into another man. He flushed, and seemed hardly able to contain himself. He said he could not understand or even think like M. de Chevreuse on the points that divided us, explained his reasons briefly but not forgetting anything essential, unveiled the sophistries with an extreme precision and justice; and with that (here is the prodigy, which overwhelmed me) he fell upon M. de Chevreuse like a falcon, and treated him as a teacher treats a boy who brings him an exercise full of the grossest solecisms, and makes him look at them all while he reprimands him. I will not enlarge upon discourse so animated, in which nothing was forgotten. His opinion was on my side. M. de Chevreuse, like a little schoolboy before his master, embarrassed, confused, but without resentment, acquiesced at once. M. de Noailles, bewildered to know where he was, did likewise. M. de Beauvilliers, rising, looked at us all to confirm his judgment, while he said, "Messieurs, the matter is now agreed upon; the opinion of M. de Saint-Simon is taken." This was said with an air approaching his usual manner. MM. de Chevreuse and de Noailles replied that they accepted his decision, and they had no sooner said the words than I went away without speaking to any one, and reached my room in the greatest astonishment, — not that my opinion was taken, but at the way the thing had happened. As for M. de Chevreuse, whom I avoided for a day or two, he never showed any vexation, and was just as usual with M. de Beauvilliers and with me, — always the same gentleness, simplicity and truth; truly a most estimable nature.

IV.

Conferences on the renunciations between M. de Beauvilliers and me.

It was now for MM. de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers, but the latter especially, to see how they should dare to make to the king a proposal so shocking to the authority he idolized, on the deification of which he had employed his whole reign. They never told me what passed, and I did not think I ought to hook it from friends so estimable, and who, besides, had perfect confidence in me; perhaps when it came to the point they dared not, after feeling about and reconnoitring the ground, make the proposition to the king at all (which is what their secrecy to me made me suspect); or else they were really repulsed without hope. At any rate, towards the end of that Fontainebleau visit, M. de Beauvilliers declared to me that the king would never agree to the forms, and would hear of nothing but a simple recording of the renunciations by parliament, and at the most he would only allow the two princes interested and the peers to be present; and even that he would not promise.

I told him that in this as in all things the king was master; but that the act would have no validity; that the allies would be simple indeed if they were contented with it; and the two princes concerned still more so, for it cut their throats. The words alarmed him, and I explained them. I told him that those renunciations were reciprocal; that in Spain the form of all legislation was fixed and recognized; that a form was used for the recognition of a king and of his heir, for his inauguration, for the oaths that he took; in

a word, for all that he did that was grandest and most august; that this form lay in the action of the States-general (called in their language *las Cortes*), at which grandees, prelates, nobles, councillors, judges, and deputies from the towns assembled; that the king presided, and all that was done by that body was immutable; that the renunciations of the Duc de Berry and the Duc d'Orléans would there be passed upon, admitted, and registered as laws, without return for them or their posterity; whereas the renunciation of the King of Spain and his posterity of the crown of France would have no validity whatever if received in the manner proposed, — a state of things which might result in the exclusion of the princes and their posterity from their rights of succession. M. de Beauvilliers was convinced, but he had no hope in regard to the king.

The next day we met again. He represented to me the urgent necessity of peace, the continual pressure of the English in the matter of the renunciations, the impossibility of conquering the king on so sensitive a point as that of his sole authority; he repeated that all the king would consent to was the registration by parliament, as an integral part of the treaty of peace, not to confirm his authority, but simply to promulgate it. He conjured me to bring the princes round to those views and to persuade them to yield to an absolute necessity. I replied that the affair was theirs, and it was for them to take their course, and not for me to abuse their confidence in a matter so vitally important to them and their posterity; that I had shown them what were the only valid forms for the renunciation of the King of Spain to the crown of France, and that I could not go to them and hold another language.

He returned to the impossibility in regard to the king; I insisted that it was not my affair, but that of the princes; if

they had informed the English (as was easy and probable) that they themselves were only in safety under the forms proposed, and if, for the safety of Europe and the sake of peace, they should hold firm, the king would be compelled to agree to the forms, as much by the urgent necessity for peace as to prevent Europe from believing that by a feigned sensitiveness as to his authority he was really tricking it. This suggestion, being true and solid, frightened the duke; he again said all he could, and I kept silence. We separated thus.

The next morning as I was dressing he sent to beg me to come to him. He said he had not slept all night in the straits where I had put him. He exhorted me again; but I stood firm. When we parted he begged me to see him again at the same hour. I was in true anguish at thus resisting for the first time a man whom all my life I had regarded as my father and oracle, and for whom my closest esteem, my heart's tenderness, the admiration of my mind, and gratitude for all that he had done for me with the dauphin had only increased my entire deference. I found him more troubled than he was when I left him the night before. He went over the same reasons. While he was talking I talked with myself, and I determined to get out of this lacerating trouble. Suddenly I interrupted him, and looking at him with fire, I said: "Monsieur, it is beating the air to repeat these things; spare yourself the trouble, for I declare to you that never will they persuade me. But take another course. You are a minister of State and a good man; all my life I have regarded you as my father, and my respect and confidence have made you my oracle. I will give you a signal proof of it, — such as I would not give to any other man on earth. Cease arguing, because, I tell you again, you can never persuade me; but take the tone of au-

thority; say to me plainly and shortly, 'I *will* that you shall do this thing;' and against my closest conviction, against the work I have done, which is fully completed, I will obey you like a child. You know more than I, by far, in public matters, you are still more above me in pious illumination; I will rest upon that and sacrifice my dearest feelings and my strongest convictions to you."

I kept my eyes fixed upon his, which were wet. Never did I see a man so touched. He flung himself on my breast and, speaking with difficulty, "No," he said, "it is too much; it is not just; I cannot consent." "At any rate," I replied, "the debate between us can only end thus. Hope nothing from arguments, but expect all from authority." A thousand tender things from a man touched to the heart followed this new declaration, and finally he told me he would take a day to think of it and would let me know on the morrow, same place and same hour, what he had decided. I went to the rendezvous. He began by all that friendship, or the humility of a great and good man alarmed by the greatness of the sacrifice and feeling its full extent, could express. He said he had been unable to sleep all night; that he could not resolve on taking upon himself what I proposed and abusing my deference for him to such a point; and again he began to argue. I stopped him. "Monsieur," I said, "I shall go," making a motion to rise. "Arguments, I cannot listen to; it is your decision I await; either leave me my liberty with the two princes or say two words with authority. Put it out of your mind that there can be any other issue to this matter." He was some time without replying; his eyes filled with tears. Then, looking at me tenderly, "Since there is no other way, and you absolutely will have it," he said, with an air of modesty and even shame which cannot be described, "I must take the

only course you leave me, whatever pain I feel in doing so. I require you therefore to try to destroy that which you have been doing, — not that it is not right, but because the king will never agree to it, and we *must* have peace. I exact that you shall bring the princes to being satisfied with the mere registration in their presence and in that of the peers." "You will it, monsieur," I replied, "and you shall be obeyed. I will let you know from time to time what I do in consequence. Let us keep firmly to this, and above all, no useless arguments." He embraced me again tenderly, and said all that could express the effect on his heart and mind of such an extraordinary act of deference; saying that he should feel it all his life.

The work I had undertaken was very strange; I had blown hot, talked reason, rules, laws, rights, justice, the most palpable interests, and I had fully persuaded and convinced the princes; nothing remained but to come to an agreement with the English, who of course could not like so informal a ratification, and one so superficial, for renunciations that were vital to all Europe and to themselves, as that of a mere registration used for all treaties, none of which it had rendered lasting. Men as accustomed and attached to legal and judicial forms as the English naturally demanded those which alone could render permanently valid renunciations so important; about which their allies trusted wholly to them to secure their interests in the treaty of which the English were now the masters.

Proper means for the Ducs de Berry and d'Orléans to have taken.

The proper course for the Duc de Berry and the Duc d'Orléans (themselves being informed and convinced on the subject) was to let the English act; to show nothing, to allow the king to form what suspicions he liked, avoiding all that could give him proofs, and to comfort themselves under his rebukes and

ill-humour by the safety they gained from the mutual validity of their renunciations and those of the King of Spain; for the king in this case would have no choice but that of submitting to the forms the English demanded, or else breaking off the Peace and continuing the war, which it was now no longer possible for him to maintain.

All these things were in my mind and I had inculcated them well into the two princes, who were convinced of them. To undo that work was a sorry business. To persuade against one's own convictions is strangely perplexing. Still, I had to go to work in conformity with that which M. de Beauvilliers' great weight with me had induced me to promise. The details would here be too long and too wearisome. I shall merely say that I began by postponing and then preventing all communication and concert with the English.

I was thus occupied at the close of the Fontainebleau trip when I was warned of a thing I did not at the moment deserve. Nancré had been hovering around us; he had overheard once or twice the last words of conversations between the Duc d'Orléans and me, interrupted by his presence. He had been insinuating himself with M. de Torcy, whom he wanted to commission him to speak with the Duc d'Orléans on the subject of the renunciations. Annoyed at not getting this honour from Torcy, he told him it was I, out of my infatuation for the peerage, who had turned the duke's head about forms and stopped the peace.

Torcy, with whom at that time I had not the slightest intimacy, and who was the friend of many persons with whom I would have no dealings whatever, went to the king and told him what Nancré had reported. The king in his anger spoke to the Duc de Berry and cited his authority. The latter told me of this himself; which led me to entreat him to think it well that I should not see him again, in

order to remove all ground from the king's mind, and that our intercourse might be carried on solely through Mme. de Saint-Simon and the Duc d'Orléans. The king, however, showed nothing of this to me, and as I really succeeded in making the princes satisfied with simple registration in presence of the peers, this rascality of Nancré, and Torcy's ill offices, had no results. I let the matter drop, and saw no reason to say anything or have anything said to the king about it.

Ambassadors appointed between England and France.

Whatever obstacles and whatever spite the allies had opposed to the Peace, matters had gone so far in England that the Duke of Hamilton was declared ambassador to France, and the Duc d'Aumont was sent to England with an embassy. The Duke of Hamilton was a rather young nobleman, wholly on the side of the queen and much considered. He was a Douglas. Anne Hamilton, eldest daughter of James, Marquis of Hamilton, had married William Douglas, Earl of Selkirk. The Marquis of Hamilton was made duke and knight of the Garter by Charles I., and after varied fortunes was beheaded, a few days later than that unfortunate monarch. Charles II., on his restoration, made this Earl of Selkirk Duke of Hamilton, he being the son-in-law of the late duke, who left no sons. This new Duke of Hamilton acquired, with the dignity, nearly all the estates of his father-in-law (whose name and arms he took), which were restored to him. This was the grandfather or great-grandfather of the man of whom we are speaking. The party opposed to the queen, incensed at being unable to prevent the Peace, fell back on doing her all the spite it could in other ways. Hamilton had lately won a suit in Parliament against Lord Mohun of the opposite party. This party goaded the latter all it could until it forced him, in spite of himself, to fight a duel

with Hamilton. Mohun was killed on the ground, but Macartney, who served him as second, ran the Duke of Hamilton through the back with his sword and fled the country. The queen, who felt whence the blow had come, was grieved and outraged both. She then appointed as ambassador to France the Earl of Shrewsbury, knight of the Garter, one of her most trusted ministers, and the head of the house of Talbot.

The King of Spain renounces the crown of France before the Cortes.

A courier from Spain arrived in Paris in November with a copy of the act of renunciation of the King of Spain, made November 5 before the Cortes in presence of the English ambassador. This courtier also brought a project for that of the Duc de Berry, and a letter to the prince from the hand of the King of Spain, containing the tenderest, strongest, most precise assurance of his sincerity in this act, which advanced his brother to his own place in the succession to the crown of France, and expressing with joy the love that had led him to do it. The Duc de Berry and the Duc d'Orléans showed me the letter because I asked to see it. It seemed to me so important that I earnestly advised them to preserve it carefully as a document most valuable to their future interests. They acknowledged that the thought had not occurred to them, but they now believed I was right.

Death of the Duc de Chevreuse.

The death of the Duc de Chevreuse, which took place in Paris November 5, gives me occasion to say more of a personage who has figured so much and so notably in the world, and with whom I lived so many years in the most intimate confidence and privilege. Though I have said many things about him on many occasions, far more remains to tell, if space did not prevent, that would be most interesting and still more profitable. Born with much natural intelligence and charm of mind, with taste for appli-

cation, facility for work and for all sorts of sciences, with correctness of expression, which came naturally and without search, with abundance of thoughts, and ease in rendering them, and in explaining abstract or perplexing things with clearness and precision, he had received a most perfect education from masters in the art, who gave him all their affection and all the benefit of their rare talents.

His father, the Duc de Luynes, had no less mind, nor less facility and precision in speaking and writing, nor less application and knowledge. The neighbourhood of Dampierre allied him with the solitaries of Port-Royal des Champs, and after the death of his first wife, who was buried there, he retired to the community; taking part in their austerities and in several of their works. To them he confided the care of his son's education, to which those gentlemen gave every attention, out of attachment to the father, and also from affection to their pupil, won by the gentleness, goodness, and gifts they found in him to cultivate.

The retirement of the Duc de Luynes to Port-Royal lasted several years. His mother, so famous in all the great cabals and events of her day under the name of her second husband, the Duc de Chevreuse (dead without posterity in 1657), was deeply pained to see her son as it were buried. M. de Chevreuse, her husband, the youngest son of the Duc de Guise, killed at Blois in 1588, had lived with his wife in the closest union; and as she had always passionately loved her son, the Duc de Luynes, who lived with them, M. de Chevreuse loved him also, and bequeathed to him and to his mother all the advantages that he could.

The Duc de Chevreuse [son of the Duc de Luynes] who was rather tall, well-made, with a noble and agreeable face, had no estates at all. But he obtained an immense property by his marriage, in 1667, with Colbert's eldest and beloved

Colbert

daughter. Besides the *dot* and continual and very considerable gifts, he derived through the interests of this marriage the re-erection in his favour of Chevreuse as a duchy-verified. I have had occasion in many places to speak of the character of his mind, his dangerous method of reasoning, the uprightness of his heart, and the candour with which he persuaded himself at times of the most erroneous things, and endeavoured to persuade others of them; always with that gentleness and insinuating politeness which never left him, and was so sincerely far from any assumption of domineering or even of superiority of any kind. Oblique arguments, exuberance of views, a rapid but natural piling up of inductions of which he did not see the error, were in the line of his genius and his practice. He set them forth so vividly and forcibly and with such adroitness that you were lost if you did not stop him in the beginning; because after you had allowed two or three propositions that seemed simple, and which he drew naturally one from another, to pass, he would lead you, drums beating, to his end; and though you might feel the falsity of what was dazzling you, there was never a joint or crevice through which to get in an opposing word. Though a lover by nature of crooked ways in argument, but always in sincere good faith, he was long in shaking off the doctrines of Port-Royal, up to a certain point, — for he knew how to harmonize the strangest mixtures, — and even then without yielding his esteem and liking for his old masters, and his secret, but firm aversion to the Jesuits; above all, never abandoning the morals, integrity, love of truth and piety, of the Port-Royalists. The same taste for unreasonable argument led him to throw himself, with an enthusiasm that lasted all his life, into the precepts of La Guyon and the flowery views of M. de Cambrai. It also ruined his affairs and his health; and had he lived a few

years longer he would very certainly have been infatuated, but without the slightest personal interest, in the system of John Law.

Never man possessed his soul in peace as he did; he bore it in his hand, as the psalm says. The disorder of his affairs, the dangers of the storm of Quietism, which came near upsetting him, the loss of his children, that of the perfect dauphin, — in short, no event could agitate him or make him stir from his occupations and usual condition of mind, though his heart was ever tender and kind. He offered all to God, of whom he never lost sight; and in that sight he directed his life and his actions. To his very valets he was gentle, modest, and polite; in the freedom of his home, among friends and his intimate family, he was gay and excellent company, without constraint for himself or others, whose pleasure and amusement he loved; but so reserved, from an inward contempt for society and the love and habit of his own cabinet, that it was almost impossible to draw him into the world.

The horses of M. de Chevreuse were often harnessed twelve or fifteen hours at a stretch. Once this happened at Vaucresson, whence he intended to go to dinner at Dampierre. The coachman, then the postilion, grew tired of watching the horses; it was summer; the horses grew tired themselves. About six o'clock in the evening a rumpus was heard which shook everything. People rushed; the carriage was found smashed, the great gate shattered, the railing of the gardens on either side driven in, — in short, a disaster which took a long time to repair. M. de Chevreuse, who had not been disturbed by the din, was quite surprised when they told him of it. M. de Beauvilliers amused himself a long time by reproaching his friend and asking him to pay the costs. Another adventure, which M. de Chevreuse did not

like to be reminded of, also happened at Vaucresson, and it was fun to see his embarrassment when any one referred to it. About ten o'clock one morning they announced to him a certain M. Sconin, who had been his bailiff and was now employed in ways more profitable to himself, in which M. de Chevreuse aided him. He sent him word to take a turn in the garden and come back in half an hour; then he continued what he was about and forgot the man entirely. At seven o'clock in the evening Sconin was announced again. "In a minute," he replied, without stirring. Fifteen minutes later he called him in. "Ah! my poor Sconin," he said, "I beg your pardon for having made you lose your day." "Not at all, monseigneur," replied Sconin; "as I have had the honour to know you for many years I was aware that the half-hour might be long; so I went to Paris and attended to my business, before and after dinner, and I have just returned." M. de Chevreuse was confused. Sconin did not hold his tongue, neither did M. de Chevreuse's servants; M. de Beauvilliers diverted himself much with the tale, and however used M. de Chevreuse was to his friend's teasing, he never could stand it when this story came on the tapis. I have told these two anecdotes, among hundreds of others of the same nature, because it seems to me that they characterize.

The chancellor said of these brothers-in-law that they were "of one heart, one soul; what the one thought the other thought instantly, but when it came to execution, M. de Beauvilliers had a good angel who kept him from acting in any way like M. de Chevreuse, however much he thought like him." This was exactly true. It is almost inconceivable that two men, so opposed in methods of action should have passed their lives together, in the most intimate and indissoluble union, never interrupted for a single instant.

They lived in the same places, lodged together at Marly, and side by side at Versailles; they took their meals together continually, and there was never a day that they did not see each other three and four times, and their wives also.

M. de Chevreuse wrote easily, agreeably, and admirably well, both for style and handwriting, the latter being very rare. He was, not loved but, adored in his family and in his home, where he was always affable, gracious, and obliging. To those who did not know him familiarly he was externally erect, stiff, starched, proper, with a touch of the pedant, which sometimes alienated those to whom he did not unbend. He was taken ill in Paris and suffered extreme pain with incredible patience and resignation; received the sacraments with ardent piety, and died peaceful and tranquil amid his sufferings, and as much himself as he had ever been in health. On opening him it was found that his stomach was perforated.

Ennui had taken possession of the king during his hours with Mme. de Maintenon in the intervals of his work with the ministers. The void left by the death of the dauphine could not be filled by the amusements of the very small number of elderly ladies who were sometimes admitted to those apartments. Dinners, musicals, lotteries, dinners at Marly, sometimes at Trianon, always with the same little number and the same ladies, were frequent, but they soon languished. It was proposed to enliven them with detached scenes from Molière's comedies acted by the king's musicians in the costume of comedians. Mme. de Maintenon had already brought the Maréchal de Villeroy back to Court in order that he might amuse the king with old stories of their youth; and she now introduced him, the only man thus admitted, into the privacy of these little reunions, to brighten them up with

Music and comedies at Mme. de Maintenon's.

his social chatter. He was a man at all times under her thumb, and who owed her, moreover, his return to favour. He was useful in suggesting certain things which were not in the sphere of the ministers, and about which she wanted the king to speak with her; in this way she could urge these matters the more delicately because they did not seem to come from her. The death of the princes of the blood, leaving only children, and those of the dauphin and dauphine, the worse than nothingness into which black and subtle calumny had reduced the Duc d'Orléans, and the inward trembling of the Duc de Berry before the king, carefully fostered, opened a vast field to the unlimited ambition of M. du Maine and the fondness of his now all-powerful governess. Maréchal de Villeroy was a vile courtier and nothing else; no instrument could serve them better; Mme. de Maintenon kept him therefore at hand to use him whenever wanted.

1713. The Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury at Court.

The Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury had arrived. I have mentioned this ambassador already. He had his first private audience as usual. As there was no queen or dauphine, the Countess of Shrewsbury was presented to the king between the council and dinner by the Duchesse d'Aumont, accompanied by the Baron de Breteuil, introducer of ambassadors. That evening the Duchesse d'Aumont led her to her tabouret at the king's supper. The English are great travellers. This earl, who had borne the sword of state at the coronation of James II., whose confidence he possessed, having been his grand chamberlain, abandoned him in 1680 and went over to Holland to offer his services to the Prince of Orange. He afterwards went to Italy and to Rome, and there he married a daughter of the Marchese Paleotti and Catherine Dudley, daughter of the Duke of

Northumberland and Marie-Madeleine Gouffier de Brazeux. There's mixture enough! Religion did not hamper the Italian lady. She followed her husband to England, where the Prince of Orange was then reigning; the latter gave him the order of the Garter and appointed him secretary of State. Queen Anne took him into her privy council and made him grand chamberlain. After his return from France he was viceroy of Ireland, and died in London in 1718.

His wife was a tall, stout, masculine creature, middle-aged or past it, who had been handsome and pretended to be so still; very *décolletée*, hair dressed behind her ears, covered with rouge and patches, and full of affectations. From the moment she arrived she was at her ease, — talked loudly and much, in very bad French, and was hand in glove with every one. Her manners were those of a crazy woman, but her card-tables, her dinners, her magnificence, and even her general familiarity, made her the fashion. She soon declared that the head-dresses of the women were ridiculous, and so they were, — erections of iron wire, ribbons, hair, and all sorts of gew-gaws, more than two feet high, which put the faces of the wearers in the middle of their bodies; and the old women were the same, except that their head-gear was made of black gauze. At the least little movement the building trembled, and its inconveniences were great. The king, so master of everything, down to the smallest matters, could not endure these erections; but they lasted ten years without his being able to change them, no matter what he said and did to contrive it. But what this monarch could not do, the words and example of a crazy old foreign woman accomplished with surprising celerity. From the extremity of the high, the ladies flung themselves down to the extremity of the flat, and these more simple, convenient, and becoming head-dresses have lasted to the present day.

Reasonable people are now waiting with impatience for some other foreign maniac who shall rid our ladies of their circular defences called paniers, intolerable to themselves and also to others.

The affair of the renunciations was now ripe. Peace was agreed upon; the king was most anxious for his own interests to have it signed, and the Court of England, to which we owed it, was not less in haste to consummate the great work, in order to enjoy, in addition to the glory of having imposed it on the allied powers, that internal repose which the opposing faction, incited by the outside opponents of the Peace, kept ceaselessly disturbed. The King of Spain had fulfilled his part in the renunciations with all the solidity and solemnity which the laws, customs, and usages of Spain required; it only remained for France to do likewise.

The renunciations; abridged reflections.

I have already said on this subject nearly all that there is to say. It would be useless repetition to point out again what would be the value of renunciations of the crown of France by the elder branch in favour of the younger, against unvarying order never interrupted since the days of Hugh Capet, unless France accepted it by a new law abrogating that of centuries, — a new law clothed with the forms and the powers which alone would give the necessary force and permanence to so important an act; renunciations, too, which the most arbitrary of kings and one most jealous of his absolute power, the grandfather of one prince, the uncle and father-in-law of the other, compelled them both, with their peers in parliament assembled, to hear and see registered, without previous explanation or discussion, still more without the right of offering an opinion or even, were that allowed, to say a word in simple approbation. Yet this was all that was done to execute a great act destined to

regulate, in a manner hitherto unheard of in France, a new order of succession to the throne. The worship of the king for his own authority, of which he was so jealous because its establishment had been the dearest and most persistent care of his whole life, would not allow the slightest attainder to it, not even under the thought that this idol to which he had sacrificed everything was about, at his age, to escape him and leave him naked before God like the lowest of his subjects. All that could be obtained from him to render the act solemn was the presence of the peers in parliament; and even then, his sensitiveness was so great that he intended merely to say in general that he hoped the peers would be present in parliament for the renunciations. I heard of this four days beforehand. I spoke to several peers, and I told the Duc d'Orléans that if the king did nothing more he might rely upon it that not a single peer would go to the parliament. This strong opinion conveyed by the Duc d'Orléans and the Duc de Berry to the king had its effect, and the peers were invited by the grand master of ceremonies to be present. The English, unable to obtain anything better, and eager, as I have said, to the last degree to finish the matter, were willing to persuade themselves that it was all that could be done. Here follows what was actually done finally.

The session was to open by a complimentary address from the president (de Mesmes) to the Duc de Berry, who was then to reply. The latter was much disturbed about this reply. Mme. de Saint-Simon, to whom he confided his feelings found means through a subaltern to obtain a copy of the speech of the president; and she gave it to the Duc de Berry as a basis for his answer. The work seemed too hard to him; he acknowledged this to Mme. de Saint-Simon, saying he did not know how to do it. She proposed to him to let

me do it for him, and he was delighted with the expedient. Accordingly I wrote a reply of a page and a half of common letter-paper in an ordinary handwriting. He thought it very good, but longer than he could learn by heart; I shortened it; he wanted it still shorter; then I cut it down till there was not more than three-quarters of a page of it; after which he set to work to learn it. He managed to do so, and recited it to Mme. de Saint-Simon, alone with her the evening before the session; she encouraged him the best she could.

The Ducs de Berry and d'Orléans go from Versailles to the parliament.

Wednesday, March 15, I went at six in the morning in parliament robes to the Duc de Berry, and soon after the Duc d'Orléans arrived, in the same equipment, with a great suite. About half-past six the two princes got into the Duc de Berry's carriage, the Duc de Saint-Aignan and I being on the front seat. Many carriages of the two princes followed, filled with their suites, and the guards of the Duc de Berry with their officers around the carriages. He was very silent on the way. I sat opposite to him, and he seemed to be much occupied with what he had to say and do. The Duc d'Orléans, on the contrary, was very gay, and told tales of his youth and his nocturnal tramps on foot about Paris which had taught him the streets, in all of which talk the Duc de Berry took no share. We arrived thus at the Porte de la Conférence; that is to say (as it is now pulled down), the end of the terrace and quay of the garden of the Tuileries. There we found the trumpeters and drummers of the Duc de Berry, who made a great noise all the rest of the way, which, however, was only a step to the Palais, where we went straight to the entrance of the Sainte-Chapelle at which the Abbé de Champigny, treasurer, received the sons of France in the accustomed manner.

Low mass having been said at the great altar, we left the chapel; at the door were two judges and two counsellors of the grand chamber of deputies to parliament, waiting to receive the Duc de Berry. Brief compliments received and rendered, the march began, — the two presidents on either side the Duc de Berry, and the Duc d'Orléans between the two counsellors. I walked directly in front of the latter prince, and the Duc de Saint-Aignan directly in front of me, the principal officers of the two princes and many persons of quality walking confusedly behind. The crowd of people from the Sainte-Chapelle to the grand chamber was so thick that a pin could not have fallen to the ground among them; and men had clambered to all the places they could reach. The session was open, and the members, namely, the princes of the blood, the legitimatized princes, all the other peers, and the parliament were awaiting the arrival of the Duc de Berry. All present rose and uncovered at the entrance of the princes, and did not sit down again nor cover themselves until they were seated. The Earl of Shrewsbury, accompanied by the introducer of ambassadors and several Englishmen of his suite, were above in a gallery beside the chimney, which had been prepared for him as a necessary witness of the act on behalf of England.

There were twenty-five peers absent for various reasons; counting the Duc de Berry, we were twenty-nine present.

Session of the parliament.

The chancellor might have troubled himself to come, but he did not like ceremonies, and this one appeared to him to be out of rule. The king, who had scarcely consented to anything beyond the mere registration, did not propose to him to go, and he kept himself carefully out of the way of being asked.

The Duc de Berry having taken his place, there was some trouble in getting silence. The president, as soon as he could

be heard, made his complimentary speech to the Duc de Berry. That over, it was the duty of the prince to reply. He half-raised his hat, replaced it immediately, looked at the president, and said: "Monsieur — " After a moment's pause he repeated: "Monsieur — " He looked at the company, and then he said again: "Monsieur — " He turned to the Duc d'Orléans, both of them as red as fire, then to the president, and finally stopped short, not another word than "Monsieur — " coming from his lips. I was opposite the fourth judge, and I could plainly see the prince's discomfiture; I sweated, but there was no remedy. He turned again to the Duc d'Orléans, who lowered his head. Both were aghast. At last, the president, seeing that there was no other resource, ended the cruel scene by taking off his cap to the Duc de Berry and making him a profound bow as if his answer were finished, and immediately told the king's officers to proceed. One can imagine the embarrassment of all the Court people present and the surprise of the magistracy.

The king's officers then stated the matter concerned, and made a long piece of eloquence, saying that it was necessary to withdraw from the records of parliament the letters-patent which preserved the crown of France to the King of Spain and his branch, and to read his renunciation of the crown of France, and that of the Duc de Berry and the Duc d'Orléans of the crown of Spain, for themselves and their posterity, and then to register all three renunciations. The president next explained the intentions of the king. The advocate, Joly de Fleury, then rose and made the requisition; and this was voted upon *au bonnet* [blindly]. The whole affair was very long.

The order for registration being given, the president rose, and all the magistracy, and made a profound bow to the Duc de Berry (who uncovered his head without rising), and

passed into the robing-room, all the magistracy following, where they went to assume their grand red robes and hoods and caps of state. On their return the president called out an order to open the doors and let every one enter. This was only a form; for the doors had never been shut a moment throughout this long morning, and the chamber was already so full that not another person could have entered. When the tumult of ushers was over, and silence had been cried, and the noise somewhat lessened, they began to read and state over again, though in slightly different terms, to vary the eloquence of the king's officers, the same things that were said and read in the morning to promulgate the matter, so that the length of the whole affair was excessive, and it was very late before the registration was made and the ceremony over.

The princes returned with the same pomp with which they had entered Paris in the morning. The Duc de Berry, who did not recover himself during the whole way, kept those in the carriage very serious and silent. At Versailles the princes got out in the Cour des Princes, apparently because the Duc de Berry's guards could not follow him into the grand courtyard. They found at their carriage-door a messenger awaiting them. The Duchesse de Tallard, who had been betrothed the day before, and married at night, was now receiving visits on the bed of the Duchesse de Ventadour. The latter sent to entreat the princes to be so good as to come to her granddaughter's apartment before returning to their own, because the visits were over and she was only awaiting theirs to leave her bed. They went at once.

Return to Versailles. Despair and reflections of the Duc de Berry.

They were received, among others, by the Princesse de Montauban, who, with her usual flattery, and not knowing a word of what had happened, began to exclaim as soon as she

saw the Duc de Berry about the grace and noble eloquence with which he had spoken before parliament, paraphrasing the theme with all the praises it afforded. The Duc de Berry coloured with annoyance, and without saying a word marched towards the bed, she following, admiring his modesty which made him blush and not reply. This lasted till they reached the bride. The Duc de Berry remained a few moments, standing, and then went away, pursued by congratulations for the wonders he had done and for the plaudits of Paris and the parliament. Delivered at last, he went to the Duchesse de Berry, where he found company. He said not a word to any one, scarcely to the Duchesse de Berry, but taking Mme. de Saint-Simon with him he carried her off into his cabinet and shut the door.

There he flung himself into a chair and declared he was dishonoured; and with that he wept hot tears, uttering loud cries. He related to Mme. de Saint-Simon in the midst of his sobs how he had stopped short in parliament, unable to say a word; and the shame it was to him before that assembly; it would be known everywhere, he said, and he should pass for a fool and an idiot. Then he fell upon the compliments made him by Mme. de Montauban, who meant, he knew, to laugh at him and insult him, for she must know what had happened. Nothing comforted him. Moans and silence succeeded the tears. Then, all of a sudden, he turned upon the Duc de Beauvilliers and the king, blaming his education. "They wanted," he said, "to stupefy me and smother what I might have been. I was the youngest; I used to hold my own against my brothers, and they were afraid of it; they taught me nothing but how to play cards and hunt, and they have succeeded in making me a fool and a dolt, incapable of everything and fit for nothing; and now I shall always be the scorn and laughter of the world." Mme. de

Saint-Simon, filled with compassion, did everything she could to comfort him. This strange *tête-à-tête* lasted two hours, until it was time to go to the king's supper. The next day he began again, but with less violence. Little by little Mme. de Saint-Simon consoled him, though imperfectly. The Duchesse de Berry dared not speak of the matter to him; the Duc d'Orléans still less. No one, after that, ever ventured to say a word, either to him or before him, of that session of parliament or of his entry into Paris. The same day, on leaving the parliament, the Earl of Shrewsbury despatched couriers to England and to Utrecht, which hastened the signature of the Peace by all the Powers except the Emperor.

Peace signed and announced.

On Good Friday, April 14, about eight o'clock in the evening, Torcy entered Mme. de Maintenon's apartment, presenting to the king the Chevalier de Beringhen, who was charged by the Maréchal d' Huxelles to bring the long desired news of the signing of the Peace, done the preceding Monday, 10th, very late at night, by England, Holland, Portugal, and the two new kings of Sicily and Prussia. On the 22nd the proclamation of the Peace was made in Paris with great solemnity. M. and Mme. du Maine, who were now most anxious to make themselves popular, came from Sceaux to the Duc de Rohan's house in the Place Royale to see the ceremony. They appeared upon the balcony, and threw money to the people, a liberality which would certainly not have pleased the king if done by others. At night there were many fires lighted before the houses, several of which were illuminated. May 25th the Te Deum was sung in Notre-Dame, and at night fireworks were let off on the Grève, followed by a superb banquet which the Duc de Tresmes, governor of Paris, gave at the Hôtel de Ville at his own cost to the ambassadors and a great number

of distinguished persons of both sexes, with twenty-four violins during the repast.

Death of Sévigné.

Sévigné died at this time, without children, having for some time past retired with his wife to the faubourg Saint-Jacques, where he lived in great piety. He was the son of Mme. de Sévigné, so well-known for her letters. She had put him much before the world and in the best company. He was a good, honest man, but less a man of mind than one who consorted with minds; he had had odd adventures and served little but well; he was a rather clumsy mixture of the charming, effusive nature of his mother and the stiff and angular affectations of his sister.

Deep and underhand manœuvres of Père Tellier.

Père Tellier was advancing with long strides towards the object he had proposed to himself all his life, and for which he was toiling ceaselessly in the king's cabinet; his office and the immense influence he had now acquired putting him in a position to dare all to reach it. We have seen the terrible character of this Jesuit. All things were now favourable for the carrying on of his projects. He had to do with a king who, by his own admission, was profoundly ignorant in these matters; who had been brought up by the queen, his mother, in the opinion that what were called Jansenists were a republican party in the Church and State, enemies to the authority which he made his idol; a king who was inaccessible, throughout his life, to all that was not entirely devoted to the opposite party; accustomed, by the ultramontane ideas of his mother and Cardinal Mazarin, to reverence the Court of Rome, to display his authority over the parliaments and make them bow the knee; to exile, and even to imprison individuals who, in their learned writings, affronted Rome by protesting against its usurpations over the Church and over crowns; in

all of which he was carefully maintained by his confessors, always Jesuits, and by Mme. de Maintenon, governed so long by the same spirit.

What Père Tellier had sought to do was to put such trouble and division into the affair of Père Quesnel's book, "Réflexions Morales sur le Nouveau Testament," that his party would seem to be forced to take the matter to Rome, against custom and reason and all the laws of the Church, which require that contestations shall be decisively judged in the places where they arise, except in cases of appeal to the pope, who then, by his legates, sent to the place itself, reviews and reforms the judgment or confirms it in a manner that is also judicial. Now this can only be done at a council, before which the author of the book which excites the contestation is summoned and heard on the reasons of his faith, and on the terms and meaning of the propositions which are being examined; and this Père Quesnel, who was still living, had never ceased to loudly demand, both by voice and by letter to the pope and bishops. But that was by no means the game of Père Tellier. He knew too well what would be the result of the affair if treated in that way. He wanted the book strangled by papal authority, and then made a matter of persecution for many long years, in order to establish the Jesuit teaching as a dogma of faith, which, up to this time, had been barely tolerated in the Church.

His design, therefore, in getting the matter referred to the pope was to make him pronounce judgment by a constitution [or bull] which, by condemning a great number of propositions drawn from the book, should condemn them wholesale in a virulent manner, hold up to honour the school of Molina, and thus ruin all the Catholic schools hitherto followed and relied on by the Church. As this could not be hoped for in plain terms which would have brought their own

anathema with them, he wanted a condemnation *in globo*, which, sparing none and falling upon all, could save itself by a vagueness to be applied or evaded as the need might be; and so contrive the condemnation, in this book, of doctrines extracted in express terms from Saint Paul and other parts of Scripture, and also from Saint Augustine and the Fathers. To attain this object, as much adroitness and stealthiness as audacity were required in framing the bull [or constitution], and in keeping it from the knowledge of the cardinals and the theologians in Rome, especially the partisans without number of Saint Augustine and Saint Thomas.

Division being cleverly sown between the various parties among the bishops assembled in many parts of France on this affair, they were all brought to believe that there was no issue except through an appeal to Rome. The king wrote to the pope, asking in the most urgent terms for a decision, but on very partial grounds, against Père Quesnel's book. The pope thought he had got out of it by the sort of condemnation he had made, to which Cardinal de Noailles had assented by withdrawing the approbation he had formerly given. But that which sufficed in itself was not at all what Père Tellier wanted. He wanted a bull which should condemn a crowd of propositions extracted from the book in the way and for the reasons I have just explained. The king redoubled his urgency with the pope, and Père Tellier, to put it out of the power of either to draw back, contrived to make the king pledge himself to the pope, on the strength of his authority in his own kingdom, that the bull should be accepted without difficulty whatever it might be.[1]

[1] The bull Unigenitus condemned one hundred and one propositions in Père Quesnel's book. Saint-Simon relates elsewhere that when Amelot was sent the following year as ambassador to Rome he told him (Saint-

Père Tellier possessed in Rome certain opportunities not less favourable to him than those in France. Père Daubenton, as determined a Jesuit as himself, French assistant to the General of the Order, and Cardinal Fabroni, with whom he lived in the most intimate relations and with mutual confidence as to the secret mysteries of their Company, wrote out, by order of the pope, the draft of the bull. The affair got wind. A dogmatic decision, given for France, roused the Court of Rome. The Sacred College declared the thing sufficiently important, and even precisely of a nature to be submitted to them for consultation. Some of the older and more important members spoke to the pope; who thought it well to take their advice, and promised in the most positive manner that the draft of the bull should be presented to them, and should only be issued in conformity with the opinion of a majority of the cardinals. He gave the same promise to Cardinal de la Trémoille as *chargé d'affaires* of the king.

Daubenton and Fabroni employed to draw up the bull Unigenitus.

Daubenton and Fabroni came to the end of their darksome work without any third person knowing what they were actually doing, except in general that they were working on a bull for the affairs of France. The document was perfected, as Père Tellier had commanded, in the deepest secrecy. It shone with everything — except truth. Art and audacity were on the throne, and the points proposed were amply accomplished.

The bull Unigenitus drawn up and suddenly published in Rome.

Simon) on his return that he had taken the liberty to ask the pope (Clement XI.) why he had condemned such a very odd number. On which the pope began to weep, and seizing his arm cried out: "Eh, Monsieur Amelot, Monsieur Amelot, how could I help it? I fought hard to keep them down; but Père Tellier had told the king there were more than a hundred condemnable propositions in that book, and with his foot on my throat he obliged me not to make him tell a lie, — but I only added *one* more." — TR.

Art was exhausted; audacity surpassed that of past ages, for it went so far as to condemn in actual words the very texts of Saint Paul, which all the centuries since Jesus Christ had respected as the oracles of the Holy Spirit, not excepting heretics, who contented themselves with twisting passages of Holy Writ to forced and foreign meanings, and never dared to go so far as to reject or condemn them. Here, however, the bull went far beyond them in contempt and condemnation of Saint Paul, Saint Augustine, and the other Fathers, whose doctrine has ever been accepted by popes, general councils, and indeed by the whole Church as its own.

This impediment was rather strong, but altogether inevitable for the purpose in hand. The two authors felt this. They did not hope to get their document agreed to by the cardinals, whom such an amazing innovation would revolt, and especially not by Cardinal de la Trémoille on account of the ultramontane maxims absolutely necessary to gain Rome to their cause. Daubenton had furnished the art, Fabroni supplied the impudence. They shut themselves up with the printers, struck off as many copies as they chose, set a watch on the type and the printers as long as their secret was important, and, when all was ready, they went to the pope and read the bull to him hastily.

But not so hastily that Clement XI. was not struck by the condemnation of the texts of Saint Paul, Saint Augustine, and the Fathers. He exclaimed against it, and wished to keep the document to re-read it at his ease and make corrections. Fabroni treated him as once before; he stunned him and bullied him. The pope thought to escape on a side issue, and represented to Fabroni the danger of submitting such a document censuring the texts of Saint Paul and even of Saint Augustine to the cardinals. But that consideration did

not stop Fabroni, who replied that it would be a pretty thing indeed to give his work to revisers, and he certainly should not let himself, or the pope, in whose name the work was done, be put in the dock. Clement said that his word was passed, especially to Cardinal de la Trémoille, that nothing should be issued except in concert with him, and that he was solemnly bound to the Sacred College that the document should not appear until they had examined it, and then only in conformity with the opinion of the majority. Fabroni was angry, and treated the pope as a weakling who behaved like a little boy; declared that the bull was fine and good and exactly what was wanted; and that if the pope had had the folly to give that promise he ought not to crown his folly by keeping it. Whereupon he left the pope aghast, and went off to affix the document in all the public places in Rome where it is the custom to post and publish the bulls and constitutions when newly made.

This act made a great uproar among the cardinals, who saw themselves tricked, unexpectedly but surely, by the breaking of this promise. They assembled in groups at one another's houses, and strong complaints were resolved upon. The heads of the College and the most important personages among the others went by eights and tens and sixes to see the pope, to whom they testified their astonishment at so signal a failure of a promise solemnly made by his own lips, and their scandalized feeling at seeing a doctrinal bull emanate without consultation with them, as their rights, their purple, their office as appraisers and counsellors in matters of this importance and character demanded. The pope, confused, knew not what to answer. He protested that the publication was done without his knowledge; and put them off with compliments, excuses, and even tears, which were always at his command.

The same day that the bull was posted in Rome, it was sent to Père Tellier by a secret courier, who arrived a few days earlier than the one who brought it to the nuncio. The latter received his copy at Fontainebleau, October 2, and presented it the next morning to the king at a private audience. He made the king a fine discourse in Italian, to which the king, who understood that language, replied in French very favourably, Père Tellier having had time to prepare him. It was remarked that a grand promenade ordered around the canal for the afternoon did not take place, because the king was working on this affair with Voysin till six in the evening. Père Tellier, in order to sound people's minds, had launched a few copies of the bull before the nuncio had taken it to the king. He had also sent a copy to the judges of the Court, who, greatly alarmed at the ultramontane maxims it contained, came out from Paris the next day to present a memorial to the king.

General rising against the bull on its reception in France.

The bull had in France the same fate it had already met with in Rome; the outcry was universal. Cardinal de Rohan declared that it could not be received, and even Bissy protested against it. Some were very indignant at its birth in outer darkness; others at the proposition relating to excommunication, which rendered the pope obliquely master of all crowns; others again were shocked at the condemnation of the doctrine and passages from Saint Augustine and the Fathers; and all were terrified at that of the words of Saint Paul. There were not two opinions during the first eight days. Cardinal de la Trémoille, to whom the pope had particularly failed to keep his word, as he had to the rest of the Sacred College, sent a courier expressly to justify himself for having allowed the publication of a bull so directly contrary to the maxims of the kingdom which it

attacked face to face, — rousing all the ministers against it, except the Duc de Beauvilliers. The Court, the town, the provinces, as soon as the nature of the bull was made known, were equally aroused and up in arms.

Père Tellier held firm; frowned at Bissy as at a man dependent upon him, who had not yet won his hat, and whom, by saying a word here and at Rome, he could deprive of it; and he spoke decidedly to Rohan, and made him understand the peril he ran of losing his promised chance for the office of grand almoner; besides which, he neglected nothing to make himself master of all the bishops he could lay hands on, and to intimidate those who were already his, so that none of them dared to escape him.

The bull, however, had to be accepted, and the manner of compelling this was embarrassing enough, through the great opposition it encountered on its first appearance. Tellier, who, as I have said, always cultivated me, had often spoken to me of this affair both before and after it was taken to Rome; and I, who evaded such conversations but could not shut my doors against him, especially at Fontainebleau where he lived during the stay of the Court, used to answer him frankly and strongly according to the truth and my own thought, for which Mme. de Saint-Simon often reproved me; telling me I should be driven into exile and possibly put in the Bastille.

V.

THE bull having arrived, Père Tellier asked for an appointment to talk with me. I thought he meant to show me the document, for as yet hardly any one had seen it and the nuncio had not yet taken it to the king. When we were *tête-à-tête* I asked to see it. He told me he had but one copy, on which they were working, but that he would give it to me the first possible day; he assured me that it was right and good, and such that I should be well content with it; and he said that the reason he had asked for the conversation was to consult me on the manner of getting it received. I began to laugh at his asking me about something which he knew much better than I, and probably had already determined on. He spread himself in talk, — half compliment, half discussion of the difficulty of the thing in the first alarm, which was already beginning to buzz. He urged me so much that I told him it seemed to me he had his lesson traced out for him in the manner in which the king had caused the condemnation of M. de Cambrai to be received, which was perfectly judicial, without hindrance, and according to the highest ecclesiastical forms.

Singular conversations between Père Tellier and me.

I had scarcely said the words when, with an air of ingenuous confidence which I have never forgotten, he said, in so many words, that he should never play at that game, the form was too dangerous; he should take good care not to deliver the bull over to the provincial assemblies of each metropolitan, to the mercy of the notions of every bishop in

the kingdom, or to any of them who were not in Paris under his own eye. I felt instantly the violence he meant to exercise, and that excited me to argue with him and to represent the irregularity of merely receiving the bull by bishops who might chance to be in Paris. "Chance!" he exclaimed, "I don't mean to trust to chance; I shall summon from the provinces the bishops who suit me, and prevent those I know to be difficult to manage from coming at all; and as I can't prevent those who are in Paris from attending the assembly we are forced to call to receive the bull, some of whom will certainly be hard to get along with, I shall slip in the bishops *in partibus* and even those who are just appointed and have not yet got their warrants, which will make our side the stronger and stop all those who want to argue." Such language made me shudder, and I replied that was called picking and choosing. "Precisely," he said hotly, "and that is what I mean to do; I shall not put myself at the mercy of provincial deputations." "But," I said, "what power have these bishops accidentally in Paris, or sent for by you, to accept for their co-provincials unless they have proxies from them?" "I admit that difficulty," replied the confessor, "but of two evils avoid the worst; now the worst is to trust to chance and not to make very sure beforehand. Provided the bull is accepted by the assembly, I don't trouble about the rest. With that shoehorn in hand we'll see who will dare resist the pope and the king. Flaws can be covered by authority, and the bull will have been accepted anyway, and that is the point."

We argued and discoursed for some time longer about these bishops *in partibus*, and those appointed but as yet without warrants, — less on my part to convince him than to make him talk, — and I wondered within me at this depth of fraud, cunning, violence, and contempt of law, together with

the incredible coolness of showing it to me openly. It was a frankness I have never been able to comprehend in a man so false, so artful, so deep; and still less have I been able to see in what way he thought it would be useful. I departed, alarmed at him, and at the consequences I foresaw.

We made another appointment to talk of the bull itself after he had given me a copy. This took place a few days before a departure for Fontainebleau. I found him radiant. He had subjected Bissy and Rohan to his will, and had received, apparently, very good news from his batteries in Paris. I did not try to win over to truth and reason a man whom I saw cared so little for either, and was, in fact, so far advanced in repressing them; but I dared not break with one so dangerous and who was evidently trying to manage me by a sort of crazy confidence. I told him, therefore, that although I had heard a great deal said about the bull, and was shocked, like everybody else, at the mass of condemned propositions (condemned in general with atrocious insults which, falling upon all, really fell on none in particular), and although I was frightened by the direct censure of the texts of Saint Paul and little edified by a bull of doctrine wrapped in obscurity instead of bearing upon the mind with instructive clearness, distinctness, and precision, still, I was too ignorant to fling myself into theological arguments with him. But as for what related to the Roman pretensions, in particular the proposition of excommunication, I had the presumption to think myself competent to tell him that those parts of the bull were indefensible and would never be accepted. He said that we would return to that point later, and immediately slipped off into a rather long-winded statement about the doctrine, which I did not contradict, for I felt how useless it was to do so. This topic took up nearly all the time of our conference.

Returning to the matter of excommunication he began to ramble in his talk, admitted that his answers were not weighty, but added that he would like to have another interview with me at Versailles on the Friday after the first Friday of the king's return ; and in that conversation he was confident he could convince me that the censure I complained of did not attack in any way the rights of the king or the crown. He then told me, still with the same *naïveté* which my ears could scarcely believe, the number of bishops whom he had summoned from the provinces, which he had probably done before he mentioned the subject to me the first time, and other general matters with the same strange effusion. We parted, agreeing to meet again at my apartment in Versailles on the day named.

Père Tellier did not miss the interview. I told him he had chosen a bad hour, because the Duc and Duchesse de Berry had asked Mme. de Saint-Simon to give them a collation, and they were just about arriving. Père Tellier seemed so much annoyed at the circumstance, and insisted so strongly on our finding some retreat inaccessible to the company, in order not to put off our conference for another week, that I told him I knew of but one expedient, which was to send away his attendant friar from my antechamber and lock himself up with me in my den, which I showed him, where we would light candles and be in perfect safety from outside promenaders and hold our tongues should any one enter my cabinet which adjoined the den. He thought the plan excellent, sent away his friar, and we locked ourselves in and sat down opposite to each other with my writing-table and two lighted candles between us.

There he began to expound the excellences of the bull Unigenitus, a copy of which he laid on the table. I interrupted him, to get to the clause of excommunication. We

discussed it with much politeness, but very little agreement. All the world knows that the censured doctrine was that "unjust excommunication ought not to prevent the performance of duty;" consequently, the result of the censure is that *an unjust excommunication ought to prevent the performance of duty.* The enormity of this conclusion is more striking than the simple truth of the censured doctrine. It is a shadow that sets it in relief. The awful consequences of the censure strike the eye at once. I shall not pretend to repeat our dispute. It was sharp and long. To condense it, I pointed out to him that in the present condition of things the king and dauphin, being each at the extremity of life, might both die; the crown by right of birth would belong to the King of Spain, and by virtue of his renunciations, to the Duc de Berry; but if the two brothers should dispute it, they each had forces, allies, and, in France, partisans; the pope would then have the game in his own hands, for if this bull of his were received and adopted without restriction, he could give the crown to whichever contestant he pleased, excommunicating the other; and however just might be the right of the excommunicated person, whatever duty was upon him to sustain his cause, he must abandon all to the other side because it was established that unjust excommunication forbade the performance of duties; and thus, in one way or another, the pope was master of all the crowns in his communion, to take them off from whoever wore them and give them to whom he pleased, — a right that many popes, from Gregory VII. down, had dared to claim whenever they thought they were strong enough to attempt it.

This argument was simple, present, natural, and urgent; it spoke for itself. The confessor was bewildered; the colour came into his face and he began to ramble. I held him to

it. Little by little he recovered his wits, and then, with a smile of satisfaction at the peremptory solution he was about to give me, "You don't understand," he said. "See, with a single word I can knock down your argument; listen to me. If, in the case you suppose, which unfortunately is but too liable to happen, the pope should actually take sides for one of the two contestants and excommunicate the other and all connected with him, then that excommunication would not be the censure referred to in the bull, for it would not be unjust only, it would be false, because the pope would have no grounds for excommunicating either party. Never has it been held that a false excommunication could deprive a man of performing his duties, and this excommunication being false it would be as though there were none." "That is admirable, father," I replied; "the distinction is subtle and skilful, I allow, and I did not expect it; but allow me a few more little objections, I entreat you. Will the ultramontanes agree to the falseness and nullity of the excommunication? Is it not null when it is unjust as well as when it is false? Who can enjoin the commission of injustice, and enjoin it under pain of excommunication? If the pope has the power to excommunicate unjustly and to compel obedience to it, what limits a power so unlimited, and why should not his false and null excommunication be respected and obeyed as well as his unjust excommunication? And when, by means of confession and sermons, it has been well established and inculcated in all sorts of persons that unjust excommunication ought to prevent the performance of duties, and the question arises in France, do you think it will be easy to make your subtle distinction understood among the people, the soldiery, the bourgeois, the seigneurs, the women, in short, the bulk of the world, and prove to them the difference, and apply that difference to a

fulminated excommunication, at a time when the whole question may be to act, and to take up arms? There, father, are great difficulties; and I see none in not receiving the bull and not allowing the pope to take this new right which he gives to himself of deposing kings, dispensing subjects from their oath of fidelity, and disposing of crowns, against the express words of Jesus Christ and the whole of Scripture."

This short exposition exasperated the Jesuit because it laid a finger on the letter, in spite of his sophistries and his cunning. He avoided saying anything personal to me, but he inwardly raged; and the more he controlled himself towards me, the less he did so on the subject, and, as if to compensate his own feelings for this moderation, the more he launched forth violently on the necessity of forcing the kingdom to accept the bull without modifying it in the slightest degree.

In this passion, not being master of himself, he let out several remarks which I am certain he would have bought back at any cost afterwards; he said things, on the violence necessary to force acceptance, so monstrous, so atrocious, so frightful, and with such extreme fury that I fell into a sort of coma. I saw him, beak to beak, between the two candles, with only the width of the table between us. (Elsewhere I have described his horrible countenance.) Stunned in sight and hearing, I was seized, as he talked, with a sense of what a Jesuit can be when, hoping nothing, through his personal and avowed nonentity, for himself or family from his office or his vocation, not so much as an apple or a cup of wine, and standing at his age on the verge of rendering an account to God, he deliberately, with great craft, determines to throw religion and the State into conflagration and begin the most awful of persecutions for questions that are nothing to him, and merely touch the honour of their Molina school.

The depths, the violence that he showed me, the whole together, threw me into such a trance that I was suddenly possessed to interrupt him and say: "Father, how old are you?" His extreme surprise, for I was looking at him with all my eyes and saw it painted on his face, recalled my senses, and his answer brought me back to myself. "Hey! what do you ask me that for?" he said, smiling. The effort that I made to get out of so singular a scrape, the alarming danger of which I felt, inspired me to find an issue. "Because," I replied, "I have never seen you so near as between these two candles; and your face is so sound and healthy in spite of all your work that I felt surprised at it." He swallowed the reply, or made believe to do so, and nothing ever came of it either then or afterwards; he did not cease to talk to me very often, and on all his trips to Versailles as before, though I never sought him in any way. He replied that he was seventy-four years old, and that he was, in fact, very well in health, and had been accustomed all his days to a hard and toilsome life; and with that he went back to what he was saying when I stopped him.

We parted without convincing each other; he assuring me, with many compliments on my intellect, that I did not understand this matter, and stopped short at specious futilities in a way that surprised him, and he begged me to make further reflections, I declaring roundly that they were all made and that my capacity could go no farther. In spite of this frankness he seemed then and afterwards perfectly satisfied with me, though he never got anything more out of me. I of course was careful not to appear less satisfied with him.

The interview lasted two hours. I made him go out by the little back door of my cabinet, so that no one saw him; and as soon as I had closed it, I flung myself into a chair

like a man out of breath, and stayed a long time alone in my cabinet, reflecting on the mystery of my trance and the horror he had caused me.

Beginning of the persecutions in favour of the bull Unigenitus.

The consequences of the bull began incontinently after the assembly of the bishops in Paris. They belong to the history of the bull itself, where I shall leave them, and only return to this subject when I have to relate what passed through my hands, or, in some manner equally certain, beneath my eyes, or through my ears. Before long we reached the period of the first *coups d'État* in favour of the bull Unigenitus, and of the persecution which has since made many thousands of victims and some martyrs; which has emptied schools and offices, encouraged ignorance, fanaticism, and license, crowned vices, thrown whole communities into confusion and disorder, established the most arbitrary and the most barbarous inquisition; and all these horrors have gone on ceaselessly increasing for the last thirty years. I am content with this word upon the subject; I shall not blacken my Memoirs with the record. Besides what our own eyes can tell us daily, many pens are occupied, and will be occupied in relating more.[1] This history of the reverend fathers and their ambitious clients is not that of the apostleship of Jesus Christ.

1714. Death of the Queen of Spain.

The Queen of Spain had long been violently attacked with scrofula in the face and throat, and was now at the last extremity. Unable to obtain relief from doctors, she wished to see Helvetius, and sent a courier to the king asking for him. Helvetius, much inconvenienced by the request, and knowing the state of the queen's health, did not wish to go; but the king commanded him to do so, peremptorily. He started therefore in a post-chaise, with

[1] See "L'Esprit Révolutionnaire avant la Révolution," by M. Rocquain.

another behind him, in case his own should break down. He arrived in Madrid on the 11th of February. As soon as he saw the queen he said that nothing but a miracle could save her. She had a Jesuit confessor; but she did as her sister, the dauphine, had done; when it became a question of the last sacraments and of thinking actually of death, she dismissed him, and took a Dominican. She died on Wednesday, 14th, with much courage and piety, and with full consciousness.

The king left the palace immediately and went to the other side of the city of Madrid to a very beautiful house occupied by the Duc de Medina-Cœli, very near to the Buen Retiro, where his children, the Spanish princes, were taken soon after. This choice of the Medina-Cœli palace, instead of the Buen Retiro, seemed singular, but it is not yet time to speak of that. Sorrow for the death was general in Spain, for the queen was universally beloved; there was no family in any condition of life that did not grieve for her; and few in Spain were consoled for her loss, as I afterwards had occasion to know during my embassy. The King of Spain was extremely touched, but a little in the royal way. They made him hunt and shoot to get the air; and on one of these excursions he came within sight of the funeral procession of the queen, whom they were taking to the Escurial. He looked at it, followed it with his eyes, and continued the hunt. These princes — are they made like other men?

Decadence of Mme. des Ursins in the minds of the king and Mme. de Maintenon.

We remember the sovereignty that the Princesse des Ursins had expected to obtain by the treaty of peace; she had so fully counted upon it, and upon exchanging it afterwards with the king for Touraine and the country about Amboise, that she had, as we have seen, commissioned her faithful d'Au-

bigny to buy land and build her a vast palace, now called Chanteloup.

The thought of this sovereignty shocked Mme. de Maintenon, who had failed so signally in obtaining her own. The difference between them affronted her pride; it made her feel the distance above her of the princess's rank and birth, which was the basis of such mighty soaring. She remembered jealously that the unlimited influence which had carried Mme. des Ursins so high was only the result of the protection which she herself had given her. She could not endure that she should abuse it to the point of rising so high above her as this sovereignty, to be enjoyed before her very eyes. The king also felt the enormity of this scheme. It can be imagined what was the rage of Mme. des Ursins, when, after pushing her point with such determined obstinacy, she found herself a spectacle to all Europe, with nothing to gather but the shame of so foolish an enterprise. This was the stone of stumbling which now came between the two supreme moderatrixes of France and Spain.

We have seen with what art Mme. des Ursins had isolated the King of Spain, and to what point she had kept him shut up with the queen and made him inaccessible, not only to his Court, but also to his grand officers, to his ministers, and even to his valets, only three or four of whom were allowed to serve him, and they were French and wholly devoted to her. The pretext of his grief for the queen's death continued this solitude; and the retirement to the Medina-Cœli palace in preference to that of the Buen Retiro still further restricted it, in a house which was far less extensive than the royal palace, where courtiers could abound, and where it might have been far more embarrassing to keep the king from being approached. She herself took the place of the queen; and in order to have some sort of pretext to be with

him in such solitude, she had herself appointed governor of his children.

It was suspected that she thought of becoming far more than the king's companion. Rumours were spread about which seemed equivocal and frightened many; it was said that the king, being blessed by God with several sons, needed no other posterity, but only a woman who could govern them. Not content with passing all her days with the king, and, like the late queen, only allowing him to work with his ministers in her presence, the Princesse des Ursins felt that she must make this system of supervision continuous about him at all moments. He was accustomed to take the air, and was now the more eager for it because he had been much shut up during the latter part of the queen's life. Mme. des Ursins chose four or five men to accompany him everywhere, in preference to the grand officers and all others. Chalais, Masseran, Robesque, and two more on whose devotion she could count, were appointed to follow the king whenever he went out. They were called the *recreadores* of the king, — those who were charged with his amusements. With such measures, obsessions, and preparations, little doubt was felt that she meant to marry him. This opinion and fear became general; the king, his grandfather, was greatly alarmed, and Mme. de Maintenon, who had never succeeded in being declared a wife, after grazing the moment very closely two or three times, was driven to an extreme of jealousy. But if Mme. des Ursins ever thought of a marriage it was not for long.

The King of Spain, always eager for news from France, often asked it of his confessor, the only man to whom he could speak who was not in the interests of Mme. des Ursins. The clever and daring Père Robinet, as uneasy as everybody else at the progress of a scheme not doubted

by any one at the French or Spanish Courts, let questions be put to him in the embrasure of a window to which the king had drawn him, and played the reserved and the mysterious to pique his curiosity. When he saw the king at the point he wished, he said that since his Majesty forced him to say so, he would acknowledge that the news from France related wholly to rumours received from Spain, where no one doubted that he intended to do the Princesse des Ursins the honour to marry her. The King coloured and answered hastily: "Oh! as for that, no;" and left him.

Mme. des Ursins hastens to make a marriage for the King of Spain.

Whether Mme. des Ursins was informed of this decided reply, or whether she already despaired of success, she turned short round, and judging that the blockade of the Medina-Cœli palace could not last forever, she resolved to make sure of the king through another queen, who owing to her so great a marriage would throw herself into her arms from gratitude and necessity. With this view she opened her mind to Alberoni, who was then in Madrid in charge of the affairs of Parma, and proposed to him the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Duchesse of Parma and of the late duke, brother of the reigning one, who had married his brother's widow. Alberoni could scarcely believe his ears; a marriage so disproportioned seemed to him the more incredible because he could not hope that the Court of France would consent to it, and he did not believe the King of Spain would dare to conclude it without that consent. In truth, a person issuing from a double bastardy, from a pope through the father, from a natural daughter of Charles V. through the mother, and daughter herself of a petty Duke of Parma, was not a choice that any one was likely to dream of for Queen of Spain.

Nothing of this kind, however, stopped the Princesse des Ursins; her own urgent interests were the strongest consideration. She controlled the will of the King of Spain; she felt the change in Mme. de Maintenon and in the king, and hoped for no return of their confidence; she even thought she ought to strengthen herself against the authority which had so powerfully placed her where she was, and might still destroy her. She therefore pushed on the marriage from which she expected so much, intending to make the same use of the new queen that she had made of the one she had just lost. The King of Spain was devout; he needed a wife; the Princesse des Ursins was of an age when her charms were those of art; in short, she put Alberoni to work, and, as may well be imagined, the matter was not difficult to arrange as soon as Parma could be convinced that it was not being hoaxed.

Death of the Duc de Berry; his character.

Monday, April 30, the king took medicine, and worked after dinner with Pontchartrain; about six in the evening he went to see the Duc de Berry, who had had fever all night. The duke had risen as usual, and been present at the king's medicine; he expected to hunt the stag, but on leaving the king's room at nine o'clock he had a strong chill, which obliged him to go back to bed. The fever that followed was very violent. He was bled, the king in his chamber, and the blood was found to be very bad. At the king's *coucher* the doctors told him that the malady was of such a nature as to make them think it was a venomous disease. He had vomited much, and the matter was black. Fagon said positively that it was blood; the other doctors thought it was chocolate which he had taken on Sunday. From that day I knew what to think. Boulduc, the king's apothecary, extremely attached to Mme. de Saint-Simon and me, whom

I have mentioned once or twice, whispered in my ear that he would never recover; for, with some slight differences, it was really the same thing that the dauphin and dauphine had died of. This he confirmed to me the next day, and never varied from this opinion during the short illness. On the third day he told me that none of the doctors who saw the prince doubted it or concealed their opinion from him.

Tuesday, May 1, bleeding from the foot at seven in the morning, after a very bad night; two emetics which had great effect; then a purgative, but two attacks of fever. After the king's mass he held the council of finances, but would not go to shoot as he had planned, and walked in the gardens. The doctors, contrary to their custom, did not reassure him. The night was cruel. Wednesday, after mass, the king went to see his grandson, who was again bled in the foot. Coettenfao, gentleman in waiting on the Duchesse de Berry, came with a request from the latter to the king that he would allow Chirac, a famous doctor of the Duc d'Orléans, to see the Duc de Berry. The king refused on the ground that the doctors were all agreed, and if Chirac were of a different opinion it would only embarrass them. Later Mmes. de Pompadour and de La Vieuville came from the Duchesse de Berry begging the king to allow her to come; and saying that in her great anxiety she would even come on foot. If she had really so much desired to see her husband she ought to have come in a carriage, and before getting out have asked the king's permission. The truth is she had no more desire to see the Duc de Berry than he to see her; he never mentioned her name, or spoke of her even indirectly. The king gave reasons to the ladies against her coming, but, as they insisted, he said he would not close the doors against her, but he thought in the present condition of her health it would be imprudent. He afterwards told

Madame and the Duc d'Orléans to go to Versailles and prevent her from coming to Marly. The Duc de Berry was again bled from the arm, and vomited much all day, in which there was a great deal of blood; he took *eau de Rabel* three times to arrest it. This vomiting postponed the communion; Père de La Rue was with him from the Tuesday morning, and found him very patient and resigned.

At six o'clock on the evening of Thursday he choked so much that he could not stay in bed; at eight he was so much better that he said to Madame he hoped he should not die; but soon after he grew worse and Père de La Rue told him it was time to think only of God, and to receive the viaticum. The poor prince seemed himself to desire it. A little after ten o'clock the king went to the chapel, where they had kept ready a consecrated wafer from the first days of his illness. The Duc de Berry received that and extreme unction in presence of the king with much devotion. He died on Friday, May 4, at four in the morning, in his twenty-eighth year, — having been born at Versailles in August, 1686. He was of the ordinary height of most men, plump all over, a fair complexion, with a fresh face, rather handsome, which denoted brilliant health. He was made for society and pleasure, both of which he loved; the kindest of men, most compassionate, most accessible, without vanity or pride, but not without dignity and a sense of what he was. He had a very ordinary mind, with no views and no imagination; but very good sense, and sound sense; capable of listening, and understanding, and always taking the right side among specious ones. He loved truth, justice, and reason; all that was contrary to religion pained him extremely, without his piety being remarkable; he was not without firmness, and he hated restraint. This was what made people fear that he might not prove as supple as was

desirable in a younger son of France, who in his early youth could never understand that there was any difference between himself and his elder brother; hence the boyish quarrels which had caused some fear.

He was the handsomest and the most cordial of the three brothers, consequently the most liked, caressed, and followed by society; and as his nature was open, free, and gay, much was said of his boyish repartees. He laughed at all masters and tutors, and often at punishments; he never knew more than to read and write, and he learned nothing after he was once delivered from the necessity of learning. Education had weighed upon him; but the want of it blunted his mind, lowered his courage, and made him so extremely timid that he became inept at most things, even the duties of his station, not knowing what to say to persons to whom he was unaccustomed, and seldom daring to reply or to utter a civility from fear of making blunders; so that finally he came to think he was really a fool, and a dolt, fit for nothing. This excessive distrust of himself did him infinite harm. He blamed his education, and gave the true reason; but this sense of a wrong done him never lessened his affection for those who took part in it. As the Duc de Bourgogne, after their boyhood, had never made him feel his seniority, and had always lived with him on terms of intimate friendship and familiarity, the Duc de Berry, who was frank and good, did not resent his superiority. The Duchesse de Bourgogne loved him well, and was often as much intent on giving him little pleasures as though he were her own brother, and the return on his part was tenderness itself and the most sincere and marked respect for both of them. He was overcome with grief at their deaths, especially that of the dauphine, — a grief that was true, for never was a man so incapable of feigning as he. As for the king, he feared him

to such a point that he scarcely dared approach him, and was so confused if the king merely looked at him with a serious eye, or spoke of other things than cards and hunting, that he scarcely understood him, and his thoughts and speech dried up. It will readily be imagined that such terror did not go in company with much affection.

He had begun with the Duchesse de Berry as nearly all men do who marry young. He became extremely fond of her, and this, added to his natural sweetness and compliance, had an opposite effect upon her; it completely spoiled her. It was long before he perceived this; but love in the end opened his eyes. He found a haughty, proud, ill-tempered woman; incapable of returning love; a woman who despised him and let him feel it, because she had infinitely more mind than he, and was moreover supremely false and thoroughly determined. She even piqued herself on being so, and on scoffing at religion, laughing at her husband disdainfully because he respected it. These things in the end became intolerable to him. All that she did to embroil him with the Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne (in which she never succeeded as to the two brothers) incensed him. Her gallantries came so quickly and were so little restrained that he could not conceal them from himself. Violent and renewed scenes took place between them. The last, which occurred at Rambouillet, ended with a threat to shut her up in a convent for the rest of her life; and he was engaged, when his last illness seized him, in twisting his hat before the king like a boy, telling him his wrongs and begging him to deliver him from his wife. These things thus stated in general are sufficient; the details are too miserable and shocking; one must suffice for all: She wanted with all her force to make La Haye, the Duc de Berry's equerry, whom she had taken as her own chamberlain, elope with her from the Court. The

most passionate and frantic letters on this subject were discovered; and from such a project — the king, her father, and her husband being alive and active — we can judge of the brain that hatched it and urged its execution. We shall see more of such conduct in the future. She felt her fall on the death of the Duc de Berry less than her deliverance; she counted on enjoying her liberty, freed from irritating remonstrance on the part of the king and Mme. de Maintenon, who would no longer have the same reason to control her behaviour.

The Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans felt the greatness of their loss. It was a tie that had bound them to the king. The thought of a possible regency did not comfort the Duc d'Orléans. He had always been aware of his mental superiority to his son-in-law, with whom his interests were in common and whom he could always necessarily guide. He was truly afflicted both from interest and affection.

The nature of the illness which had carried off the Duc de Berry became publicly known, and the effect was like that of the preceding losses. The more such rumours increased, the more the Duc d'Orléans was left alone, and the stronger the effort to cover him with all that was most odious, and render him such to the king and the world. The king showed nothing externally; but the worthy workmen lost no labour, and they were sure of a good foundation to work upon. The Duc d'Orléans had never recovered his footing with the king nor with society after the first rumours excited against him. Those who had invented them knew better than to let them die; and they now revived these scandals and formed a dangerous group of them, before which he could only lower his head and shrug his shoulders.

The king lived in his customary manner at Marly immediately after the death of his grandson, but the musi-

cals in Mme. de Maintenon's apartments did not begin again until the return to Versailles. I was at Marly as usual, though Mme. de Saint-Simon had remained at Versailles near the Duchesse de Berry. The king had not yet heard from the King of Spain that he thought of remarrying, much less with a daughter of Parma, but the information had reached him in other ways. This proceeding, following the desired sovereignty of the Princesse des Ursins and her whole conduct with the King of Spain since the death of the queen, sealed the resolution to bring about her downfall. The king, always master of himself and his words, allowed an expression and a smile to escape him on the subject of Mme. des Ursins that was so enigmatic and at the same time so striking that Torcy, to whom he said it, was puzzled. In his surprise he mentioned it to Castries, his intimate friend, and the latter told it to the Duchesse d'Orléans, who related it in turn to the Duc d'Orléans and me. We cracked our brains to understand what was coming. At any rate a saying so unintelligible about a person like Mme. des Ursins, who until now had been on such perfect terms with the king and Mme. de Maintenon, did not seem to me favourable. I was confirmed in this opinion by what had lately happened about her sovereignty; but still I was a thousand leagues from dreaming of the thunderbolt which this flash of lightning preceded. It was only made apparent to us when the downfall came. But it is not yet time to speak of that.

Enigmatical saying of the king about Mme. des Ursins.

The chancellor now did a thing for which there was no precedent and which astonished people greatly, one might say direfully. All his life he had nursed a project to put an interval between life and death; often had he told me so. His wife

Retirement of the chancellor, Pontchartrain.

had frequently kept him from retiring before he was chancellor; and before she died she made him promise that if he again thought of doing so he would take six weeks to reflect upon it. After her death he went to the institution of the fathers of the Oratory, to a little apartment he kept there to which he always retired on holidays, and there he reflected on the means to carry out his design, and secretly took his measures. They were not so hidden that they did not transpire in his family. I was warned and urged to speak to him about the injury not only to himself but to that detestable son whom he would thus leave without protection. I said all I could to him, and gained nothing.

He bided his time and spoke to the king, whose surprise was extreme; he said he did not think a chancellor could resign; and it is true there is no example of it. The king omitted nothing to retain him; neither arguments nor tender assurances that proved his esteem; he found him firm and resolved. The king then fell back on asking him to take fifteen days to consider it. This period ended with the month of June. The chancellor returned to the charge, and obtained, though with great difficulty, the freedom for which he longed and of which he subsequently made so brave and saintly a usage. The house which Charmel's death had left vacant he arranged for himself, and there he retired. I shall have occasion to speak of his solitude and of the life he led there, which was equally religious and contented.

Besides his age, his grief for the loss of his wife, and the liberty her death gave him to carry out the resolution of years and place an interval between life and death, he felt in haste to escape events which he foresaw would, day by day, become more difficult to bear in his office. He saw the schemes of Père Tellier, the progress of the affair of the

bull, the overthrow of the liberties of the Gallican Church and those of the schools, the persecution that was smouldering, and which the most sacred barriers would not be able to prevent. He foresaw that the tyranny of the Jesuits and their supporters, who had transformed their cause into that of the king's authority in this world and his salvation in the next, would be carried, little by little, to all species of violence. He did not choose to be the minister of such deeds by the Seals, or even their mute witness. To remonstrate and refuse the Seals would have stopped nothing and only ruined himself. This was one of his most urgent reasons for no delay in setting himself aside. Another, which hastened him scarcely less, was the rapid soaring upward of bastardy, which now, delivered by the deaths of the sons of France and of the princes of the blood of an age to restrain it, set no bounds to its audacity and its conquests. This again was a point which must come before the chancellor's ministry, and to which he had a horror of lending himself. But opposition on his part could have borne no fruit and would only have resulted in destroying him. The rapid course of events has since made evident the sagacity of his views. He was controller-general ten years; shortly after, minister of State; then secretary of State on the death of Seignelay in 1690; and in 1699 chancellor and Keeper of the Seals. At the time he retired he was seventy-one years old, without ever having had the slightest infirmity, and his head as clear as at forty.

Soon after he left the king's presence, the latter, who had had time, since Pontchartrain had first spoken of his resignation, to choose a chancellor, sent for Voysin, gave him the casket containing the Seals, and declared him chancellor. It was supposed that he would, as a matter of course, resign his place of secretary of State to the ministry of war; but

Hornby

his appetite was good, and he kept both places. The king took great amusement in exhibiting him in the two parts. At the council, and even on the mornings when there was none, Voysin was robed as the chancellor; after dinner he appeared in a short damask cloak and worked with the king as minister; in the evening, for it was summer, he abandoned his cloak and followed the king on his promenade in the damask *justaucorps* of a courtier. All this seemed extremely ridiculous and very novel. M. de Lauzun having gone into Paris from Marly, some one asked him news of the Court. "None," he said in his soft and guileless voice, "there is no news; the king amuses himself by dressing and undressing his doll."

The bastards and their posterity made capable of succeeding to the throne.

On returning to my room at Marly late on the morning of Sunday, July 29, I found a lacquey of Maisons [a judge in the parliament courts] with a note, in which the judge conjured me to drop all other business and come to him at once in Paris, where I should find that the matter on which he wished to speak to me admitted of no delay, could not be written, and was of the most extreme importance. The lacquey had waited for me a long time. I was to dine that day with M. and Mme. de Lauzun. To miss this dinner would have roused the curiosity and the mischief-making of M. de Lauzun; I dared not disappear. But I ordered my carriage, and as soon as dinner was over I eclipsed myself. No one saw me get into my chaise, and on reaching Paris I went immediately to Maisons' house with an eagerness that may well be imagined.

I found him alone with the Duc de Noailles, and I saw before me two men apparently aghast, who told me with an agonized air that the king had declared his two bastard sons and their male heirs forever true princes of the blood,

with right to the quality, rank, and honours of such, and capacity of succeeding to the throne in default of all the other princes of the blood. At this news, which I did not expect, the secret having been kept without a word of it transpiring, my arms fell at my side. I dropped my head and remained in dead silence, absorbed in my reflections. They were soon interrupted by cries, which roused me. The two men were marching about the room, stamping their feet, pushing and striking the furniture, as if seeing who could strike hardest, and making the room echo with their shouts. I confess that all this seemed to me suspicious. I asked them if they were crazy, and if, instead of such storming, it were not more useful to reason the matter over and see if nothing could be done. They cried out that it was just because there was nothing to be done — for the thing was not only proposed, but executed, declared, and the declaration sent to parliament — that they were so incensed; the Duc d'Orléans, they said, on the terms in which he was with the king, could say nothing, the princes of the blood were children, the dukes had no power to oppose, and parliament was reduced to slavery; and with that they swore louder than ever, and spared neither words nor terms nor persons.

I was very angry myself, but it is true that this pandemonium made me laugh and preserved my coolness. I agreed with them that I saw no remedy and nothing to be done; but meantime, until some future event happened, I preferred to have the bastards princes of the blood with a right to the throne, than as they were, possessing an intermediate rank between ourselves, the peers, and the princes. And it is true that I thought so as soon as I recovered my senses. The tempest lulled a little and we talked more reasonably. They told me that the president of the parliament and the *procu-*

reur-général had gone that morning very early to Marly, had seen the king in his cabinet, and immediately after, returned to Paris bringing the declaration with them. Maisons must, however, have known of the matter previously, because at the hour when his lacquey must have left Paris to come to me, these gentlemen could not have returned from Marly. Our talk resulting in nothing, I took my leave and returned to Marly as fast as possible, that my absence might not be noticed.

It was nearly the king's supper time. I went straight to the salon and found every one very gloomy. They looked at each other, but scarcely dared to speak; at the most a covert sign or a word in brushing past each other. I saw the king sit down to table; he seemed to me more haughty than usual and looked about him from right to left. It was only one hour since the news had become known; people were still under the shock and very much on their guard.

When a matter is without resource one must choose one's course; and this is easier done and more suitably when that matter does not bear directly upon ourselves, as did the intermediary rank to which the bastards had attained and about which they never won a word of compliment from me nor the least appearance of it. I therefore took my resolution. As soon as the king, who had looked at me very fixedly, sat down to table, I went, although the hour was late, to see M. du Maine. The doors flew open before me; I saw a man surprised and delighted at the visit; he came forward to meet me, treading on air, lame as he was. I told him that this time I came to pay my compliment, and a sincere compliment; that the dukes had no pretensions against the princes of the blood; that what we claimed, and what was due to us was that no intermediaries should stand between the princes of the blood and ourselves, the peers;

that as soon as he became one of them we could only rejoice that we had no longer to endure that intermediate rank which, I was free to tell him, was intolerable to us. His joy burst forth at this compliment. All that he said and did had a politeness, an air of deference even, which the transport of his triumph inspired.

The Duc d'Orléans was angry, but angry in his way, and had no great trouble in not showing it. Dukes and foreign princes were furious, but with silent fury. The Court broke forth into underhand mutterings far more than might have been expected. Paris was open-mouthed, so were the provinces; parliament (but each man aside) did not restrain itself. Mme. de Maintenon, delighted with her work, received the congratulations of her familiars. She and the Duc du Maine had not forgotten what had happened on the elevation of the latter's children. Though there was no one now of legitimate blood to fear, they nevertheless trembled, and the king was closely watched, and flattered by fictitious tales of the joy and the universal approbation for what he had done. The king, in spite of his affection for his bastards, had still the remains of his former principles; what he did to bring them within range of the throne he did in so astonishing a manner by degrees that it ought to be exhibited here and seen at a glance, in order to compare the first steps taken by an unheard-of use of power to make them equal, little by little, to other men, with the last steps which brought them actually within reach of the crown.[1]

1673. Legitimatizing of Louis-Auguste (Duc du Maine), Louis-César (Comte du Vexin, died young), and Louise-Françoise (Mme. la Duchesse).

[1] The following list is abridged in some of its terms, not its items; and Saint-Simon's comments and explanations, which are long, are omitted. — TR.

1674. Louis-Auguste de Bourbon, æt. 4, appointed colonel-general of the Suisses and Grisons.

1676. Louis-Auguste de Bourbon declared competent to possess all offices and named Duc du Maine.

1676. The Comte de Vexin, æt. 4, deformed, appointed to the Abbeys of Saint-Germain des Prés and Saint-Denis.

1680. Letters patent giving to all the bastards and their legitimate heirs the surname of Bourbon.

1681. Gift made (that is *forced* from Mademoiselle, to get the Duc de Lauzun out of Pignerol) to Duc du Maine of the principality of Dombes.

1681. Legitimatizing of all the other bastard children.

1682. The Duc du Maine, æt. 12, appointed to the government of Languedoc.

1683. The Comte de Toulouse, æt. 5, appointed admiral of France.

1685. Louise de Bourbon married to M. le Duc.

1686. The Duc du Maine, æt. 16, made chevalier of the order of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost.

1688. Duc du Maine made general of the galleys.

1689. Comte de Toulouse, æt. 11, made governor of Guyenne.

1689. Duc du Maine, æt. 19, made commander of the cavalry in Flanders.

1692. Marie-Françoise de Bourbon married to the Duc de Chartres (Duc d'Orléans).

1692. Duc du Maine married to a daughter of Prince de Condé.

1692. Duc du Maine made lieutenant-general.

1693. Comte de Toulouse, æt. 15, made chevalier of the order of the Holy Spirit.

1694. Declaration, giving to the Duc du Maine and Comte de Toulouse, and their legitimate heirs precedence immediately after the princes of the blood in all acts and ceremonies, and before parliament, preceding peers, dukes, and other seigneurs.

1694. Letters patent to the peerage of Eu given to the Duc du Maine, to enjoy all the ranks, titles, and honours of the ancient Comtes of Eu since the first erection of their peerage in 1458.

1695. Letters of erection and re-establishment of the seigneurie of Aumale to the title and dignity of duchy-peerage in favour of the Duc du Maine and his heirs, male and female.

1697. Letters of erection of the seigneurie of Penthièvre to the title and dignity of duchy-peerage in favour of the Comte de Toulouse and his heirs male and female.

1698. Comte de Toulouse made governor of Bretagne.
1703. Comte de Toulouse made lieutenant-general and commander of the cavalry in the Meuse.
1703. Letters of erection of the lands of Arc and Châteauvillain to a duchy-peerage given to Comte de Toulouse.
1704. Comte de Toulouse made chevalier of the order of the Golden Fleece.
1704. Duc du Maine appointed grand-master of artillery.
1710. Patent securing to the Duchesse du Maine her rank as princess of the blood.
1710. Declaration of the king that the children of the Duc du Maine (Prince de Dombes and Comte d'Eu) should have, as grandsons of his Majesty, the same rank, honours, and emoluments as the Duc du Maine.
1710. Prince de Dombes, æt. 10, appointed to succeed his father as colonel-general of Suisses and Grisons.
1710. Comte d'Eu, æt. 8, appointed to succeed his father as grand-master of artillery.
1711. Decree of the king that his legitimatized sons, and their sons, shall in virtue of their peerages, represent the older peerages at coronations; have the right of entrance and vote in parliament and in the councils after the age of 20, with seats immediately after the princes of the blood, and preceding all dukes and peers, even those whose peerages are most ancient.
1711. Declaration of the king that the Duc du Maine and Comte de Toulouse shall enjoy during their lifetime, at the Court and in the royal family, and at all public and private ceremonies, audiences of ambassadors, etc., the same honours which are and will be rendered to the princes of the blood and immediately after them.
1711. Declaration of his Majesty that it is his will that the children, sons and daughters, of the Duc du Maine, the king's grandchildren, shall enjoy the same privileges as above mentioned.
1712. Letters of re-erection of Marquisate of Rambouillet given to Comte de Toulouse; survivance of government of Languedoc to Prince de Dombes; same to government of Guyenne to Comte d'Eu.
1714. (The dauphin and the dauphine being dead in 1712 and the Duc de Berry in 1714, those events were put to profit.) Edict registered in parliament August, 1714, calling to the succession to the crown the Duc du Maine, the Comte de

Toulouse, and their male descendants in default of the princes of the blood.

1715. The Prince de Dombes takes seat in parliament in the manner and with the ceremonies of the princes of the blood.

1715. Declaration of the king, registered in parliament, that the Duc du Maine and Comte de Toulouse and their legitimate heirs and descendants shall always have the quality of princes of the blood.

I pause here, because what the king did afterwards to secure this unheard-of grandeur belongs to the matter of his will, which we have not yet reached; for, though he made it at this same time, its contents were not known until the opening of both will and codicil after his death. It was not even known until two weeks later that he had made one, as we shall see presently, and no one suspected it.

If we examine this immense group of facts, which, rising from the utter non-existence of doubly adulterine children bears them within reach of the crown, we shall be less impressed with the imagination of the poets who piled mountains one upon another for the Titans to scale the skies. At the same time the example afforded by the poets of an Enceladus and a Briareus comes naturally to the mind as the just reward of such actions.

After this great act of declaring the succession to the crown, and before the registration of the edict, which followed it closely, the king, overwhelmed by a sense of what he had done, could not, master as he was of himself and his words, refrain from saying with a sigh to the Duc du Maine, in presence of a few intimate courtiers and the valets who were always in his cabinet at Marly, that he had done for them (meaning himself, his brother, and their children) all that he could; but that the more he did, the more they had to fear, and the more they must endeavour to make themselves worthy of it, in order to maintain, after he was gone,

the position in which he had placed them, which could only be done by themselves and their own deserving. It was thus that he revealed what he felt, but did not say; and his words were known incontinently by every one at Court. It is not yet time to show the means by which the king was led to his last act. We shall come to it presently, for only a fortnight elapsed between the two declarations.

Registration of the edict.

Thursday, August 2, was the day appointed for the registration of this new decree. M. le Duc, the Prince de Conti, and a score of peers were present. I was witness of the general shudder when the bastards appeared, which was followed by a sort of smothered murmur as they slowly crossed the floor. Hypocrisy was painted on the face and countenance of M. du Maine; and a shamed modesty on the whole person of the Comte de Toulouse. The elder, bending over his stick with marked humility, stopped at every step to bow profoundly to all sides; I fancied he was about to prostrate himself at one time; his face, restrained to a gentle gravity, seemed to express the *non sum dignus* of his soul, but his eyes, sparkling with the passion of his joy, contradicted that expression and wandered to every one as if furtively. Reaching his seat, and before sitting down, he bent his body in every direction and was wonderful to contemplate throughout the whole session, and also when he left it. The princes of the blood were the ones who received the least of his bowings and scrapings, but they were too young to signify much to him.

The Comte de Toulouse, erect and cold as usual, kept his eyes lowered, his bows reserved, not multiplied. His whole person denoted his sense of being led, and his discomfiture at what was passing. He was motionless and never opened his lips as long as he was there, looked at no one and seemed absorbed. A sullen silence prevailed, interrupted sometimes

by a wave of low murmurs restrained with difficulty, and glances (save those of the president, which swam in joy) that betrayed the horror that had seized on all. The president, Mesmes, gave a grand dinner to the new successors to the throne, at which Maréchal d'Huxelles outdid himself; many servants of these two gentlemen, one or two magistrates looking for preferment, and d'Antin, but no other dukes or men of any note, were present. Maisons was there; during the session he had kept a very grave, serious, and formal aspect. In the evening, the two bastards returned to Marly.

The dangerous condition of Queen Anne's health recalled the Duke of Marlborough to England, where fortune suddenly made friends with him. Anne died on the 1st of August, aged fifty-three, a widow without living children, after a reign of twelve years, the last harassed by factions and many troubles. It was thought that she had the intention of taking steps to enable the king, her brother, to succeed her, and that she constantly worked with this end in view; that it was, in fact, the secret reason of the complete change of the English ministry, the downfall of Godolphin and Marlborough, and of the Peace. The king lost in her a sincere friend, who had ardently desired him to accept the order of the Garter, as did his father and several of his predecessors. But the king, who would gladly have accepted it out of friendship to her, could not bring himself to add to the wrongs of the true King of England and that of the queen, his mother, at Saint-Germain, a fresh and striking mark of his recognition of the rights of Queen Anne. He had good reason to regret her. Mourning was ordered for six weeks, which he wore in violet. The Elector of Hanover was immediately proclaimed in London, the ministry was changed soon after, and the one to which we owed the Peace was abandoned to hatred and suspicion.

Death of Queen Anne of England.

VI.

Deep-laid schemes of the Duc du Maine and Mme. de Maintenon.

It is time now to come to the king's will, which was soon to be revealed with singular precautions for secrecy as to its contents and for inviolable safety in guarding it. The king was aging visibly, and without any change being made in the tenor of his life those who were nearest to him began to fear that he would not live much longer. Overwhelmed by the most painful reverses of fortune after a long lifetime of dominating all things, he was still more crushed by domestic misfortunes. All his children had departed before him, leaving him a prey to very dreadful reflections. He expected for himself the same sort of death. Instead of finding comfort in this distress among those who were nearest to him and who saw him continually, he only found fresh trouble. Except Maréchal, who strove incessantly to quiet his suspicions, all the others, Mme. de Maintenon, M. du Maine, Fagon, Bloin, and the other personal valets who were sold to the bastard and his former governess, only endeavoured to increase them; and to tell the truth, there was little difficulty in doing so. No one doubted poison; no one could doubt it seriously; and Maréchal, as fully persuaded of it as the rest, only differed from them when speaking to the king, in order to deliver him from a useless torture which would do him great harm. But M. du Maine, and Mme. de Maintenon also, had too deep an interest in this dread not to endeavour to increase it and to make the horror fall on the only prince left of the royal house of an age to oppose

them, whose overthrow they were now determined upon. The king having constantly before his eyes, at his table and in his cabinet, this prince, whom they assured him was guilty of these crimes, we can well understand the continual fever of his inward sentiments.

Together with his own children, he had lost, in the same cruel manner, an irreplaceable princess who, besides being the soul and ornament of his Court, was all his amusement, all his joy, all his affection, all his pleasure during nearly the whole time he was not engaged in public matters. Never since he came into the world had he been so familiar with any one as with her. Nothing could fill so great a void; and the bitterness of being deprived of her was increased by the total loss of relaxation. This wretched state made him seek it where he could, and he abandoned himself more and more to Mme. de Maintenon and M. du Maine. Firmly fixed as they were in his heart and mind, and in perfect accord together, it was now a question of how to profit by a precious period which they both felt could not be long. If the crown itself was not their object, which seems difficult to doubt after what we have observed about the edict which made the bastards capable of succeeding to it, at least they were determined to keep the grandeurs granted to them, and to make as sure as possible of a power at the king's death which would not only maintain those grandeurs permanently, but force the regent to reckon with them.

All things smiled upon this design; they themselves prepared the way by the execrable calumnies with which they blackened the prince whose right to the regency could not be contested. They had succeeded, by dint of artifice and of underhand, but vigilant manœuvres, by convincing ignorant and simple persons and making others suspicious, in rendering the Duc d'Orléans obnoxious to all Paris and the

provinces, and still more to the Court itself, where no one dared even to approach him. By this conduct, in which they were assisted by the valets, they confirmed the king's feeling through the public, and the public through the king, whose estrangement from his nephew now became daily more and more visible to the Court and to those who were producing it. This, in itself, was enough to alienate the principal courtiers from the Duc d'Orléans, either from real suspicion or from fear of doing injury to themselves. What could an isolated prince oppose to such treatment in the cruel situation in which he was placed? How could he clear himself in the eyes of a king who was thus beset, or in those of a foolish, wicked, or timid society? Could M. du Maine have held better cards? He felt this so much, and Mme. de Maintenon also, that no sooner had they brought matters securely to this point than they set about gathering from it what they had aimed for in the present and in the future. It was no longer a question in their minds of offices, governments, survivances, still less of honours and distinctions of rank. What they wanted now was quite another thing.

It was no less than a will of the king, dictated by themselves, through which they hoped for stability in their new position out of respect for the testator, and also for certain higher degrees of power in which it should establish them. M. du Maine had contrived to convince the king and the bulk of the nation of the horrors relating to the Duc d'Orléans; it was now a question of gathering the fruit.

This fruit was to induce the king, for conscience' sake, for the preservation of his sole direct heir who was about to succeed him, and thus for the safety of the kingdom, to reduce as much as possible the power of a prince so suspected, who, in consequence of the renunciations, had nothing between the crown and himself but this infant scion; and

to do this by clothing (in default of princes of the blood of suitable age) his bastard son with an authority subtracted from that of the future regent, — to make, in short, the Duc du Maine the absolute master of the person of that precious scion; to surround the infant prince with none but persons in the bastard's interests, and to give the latter, independently of the regent, complete control of the civil and military household of the future king. M. du Maine had reason to think that the impression made and nursed by him against the Duc d'Orléans in Paris and the provinces would be greatly strengthened by an arrangement so dishonourable, and that every one would applaud, instead of being shocked at his being named guardian and protector of the royal child on whom the safety of France depended. In attaining that great position it would be essential to have about the young prince none but dependents of his own, on whom he could count; and these he determined to make the king choose and appoint by will for all the educational offices, in order, first, to make them invulnerable to the regent, and next, to avoid the appearance of assuming absolute power by choosing them himself.

Still another point remained, which was not the least difficult, and which, like the preceding matters, did more than one thing at a time; this was the safety of the will after the king had been brought to make it, — safety beyond a doubt, safety that would increase the respect felt for the document by the singular precautions taken to protect it; a safety, moreover, which should render the execution of the contents the proper work of the parliament and magistracy of the kingdom. But by what means was it possible to overcome the king's prejudice against the parliament, acquired in the days of his minority? To confide his will to the keeping of parliament did not, it was true, strengthen,

still less did it confirm his acts by the authority of parliament, but it was in some sort a recognition of that authority as a means of safety for the instrument. To whoso knew the king, the firmness of his principles, the force of a habit never interrupted, his extreme sensitiveness about anything that could remotely or imperceptibly touch his authority, even in the far future, this difficulty seemed almost insurmountable.

But it was written above, for the punishment of the scandal given to the world by the dual adultery, that the king, while feeling the iniquity of the act in all its force and shame, should yet be dragged in spite of himself to do it, and step by step, each mounted against his will, should come at last, groaning in the bitterness of his soul and in despair at his own weakness, to crown his crime by a most amazing and portentous apotheosis.

The two consuls, M. du Maine and Mme. de Maintenon, and their lictor, Voysin, agreed together as to the part that each should play in this baneful tragedy. They did not doubt the resistance and bitterness with which such a strange proposition, based on the approaching death of a king who was seventy-six years old and in mortal fear of death, and of the sort of death that his children one and all had died, would be met. Consequently, they advanced little by little, and with wise delays, fearing to have their mouths shut by some sudden order nevermore to re-open them on so cruel a subject. This undermining, though cautiously done, found nothing but rock, and rock so hard that it blunted their tools. Mme. de Maintenon and M. du Maine then changed their batteries. Up to this time they had thought only of pleasing and amusing the king, each in his or her own way; since the dauphine's death they had become, both of them,

Methods employed to carry out these schemes.

his sole resource. Finding themselves unable to bring him to their will in the matter so vitally important to them, and yet resolved at any cost to wring compliance from him, they took another tone, with entire confidence that they risked nothing. Both became serious, often gloomy, — so silent as to take no part in conversation, letting everything that the king forced himself to say drop, sometimes not answering at all unless he asked a direct question. In this way the constant presence of Mme. de Maintenon in her room when the king was there, and of M. du Maine in the king's cabinets during his private hours, only served to make him feel a weight that was all the heavier because hitherto unknown to him. An air of constraint and sadness pervaded the very small number of those admitted to the cabinets and the very few ladies, always the same, who were received by Mme. de Maintenon and admitted to the dinners, musicals, and card parties on the days when the king did not work with his ministers. All his usual amusements and relaxations were turned of a sudden into ennui and embarrassment, without his being able to seek others.

These ladies were Mme. d'O, Mme. de Caylus, and Mme. de Lévi, the latter the intimate friend and confidant at all times of Mme. de Saint-Simon and me. They took their cue from Mme. de Maintenon. At first they were duped by an excuse of her health; but seeing that the state of things lasted beyond all reason, that her usual life was not changed and her face betrayed no illness, and that the king grew daily more serious and sad, they began to ask themselves what it meant. The fear of something which might affect their own interests troubled them, and this fear made them still worse company than Mme. de Maintenon prompted. In the cabinets, Maréchal and the others, amazed at M. du Maine's gloom, looked at each other unable to guess the

cause. They saw the king sad, unhappy, bored; they began to fear for his health, but not one of them dared, or knew how, to say a word. Time went by and the gloom still thickened. This was all that the best informed of those most closely around the king could penetrate; I should be writing a novel if I tried to give the scenes which doubtless passed in the *tête-à-têtes* of the long period that these manœuvres lasted without relaxing in any way. Truth demands equally that we relate what we know and declare our ignorance of that we do not know. I shall therefore go no farther, nor try to pierce the darkness of this mystery.

Certain it is that the two interiors, those of Mme. de Maintenon and of the king's cabinets, brightened suddenly; producing as much surprise and wonder to the witnesses as the long-continued gloom had done; for the reason that they were unable to discover the cause of the end, any more than that of the beginning, of the trouble until several days after Mme. de Maintenon and M. du Maine had resumed, and almost with usury, their customary manner to the king; that is to say, not until the thunderbolt fell on France, and astonished all Europe. We come now to the black event which closely followed the other I have already related, for they were, in fact, resolved upon together.

Stern language of the king to the Duc du Maine.

We have seen by the speech which escaped the king to M. du Maine on the favour he had granted him in the matter of succeeding to the throne, and his tone and manner in saying it, how that enormity had been forcibly wrung from him in spite of himself. We shall now see how the monarch, of all men living most master of himself, betrayed in the same transparent manner his inward feeling about his will. A few days before the news of it became public, the king, being in his cabinet with the bastards and d'O and d'Antin, and the little

circle of valets, looked at his sons with a sour, crabbed expression, and said, addressing M. du Maine sternly: "You *would* have it; but remember that however great I make you in my lifetime, you are nothing after me; it is for you to make a good use of what I have done for you, if you can." All present trembled at such a thunderclap, so sudden, so little expected, so far removed from the king's nature and habit, and which revealed so plainly the ambition of the Duc du Maine and the violence he had done to the weakness of the king, who seemed in that speech to reproach himself for his feebleness, and the bastard for his ambition and tyranny. It was then that the curtain was lifted before the eyes of the interior household, up to this time so puzzled, amazed, and troubled by the changes that were taking place. M. du Maine's consternation at this sudden outburst, to which no previous words had given rise, seemed extreme. All present, with their eyes fixed upon the floor, held their breath. The silence was profound for a noticeable time, and was not broken until the king had passed into his dressing-room, and every one could breathe again. His heart was swelling at what they had made him do; but, like a woman who gives birth to twins, he had as yet produced but one fierce fury, and he bore another of which he must needs deliver himself, for he felt its agony, without any relief from the sufferings caused him by the first. Two days later a second event completed the raising of the curtain.

The Court was then at Versailles. Sunday, August 27, Mesmes, president of the parliament, and d'Aguesseau, *procureur-général*, for whom the king had sent, entered the royal cabinet after the *lever;* they had previously seen the chancellor, Voysin, and the proper means of guarding the deposit was agreed upon among them. We may be certain that,

Remarkable speech of the king in giving his will to the custody of parliament.

as soon as M. du Maine was sure of the will, he had fully discussed with the president, his creature, the means of securing it.

As soon as they were alone with the king he unlocked a drawer and took from it a large package, sealed with seven seals; giving it to them he said: "Messieurs, this is my will; no one knows its contents except myself. I place it in your hands for safe keeping by parliament; to which I could not give a greater proof of my esteem and confidence than by thus making it the depositary of this document. The example of the kings, my predecessors, and that of the will of the king, my father, do not allow me to be ignorant of what may become of this, *my* will; but they would have it; they tormented me; they left me no peace, no matter what I said. Oh, well! I have bought my peace at last. There it is; take it away; it will become what it can; but at least I shall have rest and hear no more about it." He finished the words with a short nod, turned his back upon them and went into the next cabinet, leaving the two men almost changed into statues. They looked at each other, frightened at what they had heard, and still more at what they had seen in the eyes and countenance of the king. As soon as they recovered their senses they retired, and went to Paris. It was not known until afternoon that the king had made a will and placed it in their hands. As the news spread, consternation fell upon the whole Court; though flatterers, at heart as shocked as the rest of the Court, and Paris later, spent themselves in congratulations and eulogy.

King's speech to the Queen of England about the will.

The next day, Monday, 28th, the Queen of England came from Chaillot, where she usually stayed, to visit Mme. de Maintenon. The king went in to see her. As soon as he entered he said, in the tone of a man who was full of his wrath: "Madame, I

have made my will; they tormented me to make it" (turning his eyes on Mme. de Maintenon). "I have bought my peace. I know its impotence and uselessness. We can do all we choose as long as we exist; after us we can do less than private individuals; one has only to see what became of the will of the king, my father, directly after his death, and that of many other kings. I know this very well; but they *would* have it; they gave me no peace or rest until I made it. Oh, well! it is done, madame; it will become what it can; but at least I shall not be tormented any longer."

Words so expressive of violence endured and of a long and obstinate combat before, weary of the struggle, he yielded, need, when reported, proofs as clear and precise as the words themselves. Here they are. I hold those said by the king to the president and the *procureur-général*, who could never forget them, from the first-named; it is true that this was a long time after they were said; for one ought to be exact in reporting such things. I also heard them from the *procureur-général*, who repeated them to me, apart and at another time, in precisely the same language, and such as I have here written down. With regard to what the king said to the Queen of England, which is even stronger and more explicit because he was more free with her, perhaps also because Mme. de Maintenon was present, on whom the greater part of the reproaches were intended to fall, I knew it two days later from M. de Lauzun, to whom the Queen of England told it while still in her first surprise. We were so surprised ourselves that Mme. de Lauzun, for whom the queen had much friendship and frankness, went to pay court to her (as she often did, frequently seeing her *tête-à-tête*) in order to get her to relate it. The queen did not wait to be asked, so full was she of the singular speech, which she re-

peated word for word as M. de Lauzun had told us, and precisely as I have here written it down.

Place and precautions for guarding the will.

As soon as the president and the *procureur-général* reached Paris they sent for workmen, whom they took to a tower of the palace which is behind the robing-room and the president's cabinet. They made them hollow a great space in the wall of the tower, which is very thick, and there they placed the will; then the opening was closed, first by an iron door, then by an iron grating outside of the door, after which the whole was walled up as before. Parliament was sitting at the time, and the president at once rendered a most flattering account to the assembly of the honour and confidence shown by this deposit, and by the reliance the king placed on parliament to maintain the provisions of the will it contained. The king's officers at the same time presented an edict received from the chancellor that morning. It was short. In it the king declared that the packet intrusted to the president and the *procureur-général* contained his will, by which he had provided for the care and guardianship of the minor king, and for the choice of a council of regency; which arrangements, for sound reasons, he did not think proper to make public. He desired that the document be kept in the custody of parliament until the end of his life, and he further ordered that as soon as it pleased God to remove him from this world, the chambers of parliament should assemble, with all the princes of the royal family and all the peers who might be at hand, and in their presence the will should be opened, read, and the dispositions it contained made public and executed, without power of interference from any one, and that duplicates of the said will should be sent to all the parliaments of the kingdom to be by them enregistered.

The consternation was great when the existence of the will became known. It was M. du Maine's fate to obtain what he wanted, but with public malediction. That fate accompanied the will, and as soon as he felt it he was overwhelmed; Mme. de Maintenon was furious, and their watch redoubled that nothing of these murmurs should reach the king. They busied themselves more than ever in amusing and pleasing him, and in echoing around him reports of the praises, joy, and public admiration for an act so great and generous, and one so wise and necessary for the maintenance of order and of public tranquillity, which would make him reign, they said, gloriously, beyond the period of his own life. The consternation of the public was very natural; and here it was that M. du Maine had deceived himself. He thought he had fully prepared and smoothed the way by rendering the Duc d'Orléans suspected and odious; in that he had succeeded, but not as much as he believed; his wishes and his emissaries had magnified success; instead of the public acclamations with which he flattered himself the news of the will would be received, the result was precisely opposite.

General consternation.

It was not that people failed to see very clearly that the will could only have been made against the Duc d'Orléans, because if there were no wish to fetter him there was no reason to make it; matters would otherwise have taken the usual course in a natural way. Nor was it, either, that opinions and doubts sown and cultivated with so much art and persistency against the prince had changed. But whatever was thought of him, however sinister were current suspicions, no one was so blind as not to see that he must, by incontestable right, be regent; that no dispositions in the will could weaken that right except by establishing a power that balanced it; and that such an act would form two

parties in the State, the heads of which would each maintain himself and abase the other by all the means in his power; that no one could avoid the necessity of choosing sides, and that in such choice there lay a thousand dangers, and no sound, reasonable hope for any one. The public had desired that the king should leave order in the government that was about to succeed his own, but not to do so in darkness and mystery. They desired that he should establish during his lifetime a government such as he wished to leave behind him, and put at once into his council, and into the offices and functions they were to fill, those whom he wished to come after him; in a word, that he should execute his will himself, that there might be no change at his death, not even on the surface of affairs, but that all should be continued, immediately and steadily, as he himself had established, directed, and consolidated.

Feelings and conduct of the Duc d'Orléans.

The Duc d'Orléans was stunned by the blow; he felt how directly it bore upon himself; and he saw no remedy during the king's lifetime. Respectful and total silence seemed to him the only course he could take; any other would surely give rise to redoubled precautions. I leave the matter here; it is not yet time to enter upon the measures and views of the prince as to the future. The king avoided all mention of the subject to his nephew, beyond a simple declaration after the act; M. du Maine the same. The duke contented himself with a single monosyllable of acquiescence, as a courtier whose place it was to make no comment, and did not mention the subject to any one, not even to his wife. I was the only person with whom he dared to seek comfort and talk over the matter plainly; with all the rest of the world he was as usual, — on his guard against all appearance of displeasure and against the curiosity of prying eyes. The

unspeakable abandonment in which he lived at Court and in society saved him from chance comments about the will, for no one approached him near enough to make them.

Last mark of friendship from the king to M. de Beauvilliers; and from the latter to me.

The king must have been reflecting for some time on making provision for the education of the dauphin after his death. It was very natural that, thinking as they had made him think of the Duc d'Orléans, he should wish not to leave that provision to him, but to make it himself during his lifetime. Perhaps it was on this point that Mme. de Maintenon and the Duc du Maine first opened the trenches upon him, through Voysin. However that may be, it is certain that, when I had gone, soon after the death of the Duc de Berry, to Vaucresson, where M. de Beauvilliers happened to be ill in bed, he asked me to be alone with him, and then, without preface or any leading up of the conversation, he said he had a question to put to me, but, before telling me what it was, he wanted my promise to answer without mere compliance, without constraint, but naturally and precisely as I thought; on that foundation alone could he speak to me.

I was surprised at this opening, and said so. I asked him why, after so many years of kindness and private confidences from him to me, during which many matters of importance had been discussed between us, and so much frankness and absolute freedom on my part to him, he did not feel assured that he would always find me the same. He answered, with all the friendliness to which I was accustomed from him, that if I would give him the promise he asked I would see, from what he would then tell me, that he had good reason for wishing to make sure of it. I then gave it to him, being still more surprised at this persistency and very curious as to what might cause it.

He told me that the king, scarcely hoping to live until the dauphin was old enough to be put into the charge of men, felt obliged to make plans himself for his education; that he wished him, M. de Beauvilliers, to take charge of it and of all relating to it, as he had done in the case of the dauphin's father and uncles. To this he had replied by excusing himself on the ground of his age and his infirmities, which would not allow him either to take the necessary assiduous care or to indulge the hope of completing the education if he undertook it; but the king, he said, persisted in his desire, and consented that he should do only what he could and would do in the position. Then suddenly M. de Beauvilliers, fixing his eyes most attentively upon me, said: "You are duke and peer, and you rank me; would it pain you to be the dauphin's governor conjointly with me, to do all that I cannot do, to act in this function in exact accord with me; in a word, while equal in functions and of higher rank than myself, not to be first in this position? It is on this point that I conjure you to answer me truthfully, without compliance, and feeling sure that I shall not be hurt by what you may say. You see," he added, "that I had good reason to ask your promise. You gave it to me, and you must now keep it."

I answered that I could keep it without difficulty; that I fully understood that the position was that of governor under him in all things and places; that I knew no one, without exception, but himself under whom I would accept it; but that for him, whom I had all my life looked upon as my father, who had served me as such, whose talents and virtues I had regarded with veneration all my life, and whose friendship and confidence I had experienced for the same period, — I could be with him and under him, in all things and in all ways, without the slightest pain; and also that my heart

was so attached to him that I should find my joy in thus proving to him constantly my respect and deference. He embraced me, told me that I gave him infinite comfort, and a thousand other touching things. He asked me to keep the matter profoundly secret, and from the way he spoke I had reason to think that as soon as he had weighed all arrangements, and made selections for the whole education, the king would at once declare the matter publicly.

This idea was not new to me; for Monseigneur the dauphin had been fully determined to ask the king to appoint me governor of the elder brother of the present king. I was not ignorant of this intention, and that the prince had been strengthened in it by the Duc de Beauvilliers, who could not undertake it himself, burdened as he then was with his functions for the dauphin and as minister of State.

Such was the last mark which M. de Beauvilliers gave me of his esteem, his friendship, his confidence. Such was also the last proof received by him of the king's confidence, bestowed in spite of the unremitting hatred of Mme. de Maintenon. His waning health lasted too short a time after this conference to allow of the matter being carried forward. He was naturally delicate; his life, divided between pious exercises, the functions of his various offices, of which he neglected none unless they clashed, and State affairs, left him scarcely any time for relaxation in the bosom of his family and among his friends; and this did not conduce to strengthen a health already feeble. The loss of his sons had profoundly undermined him. We have seen with what courage and signal piety both he and Mme. de Beauvilliers made instant sacrifice of their feelings, but neither of them was ever consoled for it. The death of the dauphin was a blow of another kind, as he often owned to me. All his tenderness had gathered itself about that prince, whose mind, talents, toil, purposes,

virtues, sacrifices, and total metamorphosis, produced and confirmed by the grace of God, he admired with wonder and respect. He was keenly sensible to the unreserved confidence of the prince, and their mutual freedom in communicating, discussing, and solving all things. He rejoiced in the love of the State, of order, of religion which he saw about to bloom as if reborn in the coming reign. Meantime he enjoyed his pupil's prudence, wisdom, justice, his moderation, his industry, and the ascendency which the king had taken pleasure in granting him over the Court, over public affairs, and over himself. However convinced he was of the dauphin's sanctity and eternal happiness, his death overcame him to such a degree that from that time forth he led a languishing, sorrowful, bitter life, without respite or consolation, until, finally, the death of the Duc de Chevreuse, his heart, his soul, the depositary and often the arbiter of his most secret thoughts, even those of his piety, and for all his life another himself, gave him his death-blow.

Death of the Duc de Beauvilliers.

He was ill for about two months at Vaucresson, whither he had retired to shelter himself from the world, even from his intimate friends, and think only of his future salvation, to which he devoted every moment of his solitude. He died on Friday, the last of August, the death of the righteous, having kept his mind clear to the last. He was very nearly sixty-six years old, — three years younger than the Duc de Chevreuse, having been born on the 24th of October, 1648, of a very ancient and very nobly allied family. He was tall, extremely thin, with a long, and highly coloured face, a very large aquiline nose, a sunken mouth, intelligent and piercing eyes, a charming smile, a very gentle manner, but usually extremely serious and self-contained. He was born eager, fiery, hot-headed, and loving pleasure. He had much natural intelligence, absolute integrity of mind,

great exactitude, at times too much precision; his utterance was easy, agreeable, correct, natural; his apprehension quick, his discernment good, his wisdom remarkable; his foresight, which stretched to a vast distance, never lost itself; his simplicity and sagacity, both extreme, never conflicted; and after God touched him, which was early in life, I think I may assert that he never lost the sense of His presence, from which it may be judged to what heights, enlightened as he was, he bore his piety. Gentle, modest, equable, courteous with distinction, sufficiently obliging, easily and frankly accessible to the humblest persons; never exhibiting his piety, but never concealing it; troubling no one, but watching his servants, a trifle too closely it may be; sincerely humble, without neglecting, however, what he owed to what he was; and so detached from all things (as I have related on several occasions) that I think no monk, however saintly, was ever more so.

His character and eulogy.

His charity for his neighbour bound him in fetters which contracted him by restraining his lips, his ears, and his thoughts; the inconvenience of which we have seen in various places. His ministry, his cautious policy, and too great fear of the king still further increased this perpetual watchfulness over himself, out of which grew a constraint, a reserve, shall I say a stiffness, which alienated some, and also a love for restricted intercourse and solitude, which comported ill with his duties, and by isolating him (except as to his functions) made him live at Court as in a desert, and kept him ignorant of everything except what related necessarily to State affairs and his own offices. In private, at his own house, especially in that of the Duc de Chevreuse and at Vaucresson, he was gay and free, could joke spicily, trifle jauntily, and laugh readily; in fact he liked to have people joke him.

But, excessively as the king awed him, and weak as he often seemed in speaking to him through the timidity of his nature, he was not recognizable in council, as I have heard Chamillart and the chancellor Pontchartrain say, when matters of law and equity or important affairs of State came up. He gave his judgment then with firmness, took in the whole extent of the affair with clearness and precision, developed it luminously, based his opinion on a real foundation and maintained it modestly, but with a force which any leaning shown by the king was unable to shake. In other matters he gave way to his natural mildness and timidity.

We have seen with what grandeur of soul, what detachment, what submission to God he bore the storm of Quietism, the disgrace of the Archbishop of Cambrai and those who were involved in it, and his own extreme peril at that time; we have seen, too, the acquiescence with which he received the news of the condemnation of M. de Cambrai's book in Rome. But all rare pictures have their shadows, and truth obliges me not to hide those of this model of all the virtues. In considering them we shall not, if we are equitable, esteem him less; we shall only tremble the more at the profundity of the ways of God, and humiliate ourselves by seeing what the most perfect of men can do and be.

This man, of inborn honour, with an ardent and most sincere love and thirst for truth, of scrupulous purity, conscious habitually of God's presence in all his daily functions and avocations, and reporting to Him with sacred care his most important and his most trivial actions, his work, his functions, his friendships and intimacies, his thoughts, his opinions, his pleasures, even his needs of body and mind, this man so upright and so on his guard against his

own nature, allowed himself to be bewitched, he and M. de Chevreuse, by the charms of the Archbishop of Cambrai to such an extent that, although he did not see him after his exile, that prelate never ceased to be the soul of his soul, and the mind of his mind; and nothing was done in his inward conscience or in his home that was not regulated by M. de Cambrai, or, under the same spell, by Mme. Guyon, whom he never regarded otherwise than as a saint; for although she risked making various distinct prophecies which he saw fail, the bandage never fell from his eyes. On all such topics and on the matter of the bull Unigenitus he spoke to me first (not I to him), either from his confidence in me, or from a desire to convert me, until quite the close of his life, when one day, after arguing about the bull in my chamber at Versailles he asked me never to speak of the matter again, for it agitated him too much; and after that we never referred to it.

However inaccessible he was to all that was not strict duty and necessary social decorum, without real intercourse with the Court, and very willingly aloof, even in the king's presence (far more so than M. de Chevreuse), it is amazing how much he awed every one in that presence and wherever else he appeared. Mmes. de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers the same, but mingling rather more with the Court, though still with great reserve. The princes of the blood, even the bastards, the most important seigneurs, the ministers, approached him with an air of respect, deference, and sometimes of embarrassment. They watched to see with whom he conversed; and I often amused myself, especially at Marly, by observing the eyes of the principal courtiers darting at me when he was whispering in my ear as I sat, apart from the others, beside him. I have never seen any one on so grand a footing at Court; and that, too, a few

weeks after the tempest of Quietism, and as long as he continued to live, even after the death of the dauphin.

After that fatal epoch he retired more and more from the world; sustaining himself wholly by force of piety, complete abandonment to God, and conformity to His will. The joints of his soul, if I may use that expression, were wrung; he saw, at a glance, the fatal results to France; he stood amid the nothingness of that horrible void; he lived the sacrifice and subdued his soul by an effort so terrible that, as he often owned to me, the loss of his own children had, comparatively, cost him nothing. But all was laid by him at the foot of the cross. The death of the Duc de Chevreuse completed the destruction of his animal-man. His solitude thenceforth was that of a prison. Agonizing sacrifices became the tissue of his life. A sublime purification of his soul rising ever towards God completed the dissolution of matter, and made his death a holocaust.

The chancellor, Pontchartrain, once said to me, jestingly, of the two brothers-in-law, that "it was remarkable, bound together as they were by the habits of a lifetime until they were not two but one heart, one soul, one mind, one feeling, that nevertheless M. de Beauvilliers had a guardian angel who, at a given point, stopped him and turned him away from what was injurious and sometimes intolerable in M. de Chevreuse; an angel who made him practise just the opposite, but never in other respects troubled their union." And, in truth, nothing could be more opposed than the order and the disorder of their respective affairs; the austerity and sobriety of one, and the luxury of the other (the latter led by philosophy and Cornaro's book, the other by Fagon); the punctuality to the minute of M. de Beauvilliers, that miser of time, who would make excuses to his coachman if he were not ready the moment the carriage was ordered,

and the thoughtless indifference of M. de Chevreuse about keeping people waiting, and his ignorance of hours, though he too was jealous of his time; and finally the exactness of the one in properly doing and finishing all he did with precision, whereas the other was always doing and never finishing. Thus M. de Beauvilliers, who wanted the *good* in all things, was contented with it; while M. de Chevreuse, seeking the *better*, often missed both. M. de Beauvilliers saw things as they were; he was opposed to chimeras, weighed all with accuracy, compared all sides of a question fairly, and remained unshaken in his decisions, on certain foundations. M. de Chevreuse, with more mind and, beyond comparison, more knowledge of all kinds, saw everything in white and full of hope, even that which offered least, and had neither the accuracy of his friend nor his straightforward good sense; his rush of ideas, never sufficiently collected, dazzled him with false lights; and his amazing facility for conceiving and reasoning opened to him so many paths that he was apt to lose his way without perceiving it, but always with the best faith in the world. To complete the contrast of two men who were so united that they were but one, the Duc de Chevreuse could neither get up nor go to bed; the Duc de Beauvilliers, regular in all things, rose early and went to bed early; that is to say, he left the table when the fruit was brought on and was often in bed before supper was ended.

Character of the Duchesse de Beauvilliers.

There was no woman at Court with a better mind than Mme. de Beauvilliers, more penetrating, more keen, more just, or wiser, better regulated, and of which the owner was more thoroughly mistress. Never did she seek to show it; but she could not keep others from perceiving it as soon as she opened her lips; often, in fact, before she spoke at all. When she did

so it was naturally and full of grace, with a facility of expression which so adorned her as to make others forget her ugliness, which, without deformity, for her shape was good, was uncommon. There was even a turn of gallantry to her mind. She loved to give; and I have never known any one but herself and Mme. de Pontchartrain who had the art to do so with such graceful address. Her taste was exquisite and universal, — in furniture, adornments for all ages, and her table; in short, about everything. She was very noble, very magnificent, very courteous, but with much circumspection and dignity. By nature she might have had a *penchant* for the world; but a true piety from her earliest years and the desire to please M. de Beauvilliers restrained her. She was however, well-suited for society, as every one felt from the grand, noble, easy manner, cordial yet discerning, with which she kept her household, where strangers of distinction abounded at dinner.

Her wit, which sometimes escaped her, though always with great circumspection, showed itself sufficiently to make one regret that she did not allow it greater freedom. Her conversation was agreeable, charming when she felt herself at liberty, with keen, shrewd, piercing flashes, after which it was amusing to see her disappear. Wherever she was constrained, however, she communicated constraint, and, on the whole, it may be true to say that very few persons, even the most familiar, were wholly at their ease with her, — just the reverse of Mme. de Chevreuse, who, with quite as much piety, had far less mind. In other respects, Mme. de Beauvilliers was absolutely true and sincere, a tender friend and an excellent relation. The alms and good deeds of M. de Beauvilliers may be said to have been immense; it was their foremost care and, with prayer, their dearest occupation. Mme. de Beauvilliers, so tenderly and religiously one with

her husband throughout their life, was inconsolable for his death, but she bore it as a Christian, and a strong woman. He had asked to be buried at Montargis in the Benedictine convent, where eight of his daughters were professed nuns, the eldest being the perpetual superior, none of them having been willing to even hear of an abbey. Mme. de Beauvilliers went there, and by an act of religion which it is dreadful to think of, she was present at his interment. The place became for the rest of her life her most cherished retreat, where, oftener sometimes than once a year, she lived among her daughters and other near friends, of whom the convent was full, in austere penitence and poignant grief, no sign of which appeared in the hours of recreation for the sisterhood.

I confess that I find it hard to tear myself away from objects so dear to me, which will ever remain so to the end of my life. But it is time to take up a new idea of my position at Court, now become very different to what it had been. The loss of the dauphin and the dauphine, the dispersion of the latter's ladies, who no longer figured at Court, the disgrace of Chamillart, the retirement of the chancellor Pontchartrain, the death of Maréchal de Boufflers, that of the Duc de Chevreuse, and, finally, that of the Duc de Beauvilliers, left me in a void (I do not say of the heart, for this is no place to speak of that), which nothing could fill, or even diminish. I had been in the closest intimacy and confidence of all those ministers and seigneurs, and in that of the best-informed and most important ladies, who had now in various ways disappeared from the scene. Of all the king's private interior of every kind, only Maréchal was left to me. In the ministry I had no one; all the successors of my most intimate friends were either opposed to me or perfectly indifferent. In a word,

My situation at Court.

I had no hold on any one; no support in the ministry, the interior circle of the king was against me, and in the Court many lances were lowered upon me, in fear and jealousy of a not distant future under the inevitable regency of the Duc d'Orléans.

The intimacy between him and me was a matter of our whole lives. It was well-known that his separation from Mme. d'Argenton, his reconciliation with his wife, the union in which he now lived with her, and the marriage of his daughter to the Duc de Berry were my doing. The dislike of the king to him, so profound and shown so plainly, the dangerous affair in Spain, the scandal, perpetually renewed, of the poisonings, the general avoidance of his presence, which never ceased, the advice and the private threats conveyed to my ears, — none of these things had been able to separate me from him or prevent me from being the sole man at Court who saw him openly and appeared with him publicly in the gardens of Marly and under the very eyes of the king. The uniformity of this conduct could not be imputed to future hopes, because it had been precisely the same in the days of Monseigneur and his sons, when I could only expect to be injured by it. In fact it was then considered a piece of hardihood, in the position in which the duke stood with the king and Mme. de Maintenon; for no one was ignorant of that — which, indeed, was made manifest when the will of the king became known and turned all steps to the Duc du Maine. The latter could never forget the inutility of his own steps towards me, nor my extreme horror of the ranks he had successively obtained. Moreover, my conduct with the Duc d'Orléans gave the lie forcibly to the execrable imputation laid upon that prince by the Duc du Maine. I had always preserved a reputation for truth, honour, and uprightness, which no jealousies, no quarrels

about rank, and none of the divers storms around me had ever attacked. Mme. de Saint-Simon was all her life on the highest ground of reputation of all kinds. No one was ignorant (though merely in the main) of what we had lost in the dauphin and dauphine, for the present and for the future, and the bitterness of our grief in losing them. I had never been reckoned able to restrain myself. It was therefore evident that I should certainly have broken with the Duc d'Orléans, without hesitation or regard for the future, had I suspected him in the slightest degree. This was in fact universally admitted; and I saw him too constantly, too intimately, not to suspect him had there been any cause for it. This it was that kept me aloof from advice and even threats from many quarters, urging me to change my conduct towards the prince. But the inutility of those threats rebounded upon me in the wrath of Mme. de Maintenon and M. du Maine, who hoped to deprive the duke of the only man, willing to see him, with whom he could reason and consult.

Although it was very apparent that the king was beginning to fail, nothing as yet seemed threatening. I saw before me a long sea-voyage through which to steer alone amid reefs and whirlpools. I beheld them rising or opening before me; I felt how my intimacy with the prince they hated weighed upon Mme. de Maintenon and the Duc du Maine; how dangerous I seemed to them in that relation after the king's death; how envy, jealousy, and foes filled with the same thoughts under other aspects, were all about me. And I without my intimate and principal adviser, with no one of influence to defend and support me! God permitted that I should not be troubled in mind. I resolved to be wise in conduct, but not to change my ways; to seek no one; to live with the Duc d'Orléans precisely as I had

always done, in public and in private, and not to give any one the satisfaction of seeing me flinch or try to secure myself. This short explanation is necessary for the understanding of what follows. Let us now return to the world at large, which we have perhaps neglected too long.

Maréchal de Villeroy made chief of the council of finances.

The place of the chief of the council of finances was no sooner vacant by the death of the Duc de Beauvilliers than the king sent word to the Maréchal de Villeroy that he bestowed it upon him. This was another man sold to Mme. de Maintenon and consequently to the Duc du Maine. He arrived at Fontainebleau from Lyon, Tuesday, September 18, having, luckily for himself, been absent during the late crisis of the bastards and the will, and out of reach of the stormy struggle in the king's domestic life to which he would otherwise have been admitted. He was received as a favourite and crowned with honours, was declared minister at once, and took his seat at the council of State the following day. It is curious that this post, the most important of all, is the only one which requires no oath, — a custom founded on the fact that on the morning of each council the usher goes to notify the members to be present; any member whom he does not notify does not go, and considers himself dismissed. This never really takes place, however; the dismissal is announced by an order to retire, either from Court or to some place of exile. Years later Torcy told me that at the council the king spoke first and tried to make Villeroy understand the matters under discussion; but the maréchal said and asked such foolish things that the king coloured and lowered his eyes in embarrassment, sometimes interrupting Villeroy to answer in advance; and that he never got accustomed to the ignorance, the *sproposito*, the ineptitude of the man, who in spite of his great position at Court,

in command of armies and in the confidence of the king, astonished everybody by never knowing what he said or what he wanted to say. As for me, I was astonished myself to the last degree after the death of the king.

The king returned from Fontainebleau, Wednesday, October 23. Mme. de Saint-Simon who was in his carriage told me that he was not in good-humour and that, seeing him thus hourly, it was plain to her that his health was failing. This was, in fact, his last trip to Fontainebleau. He was much harassed at this time about the bull Unigenitus, into the acceptance of which Père Tellier had forced him to put his conscience and his authority. He had had many negotiations with Cardinal de Noailles. Cardinal d'Estrées, by the king's order, had taken part in the affair, but speedily withdrew, indignant at the continual trickery of Père Tellier and Bissy, about which he did not hold his tongue. All of the episcopate who were learned and sincere went with Cardinal de Noailles; so did the famous universities in a body, the religious and regular Orders, the chapters and the rectors of Paris, together with an infinite number in the provinces; added to these were the parliaments and all educated laymen who were not slaves to the Jesuits; even at Court there was dumbly but one voice.

The king disturbed about the bull Unigenitus.

Among those who accepted the bull there was not the shadow of uniformity. A small number of bishops and others adhered to what had been done by the assembly of the Forty; but even among these there were diversities; the majority of the acceptors having different interpretations among them; the Forty themselves varied the meaning of their acceptation. In short, it was chaos and a Tower of Babel, as was proved by extracts made from all the charges of the bishops, which contradicted each other in the terms

of their acceptance, about which none of them agreed. It was seen more clearly than ever that without threats and promises, rewards and cruel punishments, artfulness and open violence, the bull would have been universally rejected, and that it was only a question among the acceptors of how to accept the words and reject the meaning.

The pope, much displeased at not finding the blind obedience promised him by Père Tellier, without which he would never have embarked on this detestable business, had made all parties, especially the Forty bishops, feel his anger at their audacity in daring to interpret his bull, instead of blindly accepting it. So that those who had done the most in its behalf had irritated the pope as much as those who were against it. All these annoyances brought the king to resolve on making an effort to induce the pope to come to an agreement, or else to allow a national council to be held in France. Amelot, a friend of the Jesuits, but a man of high honour and of great talent for negotiation and for State affairs (as he proved in his various embassies), was sent to Rome without other character than that of simple minister of the king.

The king had arrived from Fontainebleau, October 25; he appointed Amelot on the 29th. All-Saints fell of a Thursday, and next day he went to Marly, where he stayed till Saturday, December 1. About the beginning of this trip, Père Tellier, who always courted me, and was never tired of talking about the bull, little satisfaction as he got from me in these conversations, came to see me to talk over this national council and make me a proposition which, coming from a man of so much intelligence and knowledge in manœuvring and artifice, I have never been able to understand. After many remarks designed to make me approve of the council (which

Père Tellier makes me a proposal.

I should have done heartily had it been possible to have it completely free), he told me it was determined to hold it at Senlis. It was impossible, he said, to hold it in Paris for many reasons, which he alleged, all tending to make him sole master and tyrant of the council; it must be held in a town near Paris to draw its ideas (that is, his orders) from there; but distant enough to keep members from going to the city too often, especially the prelates, and far enough from the Court not to give rise to an idea that the king coerced it; then, looking at me with an affable but keen eye, he added: "You are governor of Senlis, and you must be the king's commissioner to the council; no one is as capable as you, and nothing can suit better." "I, father!" I exclaimed in terror, "commissioner to that council! Not for all the world would I accept it; don't let yourself even think of it."

The confessor's surprise was inexpressible, and for a man of so much intellect, I repeat that the stupidity of his answer was unintelligible. "What! monsieur," he said in a gentle voice that was meant to coax me round, "do you think the position beneath you because you are a duke? Why, the emperors gave it to their Eastern counts for the councils of their day." I burst out laughing and told him I was far from thinking that our dukes compared with the Eastern counts, or that the position of king's commissioner to the council was not extremely honourable, but it was altogether above my capacity, and so contrary to my taste that I entreated him not to let his idea go any farther, because I should be in despair to cause displeasure by a refusal, which I most assuredly should give.

The worthy father's astonishment was great, but he said nothing. I tried to soften the vehemence of my first exclamation in order not to uselessly irritate so dangerous a

man, who, I saw clearly, had flung his lasso on me to make me the hangman of his council, and the executor of his will under the king's name. He never spoke to me again of the matter; but continued to treat me in his accustomed manner.

Fénelon

VII.

1715. Character, conduct, and death of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambrai.

At the beginning of January of this year, 1715, Fénelon, now councillor of State, lieutenant-general, governor of Quesnoy, and chevalier of the Order, having been ambassador to Holland, came to my apartment at Versailles just as I was finishing dinner. He said he was greatly afflicted by news just received by courier that his uncle, the Archbishop of Cambrai, was very ill, and he came to beg me to ask the Duc d'Orléans to send his physician to Cambrai instantly, and that I would lend him my post-chaise. I left the table at once, sent for the chaise, and went myself to the Duc d'Orléans, who sent for Chirac and ordered him to go, and to remain at Cambrai as long as it was necessary. Not an hour elapsed between Fénelon's entrance into my room and Chirac's departure. He found the archbishop beyond hope and not in a condition to attempt any remedy. He stayed however twenty-four hours, until he died. Thus I, whom the archbishop dreaded for after years, as being so near to the Duc d'Orléans, I was the one to do him a last service. This personage, so well-known and celebrated, has appeared in so many parts of this Memoir that it seems needless to add much about him, although it is impossible not to pause for a moment on his character.

We have seen that he was born of an ancient and good nobility, illustrious in embassies and divers offices and alliances, and decorated with the collar of the Holy-Spirit

under Henri III.; we have also seen his personal poverty, his obscure beginnings, his various feelers and attempts towards the Jansenists, the Jesuits, the fathers of the Oratory, the seminary of Saint-Sulpice, to which at last not without difficulty he fastened himself, a connection which made him known to the Ducs de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers, the rapid progress he made in their esteem, the post of tutor to the sons of France which that esteem obtained for him, what he did with it, the sources and the progress of the catastrophe of his opinions and his fortunes, the disgrace of his friends, his partisans, his protectors, and how near it came to being the ruin of the two dukes, the divers aspects of his affair when carried to Rome, the promptitude, the distinctness, the glory of his submission, his admirable conduct before his own diocesan assembly, his exile, and finally, his great good fortune in preserving wholly and forever the heart and the esteem of Mgr. the Duc de Bourgogne, of the Ducs de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers, and of his friends; not one of them weakening, in spite of the harshness and depth of his fall, the ever-active persecution of Mme. de Maintenon, the open precipice on the side of the king, and seventeen years of total exile. All these friends were as watchful for him as they were ardent; making everything that concerned him their chief object, always as submissive to his direction, as earnest in the work of some day replacing him in his old position, as they had been in the earliest days of his disgrace; always with a great measure of respect for the king, but never concealing their sentiments; and less than any among them the Ducs de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers and their families, and even, it may be added, the Duc de Bourgogne.

The prelate was a tall, thin, well-made man, pale, with a large nose, eyes from which the fire and soul issued like a

torrent, and an expression of countenance such as I have never seen in any other man, and which, though seen but once, could never be forgotten. It gathered in all things; but its contrasts did not conflict. There was gravity and gallantry, solemnity and gayety; it was equally expressive of the learned man, the bishop, and the great seigneur; but what exceeded the rest, pervading indeed his whole person, was refinement, intellect, grace, propriety, and, above all, nobility. An effort was needed to cease looking at him. All his portraits are speaking likenesses, without, however, being able to catch the harmony which was so striking in the original, or the delicacy of each characteristic which the face combined. His manners responded to his person in the same proportion, with an ease which they conveyed to others, and that air of good taste that comes only from the habit of the best company and of the great world, which shed itself, as it were, throughout his conversation; and with it all a natural, sweet, and flowery eloquence, an insinuating politeness, though always noble and discriminating, an easy, distinct, and agreeable elocution, a clearness and precision that made him understood on matters that were difficult and puzzling; and yet a man who never sought to show that he had more mind than those to whom he spoke, who put himself on the level of others without letting it be felt that he did so, with the result that none could desert him, or defend themselves against his charm, or avoid endeavouring to seek him. It was this rare talent, which he had to the highest degree, that kept his friends so thoroughly attached throughout his life, in spite of his fall, and which, after their dispersion, brought them still together to talk of him, to regret him, to long for him, to hold themselves more and more for him, as the Jews for Jerusalem; sighing for his return, hoping ever, as that unhappy people

still wait and sigh for their coming Messiah. It was through this authority — truly that of a prophet — acquired over his flock that he grew to have a dominion which, gentle as it was, brooked no resistance. It is certain that he would not long have borne an equal had he returned to Court and entered the council, — always the great object of his life; — once anchored and beyond all need of help from others, it would have been dangerous not only to resist him but to have failed in homage and submission to him.

Exiled to his diocese, he lived there with the piety and diligence of a pastor; with the art and the magnificence of a man who renounced nothing, but wisely managed all things and all men in his interests. No man ever had a stronger passion for pleasing than he, and for pleasing the valet as well as the master; no man ever carried this passion farther, with a persistent, constant, universal application; and never man was more completely successful with it. Cambrai is a much frequented place, a great thoroughfare; nothing could equal the courtesy, discernment, and charm with which he received everybody. In the first years of his exile people avoided him, and he never sought them; but little by little the charm of his manners drew a knot about him. Encouraged by this little multitude, others, whom fear had restrained, were very glad to find occasions to pass through Cambrai. One after another, they all came finally. When the Duc de Bourgogne began to figure before the world the prelate's court increased, and it grew to be an effective power as soon as the disciple became dauphin. The number of persons going to and from the armies whom the archbishop received and welcomed, the quantity of those he lodged in his own house as they passed through Cambrai, the care he took of the sick and wounded on the many occasions when they were brought to the town, had won

him the heart of the military. Assiduous at the hospitals among the men and sub-officers, attentive to their leaders, whom he often kept for months until their perfect recovery, vigilant as a true pastor for the salvation of their souls, and always with that knowledge of the world that won all hearts and made them trust him, — it is amazing to what point he became the idol of the army, and how his name re-echoed thence to the very centre of the Court.

But, with all this art and ardour in pleasing, nothing base, nothing common, affected, out of place; all was suitable in respect to every one. His establishment answered to that of a great seigneur, and yet there was nothing about it that did not have the episcopal flavour and the strictest rule amid a sweet and virtuous freedom. He himself was an example, ever visible, to which, however, none could attain; always a true prelate, always the great seigneur, always the author of "Télémaque"; but never a word about the Court, or about public matters; nothing that could possibly be blamed; no regrets, no flattery, no baseness, not a reminder of what he had been, nor a suggestion of what he might be still. In the midst of all these hospitalities, great order reigned in his household and strict regulations in his diocese, but without pettiness or pedantry; no one of any opinion was ever importuned as to doctrine. The Jansenists lived in profound peace in the diocese of Cambrai, where there was a vast number of them; they held their tongues, and so did the archbishop. It might have been desired that he should do the same outside of his diocese; but he was too intimately allied with the Jesuits, and hoped too much from them, not to give them what help he could if it did not trouble his own people.

He was also too watchful of the chosen little flock, of which he was the heart, the soul, the life, and the oracle, not

to feed it from time to time with various writings, which were passed from hand to hand with avidity amid echoing praises. The Jansenists roughly refuted him; and it would have been better certainly if an author solemnly condemned for his "Maxims of the Saints," had kept silence as to doctrine. But ambition was very far from dead; the blows the Jansenists gave him in their replies were fresh merits in the eyes of his friends, and new reasons why the Jesuits should do more and undertake more to restore him to places of rank and authority in the Church and in the State. As the reign of his dauphin drew nearer, this ambition was powerfully roused, though still kept hidden in a manner which must have cost him much. Père Tellier was now all-powerful and was wholly for him; so was the inner essence of the government of the Jesuits, and the whole Company professed its attachment to him after the death of Père Bourdaloue. Even the king had not been able, on two or three occasions, to avoid praising him. Fénelon, regaining at last the highest and most flattering hopes, left the seed to germinate.

But it never came to maturity. The death, so little expected, of the dauphin crushed him; that of the Duc de Chevreuse deepened the wound, and that of M. de Beauvilliers made it incurable, and overwhelmed him. Still, in spite of his profound grief at the dauphin's death, he did not fail to lay hold of a plank in the shipwreck. Ambition rose to the surface and clung to what it could. His mind had always pleased the Duc d'Orléans. M. de Chevreuse had cultivated and encouraged the esteem and friendship between the two, and I had also contributed something out of regard for the Duc de Beauvilliers. After so many losses and cruel trials the prelate was still a man of hopes; and he did not place them ill. But it was written above that hopes they should remain. His feeble constitution could not resist the shock

of so much care and such reverses. The death of the Duc de Beauvilliers gave him the final blow. He bore up for a while by an effort of courage, but his strength was gone. The waters, like those of Tantalus, had too persistently run back from his lips each time that he thought to quaff them and quench his thirst.

He was making a short episcopal visitation when his carriage was overturned in a dangerous place. No one was hurt, but he saw the whole danger, and his feeble machinery was unable to bear the shock. He reached Cambrai much overcome, fever and other complications supervened, but his mind remained clear and sound to the last. He died on the 7th of January, 1715, amid inward regrets, at the very door of the summit of his hopes. He knew the failure of the king's health, and he knew what it meant for himself. Already he was consulted privately, and courted publicly, for the rising sun was visible. What powerful motives to regret life! How bitter death must have been under such perfect circumstances shining on all sides. He made no sign of it. Whether it was love of reputation, always an object to which he gave the preference, or disgust for a world that had ever deceived and now, once more, escaped him, or piety strengthened by long practice, re-animated, perhaps, by these sad but powerful considerations, he seemed insensible to all he quitted and solely occupied with that he was about to meet, in a tranquillity, a peace that excluded trouble, and dwelt only on repentance, detachment, and care for the things spiritual of his diocese.

Take him for all in all, he was a noble spirit and a great man. Humanity blushed for him in regard to Mme. Guyon, for whom his admiration, real or feigned, lasted his lifetime, though his morals were never in the slightest degree suspected. He died a martyr to his admiration for her, for it

was never possible to separate him from it. In spite of the notorious falseness of her prophecies, she was always the centre round which revolved the little flock and the oracle by which Fénelon lived and guided others.

I have been led to dwell on this personage by the singularity of his talents, his life, his varied fortunes, the figure and the fame that he has made in the world; convinced also that I owed it to the Duc de Beauvilliers to represent a friend and master so dear to him, and to show why it was no wonder that he was enthralled, he who with all his candour, saw nothing in that friend but the most sublime piety, and never for an instant suspected his ambition. All was so precisely regulated and adjusted in M. de Cambrai's life that he died without owing a penny or leaving a penny behind him.

Schemes of Fleury, Bishop of Frejus, to become preceptor to Louis XV.

A prelate more fortunate in this world, but whose only object was to render himself happy, laid about this time the first foundation of a reign which astonished all Europe, and has become the greatest and most lasting evil of France. I speak of the too famous Fleury, who rendered to God just two years ago an account of his long life and his all-powerful and fatal administration, of which it is not yet time to speak. All his life he had been a courtier of Maréchal de Villeroy, and now that he saw supreme favour shown to the maréchal by the king, especially in making him the successor of the Duc de Beauvilliers in the council, he concluded that by courting the Duc du Maine and making cautious advances he might succeed in getting himself appointed preceptor to the future king. The Jesuits knew him too well to trust him; but this was really what determined his success; for Mme. de Maintenon, as we know, hated them, and the Maréchal de Villeroy did not inwardly love them any better than she.

Fleury, who had never made knowledge, morals, or religion the capital of his life, had always avoided questions of doctrine. Disliked by the Jesuits, and allied to the best company, he had not restrained himself in blaming the tyranny and inquisition exercised on Jansenism, and he had always left his diocese in peace on that subject. But this idea of being preceptor made him change his conduct; he wanted to smooth reefs and get forward in so delicate and excluding a matter; so that what proved to be the last six months of his stay in Fréjus were employed in looking up doctrine, examining books and confessors, and tormenting the few nuns whom he had in the diocese. He made more noise than he did harm; but this noise, which was what he wanted and helped his friends at Court to push his cause, echoed as far as the Low-Countries and into the retreat of the famous Père Quesnel. Now Père Quesnel had just finished his seventh memorandum, to be used in examining the bull Unigenitus, and he was writing the preface, when, already irritated at the rôle of persecutor assumed by Fleury, he received a copy of a charge addressed by Fleury to his diocese. Père Quesnel could not resist the temptation to chastise this new zeal of the Bishop of Fréjus by ridiculing the charge, and he contrived to introduce the subject into his preface with the most bitter and contemptuous sarcasm, which tore the fine mandate to pieces. *Inde iræ.* Fleury, with his gentle, smiling, modest air, was the haughtiest man inwardly, and the most implacable that I have ever known. He never forgave Père Quesnel; and that was the sole cause which produced in Fleury that ferocity, until his time unknown, which bore with such excess of cruelty and tyranny against the Jansenists and the anti-constitutionalists [opposed to the bull], and the infernal measures which he took to perpetuate that fury after his death, to the lasting injury of Church and State.

Fall of the Princesse des Ursins.

We have seen how the Princesse des Ursins destroyed herself with the king and Mme. de Maintenon. The king could not forgive the audacity of her effort for sovereignty, an obstacle which her obstinacy, inspiring the King of Spain, had opposed to the Peace, in spite of all the king could do; and he only succeeded in making his grandson give up that condition, to which none of the allies would listen, by threatening to abandon him to his own resources. The king had also felt much alarm at the undisguised and unlimited authority the princess had assumed over the King of Spain after the death of the queen, and was in dread lest he should end by marrying her. But more than all, the king was piqued to the soul at the Parma marriage, negotiated and concluded without allowing him the slightest participation. King everywhere, especially in his own family, he was not accustomed to see his children marrying as they pleased. The choice itself did not please him, but its manner of proceeding made matters worse. Mme. de Maintenon, who, as we have seen, had placed and supported Mme. des Ursins on the pinnacle of authority and power solely for the purpose of reigning through her in Spain, felt keenly the throwing off of her yoke, made manifest by the complete independence in which the princess governed the king after his wife's death. She was also more alarmed than the king at the prospect of seeing her Queen of Spain when she herself had twice missed her own declaration as Queen of France, although it had been positively promised to her; and finally, the Parma marriage, made wholly without the knowledge of the king and herself, left her no further hope of governing Spain through the Princesse des Ursins. The fall of the latter was therefore determined on between the king and Mme. de Maintenon, but in a manner so secret, both before and after the event, that I have known

no one who ever penetrated the secret of what they did, or whom they employed to bring it about. It is honest to acknowledge ignorance, and not give fictions and inventions in place of that which we do not know. It is proper to relate events exactly as they happened, and only offer brief reflections for what they may be worth.

The new Queen of Spain was advancing towards Madrid with the household and guards of the King of Spain, who had gone to the frontier to receive her. Alberoni was in her suite from Parma, and the Duc de Saint-Aignan from the frontier. The Princesse des Ursins had taken for herself the post of *camerara-mayor*, which she had held under the late queen; and she had also appointed the new queen's household, filling it with her own creatures, both men and women. She was careful not to quit the king, and followed him to Guadalaxara, a little town on the road to Burgos, about as far from Madrid as Fontainebleau is from Paris. To this point the king advanced to meet the queen, and in the chapel of the palace he intended to celebrate his marriage, which had already been performed by proxy in Parma. The journey was so arranged that he reached Guadalaxara the evening before the arrival of the queen.

He made the little journey accompanied by those whom the Princesse des Ursins had stationed about him, to keep him always company and allow no others to approach him. She herself followed in her own carriage, reaching Guadalaxara at the same time. As soon as they arrived the king shut himself up alone with her, and saw no one else until he went to bed. The next day, December 23, the Princesse des Ursins started with a small suite to meet the queen at a little country-house named Quadragué, where the queen was to sleep that night. Mme. des Ursins expected to meet with the utmost gratitude for the unhoped-for grandeur she had

procured for the Princess of Parma, and to spend the evening with her, accompaning her the next day in her carriage to Guadalaxara. She went in full court-costume and jewels, with her hair dressed. On arrival she merely arranged her dress slightly, and went at once to the queen. The coldness and stiffness of her reception surprised her extremely; but she laid it, at first, to the queen's embarrassment, and did her best to warm the ice. Every one present slipped away respectfully in order to leave them alone.

The conversation then began. The queen did not allow it to continue; she at once reproached the princess for her want of respect in appearing before her in such a dress, and also for her manners. Mme. des Ursins, whose dress was correct, and whose manners were respectful and her remarks proper, knew that she was very far from deserving such an attack; she was greatly surprised, and began to excuse herself; but the queen instantly, with offensive remarks, called out for the officers of the guard and ordered them, most insultingly, to remove Mme. des Ursins from her presence. The princess endeavoured to speak and defend herself; but the queen, growing more and more furious and threatening, began to scream out an order to put that crazy woman out of her presence and out of the house by the shoulders. She then called to Amenzaga, lieutenant of the body-guard, who commanded the detachment sent to meet her, and to the equerry who had charge of her carriages, and ordered the first to arrest Mme. des Ursins and put her in a carriage, with two officers of the guards, and a dozen of their men around the carriage; and send the princess instantly to Burgos and Bayonne, and not to stop a moment by the way. Amenzaga tried to represent to the queen that no one but the King of Spain had the power which she took upon herself; on which she asked him haughtily whether he had

not received an order from the King of Spain to obey her in all things, without reserve or remonstrance. It was true that he had received such an order, though he had never mentioned it, and no one had so far known of it.

Mme. des Ursins was therefore instantly arrested and put into a carriage with her maid and two officers of the guard, without having time to change her dress or the arrangement of her hair, or to take any precaution against the cold, or obtain money or anything else, either she or her maid; nor was there any sort of food or clothing in the carriage, not a chemise, nor anything whatsoever for a change, or to sleep in. It was then seven o'clock in the evening; the ground was covered with ice and snow, the cold extreme and piercing, as it always is in Spain. As soon as the queen knew that the Princesse des Ursins was out of Quadragué she wrote a letter to the King of Spain and sent it by an officer of the guards to Guadalaxara. The night was so dark that the roads were seen only by the glimmer of the snow.

It is not easy to imagine the state of Mme. des Ursins in that carriage. Astonishment and bewilderment at first prevailed, and suspended all other emotions; but before long, sorrow, anger, rage, despair forced themselves forward. Then came sad and searching reflections on so violent and unheard-of an action, founded on a trivial pretext, and without authority; on this thought followed hopes of the king's surprise, his anger, his friendship and his confidence in her; hopes, too, in that group of faithful followers with whom she had surrounded herself, and whose interest it was to excite the king in her favour. That long winter's night passed wholly thus, — the cold terrible, no protection from it, and so severe that the coachman lost a hand. Towards morning it was necessary to stop and bait the horses; but for human beings there is nothing to be had in the hostelries of Spain,

where they merely show you places where the things you need are sold. But, even so, the meat is usually alive, the wine thick and heady, the bread sticks to the wall, the water is often undrinkable, and as for beds, they are only for muleteers. Consequently a traveller must take everything with him, and Mme. des Ursins had not a single thing of any description with her. Eggs, when they were able to obtain any, were her sole resource, fresh or not, throughout the journey.

Up to this moment of baiting the horses the silence had been profound and uninterrupted. It was now broken. Throughout that long night the princess had had leisure to think of the tone she would take and to compose her features. She now spoke of her great surprise and of the very few words that had passed between herself and the queen. The two officers of the guards, accustomed, like all Spain, to fear and respect her even more than their king, replied as best they could from the depths of the astonishment into which they were flung. Soon the horses were put-to and they started again; the help that the princess hoped for from the king of Spain had not arrived. No rest, no food, no means of undressing until they reached Saint-Jean de Luz. As time went on and the distance increased and no news overtook her, she realized at last that hope was vain. We can fancy the anger that succeeded in the heart of a woman so ambitious, so accustomed to reign before the eyes of all, thus hastily and insultingly flung from the summit of omnipotence by the hand of one whom she herself had chosen to be a solid support for the duration of her grandeur. She was faithful to herself. No tears, regrets, reproaches, nor the slightest weakness escaped her, — not a complaint, even of the cold or the terrible fatigue of such a journey. The two officers who were guarding her could

not restrain their admiration. At last she reached the end of her bodily sufferings and the presence of her guards at Saint-Jean de Luz, where she arrived on the 14th of January and was able to obtain a bed, to borrow a change of clothing, and get food and rest. There she was set at liberty. The guards, the officers, and the carriage which had brought her returned to Spain, and she had time to think of what might await her at Versailles. In spite of her folly about the sovereignty, so persistently carried on, and her audacity in having made the marriage of the King of Spain without the concurrence of the king, she flattered herself she still possessed resources at a Court she had long mastered. From Saint-Jean de Luz she despatched a courier with letters to the king, to Mme. de Maintenon, and her friends, giving a brief account of the thunderbolt which had just overwhelmed her, and asking permission to go to Court and relate it in detail. She awaited the return of her courier in this first spot of rest and freedom, which in itself is a very agreeable residence. Let us now return for a moment to Guadalaxara.

The officer of the guards whom the queen had despatched with a letter to the King of Spain found him about to go to bed. He seemed moved by the letter, wrote a short reply to the queen, but gave no order. The officer returned at once. Strange to say, the secret of what had happened was so well kept that it did not transpire till after ten o'clock on the following morning. It can be imagined what emotions then seized the whole Court. No one, however, dared to speak to the king; they waited anxiously to discover what his answer to the queen contained. The whole morning went by and nothing was heard; then indeed, they began to think that all was really over for the Princesse des Ursins in Spain. Her nephews, Chalais and

Santi, ventured to ask permission of the king to go to her, and accompany her in her abandonment. Not only did he permit it, but he gave them a letter for her, a letter of simple courtesy in which he said he was very sorry for what had happened; that he had not been able to oppose his authority to the will of the queen, but he should continue her salaries and would take care that they were paid. He kept his word, and as long as she lived she received them promptly. The king, his grandfather, showed not the slightest surprise when a courier despatched by the Duc de Saint-Aignan from Quadragué itself brought him the news of what had happened, — news which threw our Court into a state of amazement and horror, after seeing the princess so triumphant in its midst.

Reflections.

Let us now gather together a few sparks of light which may help us to see through this darkness: First, the speech that escaped the king to Torcy about Mme. des Ursins, and which seemed to us so mysterious that even then I thought it portended her disgrace; next, the groundless quarrel, without apparent reason, cause, or pretext, picked by the queen at the very first moment of their interview, and pushed by her at once to the utmost extremity. Can we believe that a daughter of Parma, brought up in a garret by an imperious mother, would have dared to take, of herself, so bold a step, unheard-of in fact, towards a person of such consideration, one in the closest confidence of the King of Spain, whom she had not yet seen and who was only seven leagues distant from her? The matter clears itself a little when we remember the secret and very unusual order given by the King of Spain to Amenzaga, namely: that he should obey without reserve or reply any order the queen might give him, — a command that Amenzaga did not make known

until the queen had given him the order to arrest the princess and send her to the frontier.

Let us remark also the tranquillity with which the king and his grandson received the first news of the event; the inaction of the King of Spain, the coldness of his letter to Mme. des Ursins, and his perfect indifference to what a person, so dear only the night before, might suffer night and day on icy roads and deprived of everything. Alberoni, who had been employed by Mme. des Ursins to negotiate the Parma marriage, and who followed the queen from Parma to Madrid, relates that being in the room alone with her, she seemed much agitated, walked up and down with restless steps, muttering certain words, among which he caught the name of Mme. des Ursins, adding immediately: "I will drive her away at once." On this he represented to the queen the danger, the madness, the inutility of such a thing, the mere thought of which put him quite beside himself. "Be silent on what you have heard," replied the queen; "let it never escape you. Don't talk to me; I know what I am doing." All these things, taken together, throw a strong light on a catastrophe equally amazing as to the thing itself and as to the manner of doing it, and plainly shows Louis XIV. as the author, the King of Spain as consenting and contributing by the order given to Amenzaga, and the queen the actor charged with the execution of the plot by the two kings. Subsequent events in France confirm this opinion.

Princesse des Ursins in Paris; mortifications she endures.

When Mme. des Ursins reached Paris she went to the house of her brother, the Duc de Noirmoutiers, in the rue Saint-Dominique, next door to mine. This journey must have seemed to her very different from the last she had made to France, when her presence had been that of a queen at Court. Few

persons, except her old friends and those of her former cabal, went to see her. The Duc d'Orléans, now completely reconciled with the King of Spain, felt that it was seriously for his interests, far more than a mere matter of weak revenge, to show by some marked action that it was only to the hatred and manœuvres of the Princesse des Ursins that he owed his troubles in Spain, which so nearly brought his head to the scaffold. To this he was urged by his wife, and still more by Madame, until finally he requested the king to forbid the Princesse des Ursins to go to any place, even at Versailles, where himself and the Duchesse d'Orléans, Madame, and the Duchesse de Berry might meet her; and all four of them gave the strictest orders to their households not to visit her, even requesting the same from the friends who were particularly attached to them. This request, which the king granted, made a great noise and proclaimed openly Mme. de Maintenon's abandonment of the princess and the king's dislike, and caused her great embarrassment.

I could not blame the Duc d'Orléans for taking this course, which was plain retribution for the scandals imputed to him, but I represented to him that having been the particular friend of Mme. des Ursins (setting aside her conduct to him, and not comparing my attachment to him with my friendship for her), I could not forget the kindness she had always shown me, particularly on that last triumphant visit of hers, and that it would be very hard upon me to be asked not to see her. We therefore compromised, and the duke agreed that I should see her twice; once when she arrived and again when she left; under a promise that I would not go to see her a third time, and that Mme. de Saint-Simon should not see her at all, on account of her position in the Duchesse de Berry's household, — a matter we both digested very unwillingly, but were forced to swallow. As I wished

at any rate to get the full benefit of my innings I sent word to Mme. des Ursins of these shackles, and told her that I should let the first days of her visit go by before asking an audience. My message was very well received; she had known through many years how I stood with the Duc d'Orléans and was not surprised at the restrictions; on the contrary she was pleased with what I had obtained. A few days after she had paid her visit to Versailles I went to her at two in the afternoon; she instantly closed her doors to every one, without exception, and I was *tête-à-tête* with her till ten at night.

I pass eight consecutive hours with her.

It can well be imagined how many things passed in review before us in so long an interview. I found the same friendship, the same confidence, much discretion as to the Duc d'Orléans and his family, perfect frankness as to all the rest. She related her catastrophe, without involving either the king or the King of Spain, whom she still praised; but as to the queen, without giving wholly loose to her tongue, she predicted to me what has since happened. She told me all that she had gone through, spoke very naturally of her visit to Versailles, of her painful position in Paris, of the late queen and the King of Spain, of the many persons who had figured in the government and outside of it, and finally of her various uncertain ideas as to where she could retire with dignity, about which there seemed a struggle in her mind. Those eight hours of conversation with a person who could relate so many curious things, seemed to me eight minutes. The hour for supper, though delayed, separated us, after many mutual and sincere protestations, and much regret on both sides that Mme. de Saint-Simon could not see her. She promised to let me know of her departure in time for us to spend one more day together.

Her visit to Versailles had not been agreeable. She had gone there on the morning of Wednesday to dine with the Duchesse du Lude, with whom she remained until the hour when the king went as usual to Mme. de Maintenon, where she went too, expecting to see him alone with the latter, but found she was no longer allowed to be *tête-à-tête* with them; after which she retired into the town to the house of Mme. Adam, wife of the head-clerk of foreign affairs, who gave her a bed and a supper. The next day she dined with the Duchesse de Ventadour, and then returned to Paris. All she obtained from the king was the change of her pension into a sum in the public funds, which gave her forty thousand francs a year. This, which doubled the amount, was safer than a pension, which she feared she should lose as soon as the Duc d'Orléans became regent. She thought of retiring to Holland, but the States-General would not have her, either at the Hague or at Amsterdam. She had counted on the Hague. She then thought of Utrecht, but she was soon disgusted with the idea and turned her plans on Italy. She owed the pecuniary benefit thus granted by the king to the influence of the Duc du Maine, in acknowledgment of the grandeurs she had obtained for the Duc de Vendôme in Spain.

A more than doubtful ambassador from Persia.

An ambassador from Persia had arrived at Charenton, all his expenses paid from the time of his disembarkation. The king made his coming a grand affair, and Pontchartrain, the minister in charge of it, used it as a means to pay his court. In fact he was accused of creating the embassy, in which there really seemed to be nothing genuine, the manners of the ambassador belying it, as well as the miserable suite who attended him, and the poverty of the presents which he brought. This singular ambassador brought no credentials or powers from the King of

Persia or any of his ministers. He seemed to be a sort of provincial bailiff charged by the governor of his province with certain business negotiations, whom Pontchartrain metamorphosed into an ambassador, — the king alone being duped by the affair. He made his entry into Paris on horseback, between the Maréchal de Matignon and the Baron de Breteuil, introducer of ambassadors, to whom he did so many vulgar things, and made such foolish squabbles about the ceremonial that when the procession reached the hotel of the special ambassadors, they left him at the door without accompanying him inside, as the rule is, and went off to Versailles to complain to the king, who approved of their course and thought the ambassador very uncouth. Torcy went to see the envoy, who excused his impertinences on the ground of the present moon being contrary to him, for which reason he obtained a postponement of his audience with the king.

About this time Dippy died, he being the interpreter of oriental languages to the king. It was necessary therefore to send for a *curé* living near Amboise, who had passed some years in Persia. It so happened that I knew him well and I now talked with him. He was a man of much consideration, wise and sensible, who knew the manners and customs and government of Persia as well as the language. From what he saw and knew of this ambassador, with whom he lived as long as the latter remained in Paris, it was his opinion that the embassy was fictitious, and the ambassador some common kind of merchant, who was much embarrassed to sustain his part, and was lacking in every way. The king, however, to whom he was always spoken of as genuine, and who was almost the only man of his Court who believed him to be so, was extremely flattered that an embassy from Persia should be sent to him without an invitation on his part. He talked of it with much com-

placency, and expressed a wish that the whole Court should appear in the utmost magnificence on the day of the audience, which was fixed for Tuesday, February 19. He himself set the example, which was followed with great extravagance.

His audience and behaviour.

A magnificent throne, raised several steps, was placed at the end of the gallery, with tiers of steps down each side of the gallery, which was, together with all the apartments, superbly decorated. The steps nearest the throne were for the ladies of the Court; those lower down for men and *gapers;* but no one was allowed to enter who was not in full dress. The king lent for this occasion a set of pearls and diamonds to the Duc du Maine, and a set of coloured stones to the Comte de Toulouse. The Duc d'Orléans wore a coat of blue velvet, embroidered in mosaic with pearls and diamonds, which carried off the palm for splendour and good taste.

The courtyards, roofs, and avenues swarmed with people; which amused the king much as he looked from the windows and took great pleasure in watching for the arrival of the ambassador, who came at eleven o'clock in the king's coaches, attended as before by Maréchal de Matignon and the Baron de Breteuil. They all mounted their horses at the end of the avenue, and rode, preceded by the suite of the ambassador, into the great courtyard, where they dismounted at the door of the colonel of the guards. The suite seemed very wretched in every way; the so-called ambassador was greatly embarrassed, and very badly dressed; the presents beneath notice. Then the king, accompanied by all who were with him in the cabinet, went to the gallery and showed himself to the ladies on the steps, the nearest to the throne being occupied by the princesses of the blood. He himself wore a coat of black and gold stuff with the Order above it; the

coat was decorated with the finest of the crown diamonds to the value of over twelve millions of francs; he bent beneath the weight of them and seemed much broken, thinner, and looked very ill in the face. He seated himself on the throne, the princes of the blood and the bastards standing beside him, with their heads uncovered. The Duchesse de Ventadour stood on the right of the throne, holding the present king in leading strings. The Elector of Bavaria was on the second tier of steps with the ladies he brought with him, and the Comte de Lusace (that is, the Prince-Elector of Saxony) was on that of the Princesse de Conti, daughter of M. le Prince. Coypel, the painter, and Boze, secretary of the Academy of Inscriptions, were at the foot of the throne, one to make a picture of the scene, the other to write a record of it. Pontchartrain had forgotten nothing that might flatter the king and make him believe that this embassy recalled the apogee of his early glory; in a word he fooled him impudently merely to please him.

By this time no one but the king was duped. The ambassador arrived by the grand staircase of the ambassadors, crossed the grand apartments, and entered the gallery through the salon at the farther end, opposite to where the throne was erected. The splendour of the spectacle completely disconcerted him. He was angry two or three times during the audience with the interpreter, and gave reason for suspicion that he understood French. After the audience, he was entertained at dinner by the king's officers; he then paid a visit to the future king in the late queen's apartments, superbly decorated for the occasion; after which he visited Torcy and Pontchartrain, and returned to Paris. The presents, as little worthy of the King of Persia as of the King of France, consisted in all of four hundred very ordinary pearls, two hundred worthless turquoises, and two gold boxes full of

a rare balsam which issues from one rock inclosed in another rock, and congeals after a certain space of time. It is said to be marvellous for wounds.

Bets in England on the death of the king.

Though it is not yet time to speak of the king's state of health, it was seen to decline visibly, and his appetite, always so great and so regular, was very considerably diminished. While the attention of the Court was fixed on all this, not the slightest change took place in his accustomed way of life, nor in the divers arrangements of his day, always the same in their diversity. Foreign countries also were not less watchful or less well informed. Bets were made as to whether his life would or would not last beyond the 1st of September, that is to say, three months; and though the king always wanted to know everything, it can well be imagined that no one was willing to tell him the news from London. He usually made Torcy read him the gazettes from Holland after the council of State. One day, not having previously looked over the paper, Torcy came suddenly on a mention of these bets in an article from London; he stopped, stammered, and skipped the passage. The king observed this and asked the reason, — what he skipped and why. Torcy coloured to the whites of his eyes, said what he could about its being some impertinence not worthy of being read. The king insisted, and then Torcy, in the greatest embarrassment, read the bets from end to end. The king did not show that he was hurt, but he was, profoundly; so much so that when soon after he sat down to table he could not refrain from speaking of the matter and looking round at the company, though without mentioning the gazette. This was at Marly, and it so chanced that I was present. The king looked at me as he did at the others, but more as if he expected me to reply. I took good care not to open my lips, and I dropped my

eyes. The king seemed moved, like a man who did not wish to show it. He made an effort to eat, and to eat with appetite, but it was noticed that the morsels turned in his mouth; and this trifling event increased the watchfulness of the Court, especially of those who, by their position, had more reason to be wary than the others.

Boulainvilliers; his predictions, true and false.

Boulainvilliers, with whom I became acquainted through the Duc de Noailles, was a man of quality, who claimed to be related to the house of Croï; he was not very prosperous, and had served little, but he had a good mind and knew much of letters. He possessed a great knowledge of history, especially that of France, to which he applied himself, particularly as to the ancient spirit and the ancient government, and the various steps of its decline to the present form. He had also delved into the genealogies of the kingdom; no one doubted his capacity, and few his superiority in those two lines of inquiry, in which a perfectly clear and accurate memory served him much. He was a gentle, simple man, humble by nature, though he felt himself strong, far indeed from boasting of his knowledge and ready to explain it without seeking to show it off; his modesty was rare in every way. But he was eager for information to the highest degree, and his mind was so free that nothing was capable of restraining his curiosity. He had given himself up to astrology, and had the reputation of being very successful. He was, however, extremely reserved on this subject; none but his intimate friends were allowed to speak of it, and to them alone would he make reply.

He often resided on his estate of Saint-Cère, near the sea, not far from Forges, where he would go to visit his acquaintance, and, I rather think, pick up the news, about which he was always inquisitive. When Mme. de Saint-Simon went to

take the waters at Forges he came to see her, and asked so much about the king that she felt sure he thought he had some surer knowledge on that subject than was known to others. She told him her thought. At first he denied it, but finally yielded. She asked him what he thought of the king's health, which was visibly declining, although there was no sign whatever of a speedy end. This was on the fifteenth or sixteenth of August. Boulainvilliers told her that he believed the king would not live long, and, being pressed, added that he thought he would die on the day of Saint-Louis, but he had not yet been able to verify his calculations precisely; he was, however, certain that the king would be *in extremis* on that day, and if he survived it he would certainly die before the third of September. Boulainvilliers had predicted, long before the death of the King of Spain, that neither Monseigneur nor any of his three sons would reign in France. He foresaw by several years the death of his only son, and his own, which the event verified; but he was mistaken about that of many others, specially that of the present king, Louis XV., who he thought would die young. The Duc d'Orléans, he said, would die after two years in a prison, which he would never leave. I need not cite other instances of the false and the true; these are enough to show the falsity, the nothingness of this pretended science, which seduces so many men of intellect, and which Boulainvilliers himself, captivated as he was by it, had the sincerity to admit was founded on no principle.

The king's desires to hold a "lit de justice" to enregister the bull.

Père Tellier, who had not yet managed to get his national council, at which he and Bissy expected to have the bull accepted, saw with despair the risk it ran if the king died before its acceptance. He made a last effort. The king sent several messages on the subject to the chief-justice and the offi-

cers of the law. D'Aguesseau, *procureur-général,* was the one who held out against it most firmly; the chief-justice floated between the Court and his party; Fleury, first *avocat-général,* put all his wits and all his shrewdness (and no one had more) into gaining time, without too much open opposition. Chauvelin, another *avocat-général,* full of cleverness, knowledge, and ideas, who had neither God nor law but his own fortunes, was sold to the Jesuits and to all that could advance them. Tellier, sure of his support, had brought him for a year past into secret confidence with the king, who admitted him the back way and worked with him *tête-à-tête.* Some violent course was suspected, judging by certain words which escaped the king, — said, no doubt, expressly to intimidate. The wife of d'Aguesseau, a sister of Ormesson, exhorted her husband to stand all the more firm, because he was surrounded by such companions; and on his starting for Marly, whither the king had summoned them, she conjured him, as she embraced him, to forget that he had a wife and children, to count his own office and fortune as nothing, but his honour, his conscience as all. Those virtuous words had their effect. He sustained the assault all but alone; but he spoke with such respect, such force, such clearness, that the others dared not wholly abandon him; so that the king, incensed by the opposition, turned angrily upon him, and he was for a time in danger of losing his office. But such violence, which would only have embittered the minds of all, was not Père Tellier's idea. Though keenly sensible to the charms of vengeance, he was not going to turn aside for it, and he urged the king so strongly that he forced him, against his almost invincible repugnance, and to the injury of his health, to declare that on his return from Marly he would go to Paris to hold a *lit de justice* and see himself whether or not he had the power to have the bull

registered by parliament without modification. He sent word of this to parliament, where it spread consternation, but not so generally that opinions were not fairly balanced, both there and at Court, and in society, where nothing else was talked of.

The Duc d'Orléans, who was not ignorant of what I thought about the bull and had often told me what he thought himself, asked me what I should do on this occasion. I replied that the duty and oath of the peers are precise as to the obligation of assisting the king in all high and important affairs; and that I should not hesitate to be present. But first, I should leave everything in a state to be found exactly as I wished; I should have money and my post-chaise ready, and then I should go to the *lit de justice*, and having my conscience, my honour, the laws of the kingdom, and justice and truth to guard and answer for, I should speak with all my strength against the bull, its registration, its acceptance, with as much respect for the king and his authority as I could command, perfectly convinced that I should not return to my own home, and should get off cheaply with an exile, if I did not go to the Bastille. At this prompt answer, the Duc d'Orléans, who knew me too well to doubt the truth and firmness of my resolution, looked at me a moment, and then embraced me. He said he not only approved of my decision, but that he should do the same himself, with this difference, that he should speak from a place where there was nothing between himself and the king, who should not lose one word of his discourse, and would see him from head to foot as he spoke, and would probably so tremble with rage at finding himself resisted to his face that no one could tell what might come of it. We spoke again of the matter several times, preparing ourselves mutually, until the day when the king returned to

Versailles, and was on the point of going to parliament, when his health gave way, the *lit de justice* was given up, and with it the registration on which Père Tellier's heart was set.

I should not have dwelt so long on a matter which never took place, if I did not think it both curious and important to show the Duc d'Orléans as he showed himself to me at this time, in order to see him as he was afterwards in the same matter, which was wholly the same, without change except in being more developed, more evident, and, if possible, more odious in every respect.

VIII

THE reign of Louis XIV., now approaching its end, leaves little to report beyond the circumstances of the last month of his life. These events, so curious and so important to relate with the most exact truth and clearness and in their own precise order, are so linked with those that immediately followed the death of this monarch that it is impossible to separate them. Nor is it less curious and even necessary to reveal the projects, thoughts, difficulties, and different plans which revolved in the mind of the prince who must inevitably become the head of the kingdom, no matter what measures Mme. de Maintenon and the Duc du Maine might take to leave him only the name of regent, of which they could not deprive him, and what sort of administration he desired to establish. This is therefore the place to explain many things, after which I shall return to the narration of the last month of the king's life and the events that immediately followed it.

Necessity for interrupting the story of last days of the king.

But before entering this thorny path it is well to make known, if I can, the character of the leading personage, his internal and his external shackles, and all that personally concerned him. I say *if I can*, for I have never in my life known any one so eminently and perfectly contradictory in all things as the Duc d'Orléans. It will be perceived that although I knew him undisguisedly for many years, during which he had hidden nothing from me, and during these latter years I had been the only man he wished to see and the only one to whom he could open his heart,—

and he did open it from confidence and from necessity,— it will be felt, I say, in what follows, that I did not yet know him perfectly, nor did he fully know himself.

First part of the character of the Duc d'Orléans.

The Duc d'Orléans was of scarcely medium height, very plump without being fat, his air and carriage easy and very noble, his face large, agreeable, high-coloured on a dark skin, encased in a black wig. Though he was always a bad dancer and had succeeded rather poorly at the Academy, he had an infinite grace of expression, gesture, and manner, which was so natural that it shone in all his actions, even the most ordinary. With much ease when nothing constrained him, he was gentle, cordial, frank, charmingly accessible, with a delightful tone of voice and a gift of speech that was quite peculiar to himself, in whatever direction it might take; possessing a fluency, clearness, and precision which always fascinated. His eloquence was natural, even on the commonest and most every-day topics; with equal precision and accuracy on matters of abstract science, which he rendered clear, on the affairs of government, politics, finance, questions of law, the armies, the Court, in ordinary conversation, and about all sorts of arts and mechanics. History and memoirs he knew well and employed usefully; the personages of all time and their lives were present with him, and he knew the intrigues of former Courts as he did those of his own day. To hear him, one would have thought him a vast reader. Not at all. He skimmed lightly; but his memory was so remarkable that he forgot neither things, names, nor dates, which he gave with precision; and his apprehension was so quick that in skimming he gained as much as though he read carefully. He excelled in speaking impromptu, with aptness and vivacity, either in repartee or wit. He often reproached me (and so did others even more than he) that I never flattered

him; but I often gave him one praise which is deserved by very few and belongs to none so justly as it does to him, namely: that although he had immense intelligence, and of all sorts, his singular perspicacity was joined to such justness and accuracy that he would never have been mistaken in any affair had he followed the first perceptions of his own mind. Sometimes he took this praise of mine for blame; he was not always wrong as to that, but it was none the less true. With all these gifts, no assumption, no trace of superiority of mind or knowledge, arguing always as an equal with equals; nothing imposing or constraining about him in society, and while he thoroughly felt who and what he was, so that others could never forget it in his presence, he put all at their ease and himself at their level.

Although he had no liking for gossip, still less for being what is called malicious, he was dangerous in his opinions on the valour of others. He never sought to speak of courage, and was modest and silent about himself personally in that respect, and if he related things of that nature in which he had played the chief part, he always equitably gave full praise to others and said nothing of himself; but he seldom avoided biting those who were not, as he expressed it, *francs du collier*, willing to press on; and for them he made one feel his contempt and repugnance. He had the foible of fancying he resembled Henri IV. in everything; he affected his ways, his repartees; he even persuaded himself that he was like him in face and figure, and no other flattery or homage so touched his heart. This was a complaisance to which I never could bend myself; I felt too strongly that he sought that resemblance as much in the vices of the great king as in his virtues, and that he admired the former as much as the latter. Like Henri IV. he was naturally kind, humane, compassionate; and this man, so cruelly accused

of the blackest and most inhuman crime, was the one most naturally opposed to the injury of others whom I have ever known; nay, a man so singularly averse to even paining them that it may truly be said that his gentleness, his humanity, his accommodating spirit became defects; in fact, I do not fear to say that he turned the supreme virtue of the forgiveness of enemies into vice, so that its generosity without reason or discrimination came very near being insensibility, and caused him many grievous annoyances and evils, examples and proofs of which will be found in the sequel.

I remember that about a year before the king's death, having gone up early after dinner to see the Duchesse d'Orléans at Marly, I found her in bed with a headache, and the Duc d'Orléans alone with her, sitting in a chair by the bedside. I was hardly seated before the duchess began to tell me a fact about the Prince and the Cardinal de Rohan lately occurring and proved by the clearest evidence, which concerned measures taken against the Duc d'Orléans based on those execrable imputations fomented by Mme. de Maintenon and the Duc du Maine. I exclaimed against the infamy, all the more because the Duc d'Orléans had always, I don't know why, favoured the two brothers and relied upon them. "And what do you say," she added, "of the Duc d'Orléans, who, since he knows that fact, and does not and cannot doubt it, is just as kind to them as usual?" I looked at the duke, who was lolling in his chair and had merely uttered a few words to confirm the narrative, and I said to him: "I shall say the truth, monsieur, and that is that since Louis le Débonnaire there has never been any one as débonnaire as you." At these words he bounded up in his chair, red with anger to the whites of his eyes, stuttering with wrath against me, who, he declared, was saying spiteful things to him, and against the Duchesse d'Orléans, who had

brought them down upon him, and who was laughing. "Courage, monsieur," I said; "find fault with your friends and indulge your enemies. I am delighted that you are angry; it shows I have put my finger on the boil; press hard and the patient cries. I should like to squeeze all the pus out of it, and then you would be another man." He growled still, but was soon pacified. This was one of the only two occasions when he was really angry with me. The other I will relate in due time.

He loved liberty; and as much for others as for himself. He often praised up England on this point, where, he said, there were no exiles, no *lettres de cachet*, and where the king could forbid nothing but the entrance to his own palace, nor put any one into prison of his own will. Ambition to reign or to govern was not in him. If he did a perfectly foolish thing in Spain, it was solely because some one had put it into his head. He never thought, as we shall see, seriously of governing until he was forced either to exercise his rights of birth or be crushed and dishonoured. As for reigning, I am not afraid to declare that he never desired it, and had the occasion come, he would have been both embarrassed and irked by it. Then what *did* he want? I shall be asked. To command the armies as long as the wars lasted, and to amuse himself the rest of the time, without restraint for himself or others.

This was really what he was fitted for. A natural, tranquil valour, which allowed him to see and foresee all, and remedy all; a great breadth of mind for the chess-board of a campaign, for the plans of it, and for gathering all he needed in their execution; for establishing in advance his resources, and knowing how to hold them ready and profit by them from first to last; and also for using with wise vigour and promptitude all the advantages that the chances of war

might give him. It may be said truly that he was commander, engineer, and commissary; that he knew the effective force of his troops, the names and capacity of his officers, the distinguishing points of each corps; that he knew also how to make himself adored and yet maintain discipline and execute, even when he lacked everything, the most difficult manœuvres. It was for this he was so admired in Spain, and so regretted (because so thwarted) in Italy, where he foresaw the enemy's advance and Marsin stopped his arm. His plans, whether in matters of war or in those of the State, were judicious and firm; it was surprising, the detail with which he took in all questions without confusion and saw the advantages and disadvantages of the courses that presented themselves; also the clearness with which he could exhibit them to others; in short, the infinite variety and accuracy of his knowledge without ever putting it on exhibition or having, in truth, a better opinion of himself.

What a man! — so above all others, and so informed on every point! Where can we find one more expressly formed to make the happiness of France when he came to govern it? Let us add here one essential quality: he was thirty-six years old at the death of the dauphin, and nearly thirty-eight at that of the Duc de Berry; he had spent those years as a private individual, wholly removed from all idea of ever coming to the helm; as a courtier, battered by storms and tempests, who had lived in a manner to know all men who were personages, and most of those who were not; in a word, he had had the advantage of leading a private life among men and acquiring a knowledge of them which without that life could not otherwise have been supplied to him. All this was the fine side of his nature — very fine undoubtedly, and very rare. Unhappily there is another, and

a contrasting one, which must here be revealed at the risk of some slight repetition of what has been said already.

This prince, born to be the honour and the master-work of a noble education, was not fortunate in his preceptors. Saint-Laurent, a man of no position, who held merely a small office in Monsieur's household, was the first to whom he was confided. He was, however, a man to have chosen by preference throughout all Europe for the education of kings, but he died before his pupil was of an age to profit by him; and, by the greatest of all misfortunes, his death was so sudden that he had no time to remember the hands in which he left him, nor could he have imagined that those hands would be fastened on him permanently. We have seen (at the beginning of these Memoirs) who and what was the Abbé Dubois, why he was employed by Saint-Laurent, how he succeeded in worming himself into the friendship and confidence of a lad who knew no one, and the enormous use he made of it to hope for fortune, and meantime to earn his bread. This man became after the death of Louis XIV. so great a personage that it is necessary to make him known.

Character of the Abbe, afterwards Cardinal Dubois.

The Abbé Dubois was a thin, slender, sorry-looking, little man, with a blond wig and a weasel face that was clever but full of what in vulgar French is called *sacre* [cursedness], but cannot otherwise be expressed. All the vices fought within him for mastery. They kept up a constant uproar and conflict among themselves. Avarice, debauchery, ambition were his gods; treachery, flattery, servility, his means; utter impiety his rest; the opinion that integrity and honesty were mere shams with which people adorn themselves, having no reality in their lives, his principle; consequently all means to his ends were, to his mind, good. He excelled in base intrigues;

in fact, he lived in them and could not do without them; but always for some object, to which all his proceedings tended with a patience which never ceased until he obtained success or the reiterated demonstration that success could never be obtained, — unless, indeed, while groping thus in the depths and darkness, he chanced on a gleam of light in some other mine. He passed his life in sapping. The boldest lying was second nature in him, and he did it with a simple, upright, sincere, and often deprecating air. He could have talked with grace and facility if, in his desire to penetrate others, the fear of advancing more than he wished had not accustomed him to a fictitious stammering, which was disagreeable and became, when much increased by the importance of a topic, absolutely intolerable, and sometimes unintelligible. Otherwise his conversation would have been agreeable. He had mind, some knowledge of letters, history, and books; much knowledge of the world, and a great desire to please, and insinuate himself. But all this was spoilt by the fumes of falseness, which issued, in spite of himself, through the pores of his skin, deadening even his gayety. It became known, as soon as he dared cease to restrain himself, how selfish, debauched, inconsistent, ignorant essentially, passionate, blaspheming, and crazy he was; and how he openly despised his master, the State, and society without exception, in order to sacrifice them all to himself, to his influence, his power, his greatness, his avarice, his fears, and his revenges. Such was the sage to whom Monsieur confided the morals of his only son.

So good a master did not lose time with a disciple still fresh, in whom the excellent principles of Saint-Laurent had not had time to strike root, whatever esteem and affection he retained throughout his life for that excellent man. I must here acknowledge with bitterness, because everything

must be sacrificed to truth, that the Duc d'Orléans brought into the world a pliancy, or to call things by their right names, a weakness which marred all his talents incessantly, and was to this preceptor a marvellous assistance all his life. Dubois flattered him on the side of his morals to entice him into debauchery, and on the side of his mind to persuade him he had too much of it to be duped by religion, which was from all time, according to the abbé's ideas, a mere invention of policy, to frighten ordinary minds and keep the peoples in subjection. He infatuated the youth with his favourite principle that integrity in man and virtue in woman were myths without reality in any one, — unless it might be a few fools who had let such shackles as those of religion be imposed upon them, and perhaps a few other persons who, having minds and capacity, had allowed themselves to be dwarfed by the prejudices of education. This was the doctrine of the worthy ecclesiastic, whence followed license for lies, craft, infidelity, treachery, every species of means; in a word, all crime and all rascality under the specious names of capacity, cleverness, grandeur, freedom, and depth of mind, ideas, and conduct, provided only that men knew how to conceal their convictions and avoid the prejudices and suspicions of common people.

Second part of the character of the Duc d'Orléans.

Unhappily, everything concurred in the Duc d'Orléans to open his heart and mind to this execrable poison. A fresh youth, much vigor and health, the transports of a first escape from the yoke, the mortification of his marriage, and his enforced idleness with its consequent ennui, a liking, so fatal at an early age, for that fine air of man of the world which the youth desires to imitate and surpass, together with the seductions of passion and the example of the young men about him, accustomed him to debauchery, and still more to the racket

of debauchery, so that finally he could not do without it, and could be amused only by noise, tumult, and excess.

Returning more assiduously to Court after the death of Monsieur, ennui laid hold of him and threw him into that study of chemistry which was so cruelly used against him. He was born *ennuyé*, and was so accustomed by this time to live outside of himself that it was intolerable to him to live within; and yet he was incapable of seeking an occupation. He could only live in the movement and torrent of affairs, as for instance, at the head of an army, or busy with the cares of preparing what was needful for a campaign, or in the midst of the noise and vivacity of debauchery. He languished when there was no noise, no excess, no tumult. He threw himself into painting, after his great taste for chemistry was deadened by all that was so cruelly said of it. He painted almost every afternoon at Versailles and at Marly. He was a judge of pictures and loved them, and made a collection which in number and character were not behind those of the crown. Never man was born with more talents of all sorts or so much readiness and ease in using them; yet never was any life so vacant, so delivered over to the bore of emptiness.

Madame used to say that all the fairies had been invited to her son's birth, and they all came, and each of them gave him a talent, so that he had every one of them; but unluckily, one old fairy was forgotten, and being piqued at the neglect and at getting there so late that the other fairies had given them all, she revenged herself by endowing him with a faculty that made them worthless; so that, although he had them all, he had never been able to use any. It must be owned that in the main the portrait is striking.

One of the misfortunes of this prince was to be incapable of perseverance, even to the point of not being able to com-

prehend what it was. Another, of which I have already spoken, was a species of insensibility, which kept him without gall under the most mortal offences and the most dangerous; and as the nerve and sinew of hatred and friendship, of gratitude and vengeance, is the same, and as he lacked this principle, the results were many and pernicious. He was timid to excess; he felt this, and was so ashamed of it that he affected the contrary, even to pride himself upon his boldness. But the truth was, as every one felt when his authority developed, nothing could be obtained from him, neither favour nor justice, except through fear, or by excessive importunity. He tried to escape by words, then by promises, of which his facile nature made him prodigal, but only those who had the strongest grip could make him keep them. Hence so many broken pledges that his word at last came to mean nothing; and so many promises made to so many persons of the same thing which could only be granted to one person, were a fruitful source of discredit and discontent. Nothing misled or injured him more than his opinion that he was born to know how to deceive the rest of mankind. He was never believed, even when he spoke sincerely, and his facile readiness lessened the value of all he did. Besides all this, the obscure and, for the most part, rascally company which he kept, and which he himself did not refrain from publicly calling his "roués," drove away the good that was in him and did him infinite harm.

Though we often talked of religion, which, as long as I could hope to bring him back to it, I presented in all ways, so as to treat that important subject in a manner that should not repulse him, I was never able to make out the system, if any, which he invented for himself; and I finally became convinced that he floated hither and thither without being able to

form one. His passionate desire, as it is with all men of like morals, was to be sure there was no God; but he had too much intelligence ever to be an atheist, — which is a particular species of madman much less common than people think. A mortal soul would have been a comfort to him, but he never succeeded in his efforts to persuade himself he had one. A living God and an immortal soul drove him into an awkward strait, for he could not blind himself as to the truth of either. Deism seemed to him a refuge, but his deism found so much to combat within him that I had no great difficulty in bringing him back to the true path after I had made him break with Mme. d'Argenton. Unfortunately, his return to debauchery threw him back to where he had been. He listened to nothing but the racket of passions, — accompanied, to make it the more vertiginous, with his old impiety, or rather the silly affectation of impiety. I therefore only know what he was *not*, and I do not know what he was in the matter of religion. But I cannot forget his extreme uneasiness on that great subject, nor convince myself that he would not have sent for all the priests and capuchins he had despised and held up to ridicule, had a dangerous illness given him time. His foible was to plume himself on his irreligion, and to try to surpass the boldest scoffer.

I remember one Christmas night at Versailles, when he accompanied the king to matins, and to the three midnight masses, how he surprised the Court by his absorbed reading in the book he carried, which seemed to be a prayer-book. The head waiting-maid of the Duchesse d'Orléans, long in the family, much attached to them, and like all other good old servants, very free, was so transported with joy at this devoutness that she complimented him upon it the next day before the duchess and some company. The Duc d'Orléans amused himself for a while in making her dance to that

tune, and then he said: "You are very silly, Mme. Imbert. Do you want to know what I was reading? It was Rabelais, which I took with me for fear of being bored." The fact was so, but it was pure bravado. Not to compare places or things, the music of the chapel was far above that of the Opera, and of all the bands in Europe; and as the matins, lauds, and three low masses of Christmas night last a long time, the music on that occasion surpasses itself. Moreover, nothing could be more magnificent than the decoration of the chapel and the manner in which it was lighted. It was crowded; even the recesses of the tribune were filled by the Court-ladies, not in full dress, but under arms. The beauty of the spectacle was great to the eye, and the ears were charmed. Now the Duc d'Orléans loved music extremely; he knew it sufficiently to compose it, and had even amused himself by making a little opera, for which La Fare wrote the verses, which was sung before the king. This music in the chapel was therefore quite enough to delight and occupy him, not to speak of the accompaniment of so dazzling a scene, without recourse to Rabelais; but he wanted to play the free-thinker and scoffer.

Character of the Duchesse d'Orléans.

Mme. la Duchesse d'Orléans was another sort of person. She was tall and at all points majestic; her complexion, throat, and arms admirable; her eyes also; the mouth rather good, with fine teeth, a little long; the cheeks too full and pendent, which injured but did not spoil her beauty. What disfigured her most were the places for the eyebrows, which were red and as if raw, with very few hairs; her eyelashes were fine, and her chestnut hair well planted. Without being lame or deformed, one side was larger than the other, so that she walked sidling. She had not less intelligence than the Duc d'Orléans, but far more perseverance of mind; with a natural elo-

quence, a correctness of expression, an unexpectedness in her choice of words that was quite original and always pleasing, and with it the wondrous charm peculiar to Mme. de Montespan and her sisters, and possessed by none but her family or those brought up in it. The Duchesse d'Orléans said all she wished to say, and as she wished to say it, with force, delicacy, and affability; she even said what she did not utter, and could make herself understood to the precise extent she chose. But her speech was slow and guttural, and so difficult to ears that were not accustomed to it that this defect, of which she did not seem to be aware, was extremely disparaging to what she said.

The total abandonment of the Court, the absolute solitude of the Duc d'Orléans, and the laziness of the Duchesse d'Orléans, who thought she ought not to make a step towards any one, her pride and her laziness being perfectly agreed to await all homage without taking pains about it, made their life languishing, mortifying, indecorous, and despised. That was one of the first things to remedy. They both felt this, but it must be said that the Duchesse d'Orléans, once convinced and resolved, gave herself to the work with much more courage and perseverance than the duke. I say courage, because of the continual mortifications that her pride was forced to put up with in her long efforts to get out of this condition. The ladies she invited to her dinners were fertile in excuses. They feared the company of the Duc d'Orléans. The shrewdest watched for his trips to Paris in order to dine with his wife, and thought themselves quit of the duty for a long period after one dinner. They feared the king, that is, Mme. de Maintenon and M. du Maine; refusals were constant, excuses many, until it was impossible to refuse any longer. The Duchesse d'Orléans, aware at last of the importance of breaking down so indecent a barrier which

separated her from society on account of her husband, and also convinced that she could not do this without coaxing the world to approach her, did not flinch. She assumed the most ingratiating manner that was possible in her to melt the ice and make her apartments and her table attractive. The labour was odious and continual, but, in the end, successful. Some grew bolder from the example of others, and the number of her guests increased little by little, and more and more. The dinners were exquisite; and after a while, respectfulness and propriety being observed, constraint was but little perceptible. The Duc d'Orléans restrained the freedom of his talk; little by little he began to converse on topics that were not contraband, such as public affairs, and general matters that were suitable and incapable of embarrassing others or himself. Card-tables followed the dinners, and retained the company till the hour came for the king's salon. People began to praise these dinners, and to feel surprise at the repugnance they had shown to them; the apparent indifference of the king and Mme. de Maintenon put them at their ease and made them rather ashamed of having feared their displeasure. Still, for all this, the king's salon did not become more favourable to the Duc d'Orléans, where a great number of courtiers who were not invited to the dinners continued to keep at a distance from him, and where he was avoided even by those who had just left his table. No change occurred in this state of things until the last of the king's illness.

The Duchesse d'Orléans was thoroughly convinced that the Duc d'Orléans confided in me without reserve, and that I influenced him strongly in what he thought and what he would do, in the present and in the future. She had had experience of this, and she saw, more distinctly even than outsiders, that I was the only man with whom he could open

himself on matters that were most important. She was not less convinced that I was full of reflections and plans about the change that would follow the present reign. She was therefore extremely watchful to discover what I thought, and she endeavoured to lead me on in our frequent *tête-à-têtes* to speak of persons and coming events. I was on my guard about both; less reserved on persons, perhaps (though very circumspect), because she was not ignorant of my opinion of many; as for events, I escaped her by generalities; also I dwelt on the carelessness, volatility, and laziness of the Duc d'Orléans, who was living as if the present time was to last always; and though, perhaps, I exaggerated to her this complaint, it was only too true, as we shall see in the end, that it was well-founded.

Singular behaviour of the Maréchal de Villeroy to me.

The Duchesse d'Orléans was not the only person who was curious and uneasy about my intentions. I have mentioned in several places that my intimate friendship with the old Maréchal and the Duchesse de Villeroy until their deaths had never vanquished my aversion to the present Maréchal de Villeroy, which I did not conceal from them; in fact, they sometimes amused themselves by hemming me into a corner to prevent me from leaving their apartments when he entered the room, in order to see the face that I made at him. I had not changed, and beyond inscribing my name at his door on certain occasions (a ceremony never omitted without an open quarrel), I had nothing to do with him, and never approached him in the places where we met. My surprise was great therefore when, about a fortnight after the death of the Duc de Berry, he began to make me polite advances, accosting me and engaging me in conversation wherever we met. Often I avoided him adroitly; answering with civility when he addressed me, but always with a measure of stiff-

ness and reserve. Nothing repelled him. This manœuvring lasted some time without touching on public matters or persons, — I being well on my guard against him and swimming always on the surface. Little by little he began, as if impromptu, in his rambling style of conversation, to talk more familiarly; and one day he came as we were sitting down to table and asked for a dinner; after that he came in to dinner or supper constantly, sometimes during the first course or later. I was in despair. Wherever I have lived, I have always kept a very plentiful table for a number of familiar friends and acquaintance, who came to it without an invitation; I liked, and so did they, such freedom; but the Maréchal de Villeroy weighed cruelly upon us. I was extremely annoyed because I saw clearly that he came to pump me on the plans of the Duc d'Orléans for the future, and on what I thought myself. Never did I go to his house, or make any advances when we met, but he never seemed to perceive it. We used to laugh, the Duc d'Orléans and I, over this personage. After he came back from Lyon the triumphant successor of the Duc de Beauvilliers in the council, and more brilliant than ever, I saw nothing of him; the golden calf had none of my incense nor any congratulations on my part; on these terms we remained until after the death of the king.

His character.

The Maréchal de Villeroy has figured so extensively, before and after the king's death, that it is necessary to make him known. He was a tall, well-made man, with a very agreeable face, very vigorous and healthy, who could do what he pleased with his body without incommoding himself. Fifteen or sixteen hours on horseback, or a night-watch, were nothing to him. All his life he had lived and breathed among the highest of the great world. Son of the king's governor and brought up with the king in

the intimacy of their early years, a gallant by profession, perfectly *au fait* of all the intrigues of Court and town, with which he amused the king, whom he understood thoroughly with all his foibles, by which he knew well how to profit, — his behaviour had been that of a willow-wand at Court during all the mishaps that overtook him before I came upon the scene. He was magnificent in everything; very noble in his manners; a fine player, without ever caring for the game; not gratuitously harmful; his language and ways those of a great seigneur and a man bred to Courts; vainglorious to excess by nature, cringing to excess when he thought it necessary, and towards the king and Mme. de Maintenon a valet of all work.

He had the wit of Courts and of society which great usage gives, and intrigues and experience sharpen; together with that jargon which is learnt there and is only tinsel, though it dazzles fools; all of which the habit of familiarity with the king, of favour, distinctions, and command rendered still more brilliant, although supreme conceit was at the bottom of it. He was a man made expressly to preside at a ball, at a review, and (if he had had a voice) to sing the rôles of kings and heroes at the Opera; well-fitted also to set fashions, but nothing more. He knew nothing really of either men or things; not even of pleasures; he spoke and acted by what was said; was a great admirer of all that impressed him, consequently a perfect dupe, — as he was throughout his life of Vaudemont, Mme. des Ursins, and other dazzling personages. He was incapable of good counsel, still more incapable in managing affairs, knowing really nothing but the shell of them; so that when he entered the council the king was so distressed by his ignorance that he lowered his head and coloured as he tried in vain to make him understand the matters in hand. This was what I heard from

Torcy, who was amazed to the last degree at the foolishness of a man so trained to Courts. The truth is he was so trained to them that he was corrupted for everything else. He piqued himself on being a very honest man, but as he had no sense his lack of brains soon betrayed him when his desires, hopes, and interests, even his wish to please and flatter, did not accord with integrity. He was personally brave; as for his military capacity, we know its fatal fruits. His politeness had a haughtiness which repelled; and his manners could be very insulting when he thought the sort of people he addressed released him from politeness. For this reason he was less liked than other men and intercourse with him was felt to be unpleasant, because there was nothing in him but a tissue of conceit, self-seeking, and self-applause, an exhibition of his favour and the grandeur of his fortune, while his talk was a series of questions which interrupted the answers and often never waited for them, and were themselves without any relation to one another; and in any case they related to nothing but Court gossip, adventures, gallantries; no reading, no education, crass ignorance about all things, flat jokes, much gas, and perfect emptiness. He treated with the harshest tyranny those who were dependent upon him. It is incredible, the treatment he continually gave to his son, who returned him unanswering submission and solicitude. I have heard from friends of Tallard, who was very intimate with the son, that he drove him almost to the verge of despair, even after he became commander of the army. Falseness, and the highest, the most inflated opinion of himself under every aspect may add a last touch to the correctness of this too veritable portrait.

I had long been thinking of the future, and had made many reflections on a time so important and so critical. The more I discussed within myself the things that should

be done, the more I was filled with bitterness for the loss of a prince who was born for the happiness of France and of Europe; and by whom all that could most contribute to it had been mapped out, and for the most part determined and arranged, with an order, a precision, an equity, not only in the main and generally, but, as much as possible, in detail, with the wisest foresight. That was a blessing of which we were not worthy; which was only shown to us that we might see the possibility of a just and judicious government, and a forecast that the arm of God would not be shortened to render this kingdom happy and flourishing whenever we deserved of his mercy a king who was truly according to his own heart. The prince on whom the regency must fall was far indeed from that condition so happy for himself, so fortunate for France; and indeed, had he been perfect as a regent, he could not execute as a king. All this I felt to its fullest extent, and it was difficult indeed not to yield to discouragement.

Reflections on the present government; and on that to be established.

I had to do with a very enlightened, thoroughly informed prince, who had all the experience that the life of a private person far removed from the throne or the regency could give; well aware of the great faults he had seen committed, some of which he had personally felt, but a prince in whom laziness, weakness, and abandonment to dangerous company had created defects and obstacles as grievous as they were difficult, not to say impossible to correct, or even diminish. A thousand times had we reasoned together over the defects of the government and the evils resulting. Current events, even those of the Court, gave us matter for discussion incessantly. He and I did not differ as to their cause nor as to their effects. The question was therefore how to make a just and permanent system that should govern in a manner

exempt from those defects; and how to arrange that system under the impending possibility of a regency; and also to keep in view the education of the king to good and sensible maxims; to make him like them while youth permitted; and to so open his eyes and train his will that after his majority he should carry on that which the regency would not be able to attain or complete. This it had been my object and all my study to instil into the Duc d'Orléans, together with the measures that seemed proper to lead to it, even before the death of the Duc de Berry, whose counsellor in the regency the Duc d'Orléans could not fail to be. How much more so, therefore, when no life stood between the Duc d'Orléans and the regency; and as I saw the event approaching by degrees as the king's health failed, I entered more and more into details, as I shall now relate.

That which I believed the most important to do, the most pressing to execute, was the complete overthrow of the system of internal government in which Cardinal Mazarin had imprisoned the king and the kingdom. A foreigner, from the dregs of his people, bound to nothing and having no god but his own greatness and power, he did not consider the State he governed except as it bore upon himself. He despised its laws, its genius, its interests; he ignored its rules and its forms; he thought only of subjugating and amalgamating all into one level mass; and as that could not be done except in the name of the king, he did not shrink from making the king odious by putting his pernicious policy into his mind. He insulted the blood-royal, made the king dread him, maltreated the queen-mother but ruled her always, overthrew the Orders of the kingdom and risked its ruin twice by its internal divisions on that subject, and perpetuated wars for his own safety and gain rather than resign the helm he had usurped. He reigned of himself, in

his own person and by his authority, leaving the king to be nothing but the figure-head of monarchy.

Nothing is good or useful except in its proper place. Without, therefore, going uselessly farther back, I shall only say that the League, which aimed for nothing less than the throne, and the Protestant party had upset all order under the sons of Henri II. All that Henri IV. by the help of the faithful nobles could do was, with great labour, to make himself recognized for what he was by right; buying, as one might say, the crown from his subjects by the treaties and the millions of money it cost him in vast establishments and positions of security for the Catholic and Huguenot leaders. Seigneurs thus established, who nevertheless thought themselves much reduced, were not easy to manage. Union subsisted among most of them. The majority still kept up their understanding with foreign countries; the king was forced to treat them cautiously and even to negotiate with them. Nothing could be more destructive of good order, of the rights of the sovereign, of the weal of the subject however great he may be, of security and tranquillity in the kingdom. The regency of Marie de' Medici only increased an evil which had lessened after the death of Maréchal Biron. The power and grandeur of Maréchal d'Ancre, his wife, and the crowd of miserable hirelings under his orders, revolted the nobles, the great bodies, and the people. The death of that foreign adventurer, the dispersion of his creatures, the dismissal of an arrogant mother who had no eyes except for herself, restored some calmness to France for a time, but only by soothing the nobles, whose power and dangerous establishments made their obedience capricious.

Cardinal Richelieu felt both the evils within and those without, equally; and in course of years he applied the remedy. Little by little he diminished the excessive power

of the nobles, which counterbalanced, and even obscured that of the king; by slow degrees he reduced them to the proper measure of honours, distinctions, respect, and authority which was their due, but under which they could neither be restless nor talk high to the king, who no longer feared them. This was the result of a long course of conduct wisely and uninterruptedly directed to this end. Louis XIII. unfortunately did not live long enough for the happiness of France, for the comfort of good men, and for the example of one of the best and greatest of our kings.

The minority of a young king, always a period of weakness, instigated the nobles to recover possession of the usurped rights which had been wrested from them, and which the vile government of the master whom the queen-mother fastened on herself and the country seemed to render, if not necessary, at least endurable. This was enough to make Mazarin swear the ruin of all grandeur and all authority except his own. His whole care and attention was now turned to the annihilation of dignities and rank by any means he could find, and to depriving persons of quality of every sort of authority, and, for that purpose, removing them from all posts in State affairs, and putting in men of base extraction like himself, whose offices he magnified in power, distinctions, influence, and wealth, persuading the king to consider all nobles and seigneurs the natural enemies of his authority, and to prefer, for the handling of State affairs, men of no account, whom he could on the slightest discontent reduce to nothingness by taking away their posts as easily as he had given them; whereas the nobles, already great by birth, marriage, and often by their grand establishments, would become a formidable power in the ministry and its various offices, and make it dangerous to cease employing them. Hence the elevation of clerks and lawyers

Diam. 1/1

and the annihilation of the nobles by the degrees we have all witnessed, leading to the extraordinary state of things which we see and feel to-day, and which those gentry of the pen and robe have known so well how to maintain, each day aggravating their yoke, until matters have come to such a pass that the greatest seigneur can do no good to any one, and even depends himself, in innumerable ways, on the lowest upstart. That is how things go from one extreme to another!

I had groaned in spirit ever since I had been old enough to think of this abyss of nothingness into which the nobles had fallen. I remember that one day, before I was admitted to the perfect confidence of the Ducs de Beauvilliers and de Chevreuse, though already very free with them, I did not restrain my complaints of this. They let me talk for some time, but at last the colour came into M. de Beauvilliers' face, and he asked me in a stern tone: "But what is it you want to satisfy you?" "I will tell you, monsieur," I replied, eagerly. "I want to be born of a good and ancient family; I want to have some fine landed property, with ample rights, without desiring to be very rich. I should have the ambition to rise to the first dignity in my own region, to be governor of its chief town, to be possessed of those powers of action, and that would content me." The two dukes listened, looked at each other, smiled and said nothing, and soon after changed the subject. They themselves, as I discovered later, thought exactly as I did, and I could not doubt the unison between them and me and the prince of whom I can never think without tears.

However crushed I was by his loss, my thoughts and my desires had never changed; and whatever disproportion I felt between that unique prince and the one who was about to govern, and also between the powers of a king and

those of a regent, I could not renounce the hope of at least a part of what had escaped me. My purpose, therefore, was to begin by putting the nobles into the ministry, with the dignity and authority that became them, in place of lawyers and clerics, and so wisely to manage matters that, by degrees and according to circumstances, those classes should lose all the administrations that are not pure judicature, and the nobles and seigneurs be substituted for them; but always with necessary precautions against abuses. The depression of the nobility, its poverty, its misalliances, its lack of union after more than a century of annihilation, cabals, and conflicting parties, made this change without danger at that time, and means would not be lacking to keep it from ever becoming so.

The real difficulty was the ignorance, the frivolity, the want of application in that nobility, accustomed to be good for nothing but to get itself killed; to rise, even in war, by seniority alone; and as for all things else, to stagnate in a fatal uselessness which delivered it over to idleness and to dislike of all education but that of war, because of the incapacity in which it was held to serve in any other way. It was impossible to make the first step to correct this evil without overthrowing the monster which had devoured the nobility; that is to say, the controller-general and the ministers, otherwise called secretaries of State, who were often at variance with each other, but always united against the nobles. With this idea in my mind I had imagined the councils of which I have already spoken; those that so surprised the Duc de Chevreuse in 1709 when he talked with me about the same idea in order to obtain my advice, and discovered the whole scheme, as he had already conceived it, written out by my own hand. The Duc de Bourgogne had accepted it; and it was on that fact that the regent

dwelt when he proposed the establishment of these councils to parliament; declaring that he had found the plan among the Duc de Bourgogne's papers, — not those, I may here remark, which caused me such anxiety and were burned by the Duc de Beauvilliers.

The formation of these councils was therefore one of the first things of which I spoke to the Duc d'Orléans. He was no less offended than I at the tyranny which the ministers, those five kings of France, exercised as they saw fit in the name of the real king, almost without his knowledge, and the intolerable height to which they had climbed. I proposed, therefore, to extinguish two of their offices (those of war and of foreign affairs), which could be directed by councils, and the actual business carried on by the secretaries of those councils. I proposed that the remaining secretaries of State should not enter any of the councils, where the shadow of what they had been would still make them dangerous; but, at the same time, I suggested the admission without a voice, either deliberative or consultative, of one secretary of State to the Council of Regency, to keep the records, which records should be verified monthly by members of the Council in turn. As may well be believed, I also proposed to extinguish the office of controller-general, and to give its work and authority to the council of finances, substituting the signature of the head of the council for that of the controller-general.

To this general plan many details, of course, had to be added. The plan of these councils will be found among my Documents. They were, as to character and name, the same that the Duc d'Orléans, when regent, established; but this was done with much confusion, too many members, and a lack of order which I had never put there, the reason for which will appear in its proper place. I wished also

for regular days on which to hold the councils in the king's house, and other days for the Council of the Regency, to hear the affairs of each council. I insisted on separating each department of each council in a manner so clear, distinct, and precise that no part of any council could impinge upon or conflict with another; so that the public should have no difficulty in knowing to whom to address itself in all matters. For this purpose it was necessary to separate with the same precision and distinctness the particular functions of each member of each council; guarding thus against jealousies and conducing to the union of the members by cutting off all causes of counter pretensions; and the same as to the councils themselves, respectively, facilitating mature examination and the prompt execution of business. I proved the utility and facility of this by the example of the Court of Vienna, where nothing is smothered and nothing delayed among the many councils which are there established. After this came a discussion as to the men to be admitted or excluded; and next, that of the position to be held by each of those who would be employed.

The Duc d'Orléans liked the project exceedingly; and it was many and many a time gone over and discussed between us. He felt the importance of secrecy and maintained it, both about the thing itself and about all that related to it. The resolution once taken, it was necessary to debate the details.[1]

When the council on foreign affairs, and that on despatches or the interior of the kingdom came to be discussed, I said to the Duc d'Orléans that there were two men, on whom he could not rely, but who, from their position before the public, must not be put aside, namely, Harcourt and

[1] These are given at great length, and are, comparatively, of little interest now. — TR.

Huxelles; that I thought they ought to be placed at the head of those councils, but I did not see that he was constrained to give them the highest places unless he chose. The situation of the Duc d'Orléans towards Spain, and the close intimacy of Harcourt with that country and with Mme. de Maintenon and the Princesse des Ursins decided him to give the foreign affairs to Huxelles, and those of the interior to Harcourt. This was soon settled. But before the decision was made the Duc d'Orléans said: "But *you*, you are proposing others to me and do not say a word of yourself; what do you want to be?" I replied that it was not for me to propose myself, still less to choose my place, but for him to see of what he thought me capable, and whether he wished to employ me, and if he did, to decide himself on the place he desired me to occupy. This was at Marly, in his own chamber; I shall always remember it.

I refuse positively that of the finances; my reasons.

After a short debate, which among equals would be called complimentary, he proposed to me the presidency of the council of finances; in other words that the finances should be managed by as great an imbecile in that line as the Maréchal de Villeroy himself. I thanked him for the honour and confidence and refused respectfully. He was much astonished and did his best to persuade me. I told him I had no aptitude for finances; that was a detail, now become a science, which was Greek to me; that commerce, money, exchange, circulation, a knowledge of which was essential to the management of finances, were mere names to my mind; that I did not know the first rules of arithmetic, and had never meddled with the administration of my property, nor yet of my household expenses, because I felt incapable; how much more unfit was I to handle the finances of a kingdom, and, especially, when embarrassed as they were. He represented to me the help

and instruction I could obtain from the other members of the council of finances, adding all that could flatter me; he dwelt on my integrity, and on my disinterestedness, a matter so important in the management of finances. To which I replied that the question was not whether I should rob the public or let it be robbed through my incapacity, for, truly, I thought I could answer to him and to myself for my fidelity on that score, but, with the same sincerity, I did not feel within me the intelligence necessary to discover even gross cheatery, much less the many shrewd snares of which the business was susceptible. The end of an hour's debate was to make him angry; and he requested me to reflect upon the matter, which we would talk of again the next day.

As for my reflections, they had long been made. Since the death of the admirable dauphin, and still more since that of the Duc de Berry, I had not been without debating in my own mind over the government to come, over this project of councils, and who should fill the places; nor without thinking — I shall say this with simplicity — not of that which would suit me, but of that which I should suit, myself; which is the only way to place men suitably, either for the public interests or for themselves. That of the finances had crossed my mind like the rest. I shall not have the vulgarity to pretend that I did not feel assured the Duc d' Orléans would never pass me by without giving me a place in the government; I felt that there was no presumption in expecting such a place, and, consequently, in reflecting about it. The finances were repugnant to me for the reasons I had given to the Duc d'Orléans and for many others, of which the labour was the least. The injustices which public necessities compelled frightened me; I could not bring myself to be the scourge of the people, to endure the groans of the oppressed, or even the false complaints, often apparently true, es-

pecially in this line, of scoundrels, and malignant or envious minds. But what determined me, above all, was the straits to which the country was reduced by wars and by other monstrous expenses, so that I could see nothing before it but a choice of two evils, namely, to continue and even increase as much as possible the taxation in order to pay off the immense debts of the present monarchy, and consequently end by a total crash; or else make public bankruptcy by a decree declaring the new king free of all debts and not bound by those of the king his grandfather and predecessor, — an enormous injustice, which would ruin an infinite number of families both directly and indirectly. The horror that I felt at either of these iniquities was enough to prevent me from taking charge of them.

These reasons, which could not be openly alleged, prompted my decision, but I was still more strongly influenced by another which I can only explain here in trembling. No curb was possible to stop the government on the footing of costs it had now reached. Whatever addition the discovery of the treasures of America had brought to the gold and silver of Europe since the seas were constantly importing them, it did not in any degree correspond to the enormous difference between the revenues of our past kings and those obtained by Louis XIV., which more than doubled them. Notwithstanding this increase, which amounted to something incredible, I had before my eyes the deplorable situation of the end of a reign, so long, so abundant, so glorious; which shows that no wealth will suffice to a squandering government, that the safety of a State depends on the wisdom with which its finances are conducted, and, consequently, its prosperity, its happiness, the duration of its glory, and its preponderance over other nations.

It will be agreed, I am certain, that nothing demanded

more pressingly a remedy than this state of things; but the remedy had long evaporated. What could be substituted? how could the kings and the kingdom be rescued from this abyss? The incomparable dauphin felt all this and had resolved upon his course. But to execute it, a king, not a regent, was needed; and more than a king, for he needed to be king of himself and divinely superior to his own throne. Who could hope for a king of that sort after seeing the model formed by the hand of God Himself withdrawn from us at the moment when about to attain the crown and execute the plans inspired in his soul and graven on his heart by the Divine finger? It was the earnest consideration of these pregnant reasons, so much above all other considerations, that led me to believe that the greatest service to be rendered to the State — for which kings are made and not kings for the State, as the dauphin felt and did not fear to say — and the greatest service that could be rendered to kings themselves, was to put it out of their power to fall into the gulf that yawns at the feet of monarchs; a thing that can only be done by protecting them from the ambitious suggestions of ministers like Louvois, and from their own seductions, their tastes, their passions, and the intoxication of their power and glory. The monarchy is not elective, and is not hereditary. It is a trust, — entailed by the nation on one family, to enjoy and to reign over it by male heirs, born in legitimate marriage, perpetually and always, from eldest son to eldest son as long as the family lasts, to the exclusion of females in whatever line or degree they may be.

The Duc d'Orléans destines me to the Council of Regency.

The Duc d'Orléans found me no more willing to take charge of the finances after the reflections he had given me time to make than before. Same eagerness, same entreaties, same arguments on his part; same replies, same firmness on mine. Then

he grew angry and sulked for three weeks. He was the first to tire of that; and one day, in the midst of a languishing conversation, in which I noticed that he was more embarrassed than usual, he said, looking at me: "So that is settled, is it? You are determined not to take the finances?" I dropped my eyes respectfully and replied in a low tone that I hoped there was no further question of it. He could not restrain a few complaints, but without bitterness, or getting angry; then he rose and began to walk about the room with his head down and not saying a word, as he always did when embarrassed. Presently, turning to me abruptly, he said: "Then whom can we put there?" I named the Duc de Noailles. . . . After that was settled between us he exclaimed: "But *you*, what do you want to be?" And then he pressed me so hard to tell him my wishes that I did so, and, in the spirit I have stated above, I said that if he were willing to put me into the council of the interior (that of the despatches) I thought I could do better there than elsewhere. "The head of it, then," he said quickly. "No," I said, "not that; simply a place in the council." We both insisted, he for, I against. I told him that the work in itself and that of reporting the affairs of the council to the Council of Regency alarmed me; and besides, if I accepted the first place I saw no other for Harcourt. "A mere seat in the council of the interior for you," he said, "is ridiculous, and I shall not hear of it. As you absolutely decline to be the head of that council, there is but one other place suitable for you, and it suits me too, very well indeed: you must be in the council where I am myself, — the supreme council, that of the Regency." I accepted and thanked him. From that moment the matter was definitively settled.

IX.

THE councils determined upon, their heads or presidents chosen, I represented to the Duc d'Orléans that he ought to profit by what remained of the present reign to examine the choice of those whom he might select to fill them. I exhorted him to keep to the smallest number that the nature of each council allowed, and to begin to make lists at once (to be kept under his own lock and key) of those persons whom he thought of; filling up the place of each name he might erase, as if the councils existed; and to plan out in this way all that he could in advance; so as to have nothing but the announcements to make at the death of the king; because, when that occurred, he would find himself overwhelmed with so many different things, business, orders, ceremonial disputes, decisions, and an inundation of persons, that he would have no leisure to think, and would find himself forced to give his time to trifles instead of to serious affairs; for on such occasions trifles are often pressing matters of the moment which must be considered at once and which succeed each other incessantly. The result would be that he could neither weigh, compare, reason, nor make his choice, carried away as he would be by the torrent, the necessity; and that matters decided and a choice made in such a tumult might cause him long and bitter repentance, if nothing worse. I did not cease repeating this to him during the whole remainder of the king's life; he assured me constantly that he would do it, and sometimes he half said he was doing it; but he never did do it, out of laziness.

Precautions suggested by me to the Duc d'Orléans.

I did not like to question him about his choice or his regulations, in order not to let him mistrust me. I contented myself with indicating points in the main and the heads, or presidents, of the councils, as being the most important. As for details, and the persons to compose the councils, I thought I ought not to rouse the slightest suspicion in him that I sought to influence him in those respects. It was he himself who had brought me into consultation with him on the form of the future government, and who gave me the opportunity to speak of all I have here related. I waited, wisely, until he put me under the necessity of speaking of the rest, which happened, as we shall see, quite frequently.

Suggestions that I made as to the education of the future king.

All these matters passed between us before there was any question of the king's will. About the time we talked as I have here related, I spoke to him of the education of the young king. I told him that it seemed to me most unlikely that the king should not provide for it in some way or other; and, if this happened, however ill he might do it, either in regard to the education itself or as it related to his Royal Highness, it ought to be a matter forever sacred to him, from various considerations, but, above all, that of the horrors with which some had sought to destroy him, the villany of which might be renewed. And for this reason, if the king should die without providing for the education of his successor, he ought firmly to exclude from all participation in it every man, myself the first, who had been particularly attached to him, while at the same time he should avoid choosing opponents or those who might prove dangerous. We talked of the position of governor, as to which he said many things about me which I shall not here repeat. The discussion ended by my advising him to choose the Duc de Charost;

not that either he or I thought him fully capable; but such is the misfortune of princes and the necessity of compromises. We could find but few who were suitable, and they were dangerous.

Another question was the composition of the Council of Regency and its mechanism. The mechanism was far easier to manage than the choice of its members. Here was where all State affairs of all kinds would be taken, and decided without appeal by plurality of votes, and where the vote of the regent was the same as all others, unless it happened to be a casting vote. Established as the bastards were, how could we exclude them? And yet, consider what it was to have the Duc du Maine! — who would, moreover, hold the Comte de Toulouse very tightly to his side. There was no prince of the blood of an age to be admitted, and if the rule were broken in favour of M. le Duc (who was the oldest of them, born August 28, 1692), he was still under the wing of Mme. la Duchesse and the tutelage of d'Antin, and had neither education nor ideas, showing so far only obstinacy and brutality, without the slightest spark of intellect. And yet what step could be taken to set aside the Duc du Maine without the support and legal requisition of the princes of the blood, all children! This was a matter we could not then dwell upon; it would have to be reserved till the time and the occasion came about. Something must depend on the conduct of the Duc du Maine, who was too great to attack without having taken the wisest measures, too firmly established to attack without certainty and strong determination of will to push the matter through to its last extremity, so that neither he nor his children could ever rise again. I could not therefore counsel the exclusion of the Duc du Maine, as to which the Duc d'Orléans felt the difficulty. But to put M. du Maine

Discussion on the choice for the Council of Regency.

and the Maréchal de Villeroy in the Council of Regency was simply admitting two certain enemies, and two enemies in the closest concert, whom there was, of course, the strongest necessity to counterbalance; all the more because the Comte de Toulouse would have to be admitted, and we could not wholly count on him. We could rely on d'Aguesseau, but his nature was feeble and timid, and he was, besides, quite new to everything that was not in his profession, and without the slightest knowledge of the Court or the world. We talked of the Archbishop of Cambrai, and the discussion was not long. The inclinations of the Duc d'Orléans led him in that direction; and, as I have remarked elsewhere, I had always encouraged that liking and esteem. After these two were chosen, we searched again and again: one was not trusty, another not distinguished, a third wanted weight, a fourth would never be approved by the public, not to speak of the difficulty of finding capacity, trustworthiness, and firmness united in one man. At each discussion this embarrassment stopped us short and obliged us to postpone all choice for further reflection and examination; and, to tell the truth at once, these postponements (both before and after the affair of the will) brought us, with the choice not made, to the death of the king.

I propose the convocation of the States-general.

I had long been thinking of an assemblage of the States-general, and revolving in my mind the pros and cons of so important a resolution. I went over in my memory the disquietudes and the fruits of their various holdings; these I combined and compared with the present state of things. The more I felt the difference, the more determined I grew on their convocation. Parties in the State no longer existed (for that of the Duc du Maine was only an odious cabal); there was nothing left of the old factions of Orléans and Bourgogne;

no one of the house of Lorraine whose merit, talents, possessions, influence, or power recalled the League; no more Huguenots, no more real personages of any sort or condition, so much had this long reign of the bourgeoisie, adroit in governing for its own interests, and in managing the king by his foibles, degenerated all things, and prevented men from being men, by extinguishing emulation, capacity, the fruits of education, and by carefully setting aside or destroying every man who showed a desire for usefulness, or a sentiment of duty. This sad truth, which had hindered the Duc d'Orléans and me in selecting the proper persons for the Council of Regency, so completely had this condition of things annihilated individuals, became a security against danger in assembling the States-general. So that finally, after long and frequent deliberations within myself, I determined to make the suggestion to the Duc d'Orléans.

I begged him not to take alarm at the idea until he had listened to the reasons that convinced me; and, after stating those I have just explained, I endeavoured to place in the best light the advantages he would get out of it. I told him that the only danger of an assembly of the States-general would be to those who now had the administration of public affairs, rebounding, it might be, on those who employed them. That this danger could not touch his Royal Highness, because it was publicly notorious that he had had no share and could take none in any of the king's ministries, or in choosing or placing the men who filled them. That this reason, if other considerations spurred him, ought to induce him not to let an hour go by after the death of the king without commanding the secretaries of State to draw up the necessary formal documents for convocation; exacting that this should be done and the papers forwarded within twenty-four hours. And I added

Great advantages to be obtained from it.

that the moment they were sent off he ought publicly to announce the convocation, and to appoint it for the earliest moment, both for the election of deputies by the boroughs, and for the assembling of those deputies to form the States-general. I told him that Frenchmen, volatile, lovers of change, crushed under a yoke, the weight and the goads of which had reached a climax under the present reign, which they ardently longed to see ended, would hail with delight this ray of hope and of liberty, proscribed for more than a century, and towards which no one now dared to lift his eyes; it would fill them with all the more joy, gratitude, love, and attachment for him to whom they owed the benefit, because it came from his pure good-will in the first moment of his power, before any one had thought of it, and, far less, had the boldness to demand it. Such an opening of the regency, which would draw to him all hearts without the slightest risk, could not help having great results for him, and would surely baffle his enemies. The state of the finances being what it was, — ignored in the main by none, the remedies to be chosen each more cruel than the others, — it was most important for him to show clearly and unmistakably how matters stood before he himself touched them; to declare to the States-general that, the evil being extreme and the remedies extreme, his Royal Highness believed he owed it to the nation to place this matter in their hands, after revealing the depth of the evil and proposing the only means that he could see to operate upon it; leaving them full liberty of discussion and choice; reserving to himself, first, the office of furnishing all the information in his power that they might need to choose among the means he suggested, or find some other solution; and, secondly, after they had decided alone and in full liberty, that of executing faithfully and literally whatever the assembly should declare in the form of advice in

this great matter. I proposed also that he should end his speech by saying a few words — not to render an account, which was not due, and for which he should be careful not to set a precedent — but, as I say, a few words lightly, with an air of kindness and confidence, about the establishment of councils, which ought to be declared and already in functions before the first session of the States-general.

"I do not think," I added, "that it needs any eloquence to convince you of the immense effect that such a speech would cause in your favour. The ignorant multitude, who think the States-general are clothed with great powers, will swim in joy, and bless you as the restorer of the lost rights of the nation. The lesser number — who know that the States-general are without power essentially, and are only deputed by constituents to make known their wrongs, their complaints, and ask for justice and favours in their behalf, in a word, simply complainants and petitioners — will consider your action as the earnest of a more just and milder government; while those who have clearer eyes than the rest will see plainly that you are doing essentially nothing more than all our kings have done in convoking assemblies of either the States-general or the Notables, whom they have always consulted in the matter of finances; and that you are, in fact, only relieving yourself by laying upon them the choice of remedies that are equally cruel and odious, but which, if made by them, no one can complain of, or at least no one can reproach *you* for his ruin and the public disasters. . . ."[1]

An idea never executed is a dream, and its development in detail a romance; I felt this before I began to write of mine. But I thought I owed it to myself to show that I

[1] The subject is continued in great detail and covers many pages; the essential points are given here. — TR.

did not beget chimeras; also to show the necessity, importance, and equity of the things I suggested by the strongest and most evident reasons. Romance would be a most improper name to give to the re-establishment of a wise and cautious government; to the revival of a crushed, ruined, despised nobility, long trampled underfoot; to the restoration of tranquillity to the Church; the alleviation of the yoke (without lessening in the smallest degree the rights) of the royal authority, — a yoke so felt that there can be no need of explaining it, and which had led Louis XIV. to the verge of a precipice. Shall it be called romance to leave to a nation the choice of its form of suffering, since it was impossible to deliver it from that burden; to preserve the crown from ambitious schemes, the reigning family from the loss of its prerogative so uniquely distinct, and the tranquillity of the State from the peril of Titanism? — things so monstrously novel that one must needs state them in words invented to express them. If projects of this character, the execution of which was feasible, have not succeeded, it is because they did not find, in a time most favourable, a regent of sufficient firmness and persistency of nature. Ought I for that reason to repent me of having thought of them and proposed them? I have always believed that it is not success which decides the value of things; still less when that success depends on another who neglects to carry them out consistently, or will not undertake them at all.

Court waves.

The more the external failure of the king was evident, though his days and his occupations remained the same, the more did each one think of himself; though the terror always felt for the monarch now visibly dying was such that the Duc d'Orléans was still left alone in the salon at Marly. But I remarked that everyone was seeking to come nearer to me, namely, the bulk

of the courtiers, together with the most important men, and those politicians whose shameless manœuvres pursue even those to whom they have never spoken, as soon as they think they can make them useful. I had often scoffed at these prompt friends of influence and office, and now I laughed to myself at this vile ardour for a man who had nothing as yet but hopes; and I amused the Duc d'Orléans with an account of it, partly to warn him in advance of what would happen to himself.

Embarrassing curiosity of the Duchesse d'Orléans.

The Duchesse d'Orléans was not the least uneasy person as to the limbo of the future. She felt the situation of the Duc du Maine. She could not conceal from herself what he deserved from the Duc d'Orléans. That interest apart (and it was the one she felt most), she was touched by those of her husband, and by the projects he might form and the measures he might take after the death of the king. Her *tête-à-têtes* with me, especially after the will and the manœuvres of her brother became known, turned almost entirely on this topic and put me to torture. She knew that the Duc d'Orléans had perfect confidence in me, and that there was no one else with whom he could consult and plan for the future. Her curiosity was therefore extreme and her questions were many, and they were cleverly contrived with indefatigable persistency to take me unawares. I had to do with a very superior woman, very clear-sighted, very reflective, very persevering, and who, by all that I had managed in concert with her, knew me too well to allow of my concealing that I had thoughts of the future. The intimate friendship and perfect confidence established between us, ever since I had reconciled her with the Duc d'Orléans by separating him from Mme. d'Argenton, had continued without the slightest alteration to the present

time, and it now became a very embarrassing shackle to me. I had to maintain and judiciously manage that friendship and confidence and that air of community of interests, and at the same time keep myself from letting anything be seen or suspected of secrets that were not my own, talking and replying to everything as to a sister of the Duc du Maine, for whose grandeur she would joyfully have sacrificed her husband, her children, and herself.

I found no resource except in long-winded verbiage to consume time; I talked of the difficulty of making plans, the danger of thinking of them during the king's lifetime, the inutility of projects in case the king should leave directions; and if he did so, the folly of thinking they could be attacked, — this was my safest intrenchment, — and finally the mental laziness, the volatility, the want of persistency, that she knew so well in the Duc d'Orléans. I rung the changes on these points, paraphrasing them in every way, and guarding myself on remarks about persons as to whom she tried to draw me out, asking me what I thought of them.

It was thus that I tried to escape the snares of all kinds which were continually laid for me. But this indispensable falseness cost me so much that I was always in dread of betrayal by my face, the tones of my voice, the expression of my countenance. It is not possible to express the struggle that went on in the depths of a frank, straightforward, natural, and sincere soul who, in the midst of the perils of the most dangerous Court in the world, had never been able to wear a mask, or learn by experience, though many a time it had cost him dear. What torture, I say, did that soul suffer when it found itself in these straits, either to injure the State which I wanted to save and restore, destroy the Duc d'Orléans whose secrets I held, and myself also, or deceive

with care, art, and industry a princess with whom I had lived for many years in the most intimate and mutual friendship and confidence!

Maisons makes me a monstrous proposition.

We have seen that the edict which made the king's bastard sons successors to the crown, as having the honour to be his sons and grandsons, was dated July, 1714, registered the 2nd of August of the same year; that the king deposited his will with the president and *procureur-général* on Sunday morning, August 27, same year; there were therefore twenty-six days between the edict and the will, which the Duc du Maine, Mme. de Maintenon, and the chancellor, Voysin, employed to advance their own ends. On that Sunday morning, August 27, when Mesmes, the president, and d'Aguesseau, *procureur-général*, left the king's cabinet, they returned to Paris. On arriving there they sent, as we have seen, for workmen, and walled up the king's will in a safe (of which they each had a key) in the wall between the chamber of parliament and the room of the president.

On the following Sunday I received a visit from Maisons, judge of the courts, who, as I have already said, was in the habit of coming to see me on Sundays after the king's mass. He made me a pathetic discourse in which he declaimed strongly against the scandal, the venom, the motives, more than apparent, of the will, and the dangers with which the Duc d'Orléans was threatened. He did not omit to stir me up by dwelling on the increase of rank and power which would result to M. du Maine and to bastardy, — interspersing what he said with vehement declamations against the authors and co-operators of a document so fatal to the State and to the royal family.

When he had perorated for some time I told him he convinced me of nothing new; that I saw the truth of the mat-

ter as he did, and on the same evidence; but the trouble was, there was no remedy. "No remedy!" he exclaimed with his sly laugh, "there is always a remedy, for even desperate matters, to courage and sense. I am surprised, with all you have of both, to find you balked by a thing which will throw the whole country into confusion." And from that he went on to say it was of the utmost consequence to the Duc d'Orléans that a document which could only have been fabricated by M. du Maine, Mme. de Maintenon, and the chancellor, and was undoubtedly for M. du Maine and against the Duc d'Orléans, should never see the light. I agreed that that would be much the shortest way out of the difficulty, but I asked him how it was possible to suppress a will publicly and solemnly declared, and deposited with so much ceremony and with precautions known to all, in the very recesses of parliament. "You are strangely at a loss," replied Maisons. "You should have safe troops and wise and trusty officers ready at the moment of the king's death to march, with masons and locksmiths, to the chamber of parliament, break the wall, force the safe, carry off the will, and let it never be seen again."

In my extreme surprise I asked him what results he expected from such amazing violence; adding that there was always a possible hope that the will, like that of Louis XIII., might never be put into execution, a thought the king himself had not concealed; moreover, there was no comparison between enduring its arrangements, whatever they might be, and violating with armed hand a public and solemn trust, in the very sanctuary of law, in the midst of the capital, — an act which would rouse the people and the provinces, their reason, their natural feelings, and all that men held sacred among them; it would give the most specious weapon to the enemies of the Duc d'Orléans; it would lose him all wise

and intelligent friends, lend weight to the horrors already laid at his door, and fill the parliament thus outraged with a fury which, at this most critical moment, would make itself felt throughout the regency.

All this was said at much greater length, without shaking Maisons in the least; although he had nothing to reply except the importance of suppressing a will which was certainly made against the Duc d'Orléans and in favour of the bastards. Maisons went, on leaving me, to make the same proposal to the Duc d'Orléans, hoping apparently to persuade him before he could talk with me. Happily, he was no better received. We both made him about the same objections, because they presented themselves as the natural ones; but he did not change his opinion, as we related to each other afterwards, the Duc d'Orléans and I, with the utmost astonishment.

Reflections on his purpose.

The deadliest enemy of the Duc d'Orléans could not have imagined any advice more fatal to him; and I do not think many persons could have been found so deprived of common-sense as to give it. What, therefore, must we think of a great legal judge, respected as Maisons was at the Palais, the Court, and in the town, where all his life he had passed for a man of sense, wisdom, judgment, intelligence, capacity, and caution? Was he really so infatuated with the necessity for the Duc d'Orléans to destroy that will that he could not see the frightful results of what he proposed, although I put them clearly before his eyes? Or (remembering his former intimacy with the Duc du Maine), could he have been base enough, in concert with him, to open this abyss beneath our feet and strive to push us down to our destruction; and thus, by the fall of the Duc d'Orléans, the sole prince of the blood of an age to receive the regency, make the Duc du Maine regent? —

whence to the crown there was but one step to make, and he knew the means. So mighty an object to a soul like that of the Duc du Maine, who for years had been preparing for it with so much art, is far from incredible when we remember by what ways that son of darkness had scaled all the steps to the throne, and all that he had set in motion to blacken with fatal crime the only obstacle who still remained to him to overcome.

The Duc d'Orléans gives up the idea of the States-general.

I perceived towards the end of a stay at Marly that the Duc d'Orléans had discussed the matter of assembling the States-general with the Duc de Noailles. He said to me that it was a matter too closely connected with the finances to conceal it from the duke when he told him his destination. The Duc de Noailles mentioned it to me himself with some embarrassment, and it seemed to me soon after that the Duc d'Orléans was no longer so determined to convoke them. In other matters I saw him weaken altogether; and I knew him too well to expect, under the circumstances, to carry more than one point with him. As that of the States-general seemed to me of extreme importance in so many great respects, I did not hesitate to sacrifice all else; I therefore gathered up my forces to keep him to that, which he had always approved and was fully determined upon up to this time, — a thing that cost him nothing, but, on the contrary, favoured him in every way, and would gratify all France. I continued to do this, but with little progress, until the night before the king's death, when he declared to me succinctly that the matter must not be thought of again. From that moment I augured ill of what would happen. I felt the selfish influence of the Duc de Noailles, who under the convocation of the States-general would not have been master of the finances, and had made the regent feel that he

himself would not be. I do not deny that this was true; it was even one of the benefits I looked for. The experience of what afterwards happened with the finances will show that I was right.

The Duchesse d'Orléans, alarmed, has recourse to me.

At the very end of this Marly visit the king seemed so enfeebled, although he had not changed any of his daily habits, that the Duchesse d'Orléans approached me on the subject of her brothers, and after a few rather tangled circumlocutions, for the Luciferian pride hated to bend to it, she expressed to me her anxiety about the first session of parliament after the king's death, and said that she would feel under the greatest obligation to me if I would prevent the peers from doing anything against her brothers at that overwhelming moment. I felt no embarrassment in replying. I told her that I did not believe the peers were thinking of anything more than the indispensable matters to come before the session, and that she might set her mind at rest about it. "But, monsieur," she said, "will you not give me your word, or at any rate promise me to do all that in you lies so that the peers shall not attempt anything on that day against my brothers' rank?" "Yes, madame," I replied, — "if possible, be it understood; for I am not the master of my equals; but I will promise to do all that I can to prevent it; and I can promise all the more freely because I do not see that they are thinking of it. But at the same time, madame, since your Royal Highness forces me to speak on so delicate a subject, I warn you to beware of the princes of the blood. It is their affair more than ours since your brothers have been made eligible to the throne, and the title and dignity of princes of the blood have been bestowed upon them; regard yourself as warned that if the princes of the blood attack your brothers, we, the peers, will immediately assert our rank, refuse to allow pre-

cedence to any one between ourselves and the blood-royal, and require that all such persons shall take their rank among us in the peerage."

This declaration, bitter in itself to the Duchesse d'Orléans, was accepted readily by her because of the respite it offered, and also because of the profound contempt she chose to feel for the young princes of the blood and their mothers. She thanked me kindly, with many marks of friendship and confidence. She feared me extremely on this point of her brothers, whom she always called so, not venturing to name the Duc du Maine.

Quarrel of the king with d'Aguesseau.

On Friday, August 9, Père Tellier tutored the king a long time in the morning about the registration in parliament of the bull Unigenitus, pure and simple, as it stood. The king afterwards saw the president and the *procureur-général* on the subject, whom he had summoned the night before. After dinner he hunted the stag in his calèche, which he drove himself as usual, for the last time in his life, but seemed much exhausted on his return. There was a grand concert that evening in Mme. de Maintenon's apartment. Saturday, August 10, he walked before dinner in the gardens of Marly. He returned to Versailles at six in the evening and never again saw that strange work of his hands. In the evening he worked with the chancellor and seemed very ill to every one. Sunday, the 11th, he held a council of State, and afterwards walked about Trianon, — the last time that he was ever out-of-doors. He sent for the *procureur-général*, d'Aguesseau, with whom he had a violent quarrel (having previously argued angrily with him, two days before, in presence of the president and the chancellor) on the registration, pure and simple, of the bull. On this second occasion he found the *procureur-général* armed with the same reasons and the same

resolution. He no longer felt able to go himself to parliament, as announced; but he did not give up the hope of the registration, and was therefore so angry with d'Aguesseau that his natural self-possession forsook him, and he threatened the *procureur-général* to take away his office, and so saying turned his back upon him. That ended an interview which did not shake in the least d'Aguesseau's determination.

Journal of the king's last days.

Monday, August 12, he took medicine as usual, and lived as usual. It became known that he complained of sciatica in the leg and thigh. He never before had had rheumatism or sciatica, he never took cold, and it was years since he had even had a twinge of gout.

Tuesday, August 13, he made his last effort (on returning from mass, to which he was carried) to give a farewell audience to the make-believe ambassador of Persia. His strength did not allow of the former magnificence, and he contented himself with receiving the envoy in the throne-room, which was not decorated. This was the last public action of the king, about which Pontchartrain had so grossly tricked his vanity to pay court to him. The minister was not ashamed to end the farce by signing a treaty, which proved in the end the forgery of this embassy. The audience, which was rather long, fatigued the king very much; but he resisted the desire to rest, held the council of finances, dined alone, and was carried to Mme. de Maintenon's apartment, where there was music.

The king's health had been failing for more than a year. His personal valets first perceived it, and noted its progress without daring to open their lips. M. du Maine saw it, and, aided by Mme. de Maintenon and the chancellor, hastened all that concerned him. Fagon, now much weaker in body and mind, was the only one of the intimate circle who did not see it. Maréchal spoke to him several times and was

roughly repulsed. Urged at last by his duty and his attachment to the king, he ventured, about Whitsuntide, to speak to Mme. de Maintenon. He told her what he saw, and how completely Fagon was mistaken. He assured her that the king, whose pulse he often felt, had, for a long time, had a slight internal fever; but his constitution was so good that, with proper remedies and attention, there was no danger, but if the evil was allowed to go on there would soon be no hope. Mme. de Maintenon was angry, and all he got for his zeal was her displeasure. She told him that none but personal enemies of Fagon thought as he did about the king's health, and that the sagacity and experience of the first physician could not be mistaken. Maréchal was incensed; he told me of the affair, but he could do nothing further, and from that day he began to mourn the death of his master. Fagon was really in knowledge and experience the first physician in the country, but his health had long prevented him from keeping up his experience, and the height of authority to which his capacity and favour had carried him had finally spoilt him. He would not hear of any reasons or reply, and continued to manage the king's health as he did in his younger days, and killed him by his obstinacy.

The gout, by which in former years the king was often attacked, had induced Fagon to swaddle him, so to speak, in a mass of feather pillows, which made him sweat so much at night that he had to be changed and rubbed dry every morning before the grand chamberlain and the gentlemen of the Bedchamber could enter. For years he had been made to drink, instead of champagne, to which he was accustomed, only Burgundy with half water, and so old that it had no strength. He used to say, laughing, that foreign lords were often well taken in by wanting to taste his wine. He never, at any time, drank it without water;

nor did he use any kind of liquor, nor even tea, coffee, or chocolate. When he rose, instead of a little bread and wine and water, he took two cups of sage and veronica; and often, between his meals and before going to bed, glasses of water flavoured with orange-flower which held a pint, and were always iced. He drank the same on his medicine days and at his meals; between which he never ate anything except a few cinnamon pastilles which he put in his pocket after dinner with a great many sweet biscuits for the setters in his cabinet. Fagon made him begin all his meals with iced fruits, mulberries, melons, and figs (and those half-rotten from over-ripeness), with other fruits at his dessert, which he finished with sweet things in amazing quantities. All the year round he ate an enormous amount of salad at supper. His soups, of which he ate several both morning and evening, were strong with meat-juice and very rich; everything that was served to him was highly spiced, to the double of what is ordinarily used, and of great strength. The spices and sweets were not approved by Fagon, who would often make very amusing faces when he saw the king eating them, but without daring to say anything, except now and then to Livry and Benoist, who replied that it was their business to make the king eat, and his to purge him. He never ate any kind of venison or water-bird, but, with those exceptions, everything, feast and fast, which he always kept (except in Lent, during which he kept certain days only) for a score of years. This last summer of his life he doubled this regimen of fruits and drink.

In the end these fruits, taken after his soup, drowned his stomach, dulled his digestion, and took away his appetite, which had never failed in all his life; although he had never been hungry or felt the need of food, however much delayed his meals might be. At the first spoonfuls of soup

his appetite appeared, as I have heard him say a dozen times; and he ate so enormously and solidly for dinner and supper, and so steadily, that one never grew accustomed to seeing it. So much water and so much fruit, not being corrected by anything spirituous, turned his blood to gangrene by dint of diminishing his vigor and depleting him by forced night-sweats, and were the cause of his death; as was proved on the opening of his body, when all the parts were found so fine and healthy that there was every reason to believe he might have lived a century. His stomach was amazing, the intestines in their size and length were double those of other men, which was the cause of his being so great and so equal an eater. No remedies were thought of until too late, because Fagon would never agree to think him ill; and Mme. de Maintenon's blindness was equally extreme, although she could take precautions enough about Saint-Cyr and M. du Maine. The king had felt his failing condition for some time, and had spoken of it to his valets. But Fagon reassured him, and continued to do nothing.

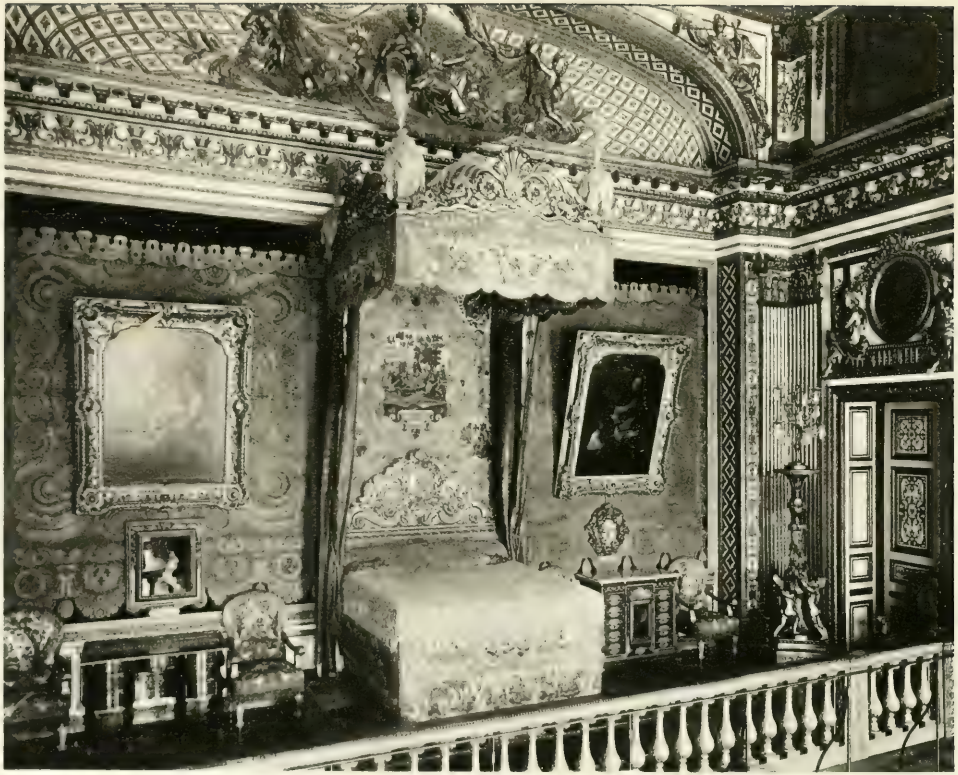
Saturday, August 17, the night was bad; he remained in bed, held the council of finances, saw the whole Court at his dinner; but rose afterwards and went to Mme. de Maintenon's apartment, where he worked with the chancellor. That night Fagon slept for the first time in the king's chamber.

Sunday, 18th, Fagon declared that he had no fever. He held a council of State before and after his dinner, and afterwards worked on the fortifications with Pelletier, and then went to Mme. de Maintenon's, where there was music. The king's state, which manifestly showed that he could not last more than a few days longer, and about which I heard opinions from Maréchal more reliable than those of which Fagon tried to persuade himself and others, made me think

of Chamillart, who had, on leaving office, received a pension from the king of sixty thousand francs. I asked its continuance and a promise to that effect from the Duc d'Orléans, with permission to send Chamillart word of this in Paris. He was greatly moved at the king's illness, and very little by anything else. Nevertheless he was agreeably surprised by my letter, and very grateful for a care on my part which he had never thought of taking for himself. He sent me a letter of thanks, which I conveyed to the Duc d'Orléans. I never did anything that gave me more pleasure. The matter was secret until after the death of the king; but I lost no time in having it declared as soon as the regency began.

Monday, August 19, the night was equally bad, but Fagon still would not allow that the king had fever. He worked with Pontchartrain, heard music at Mme. de Maintenon's, announced that he should not go to Fontainebleau, but would review the gendarmerie from his balcony on the following Wednesday. This same day Mme. de Saint-Simon came back from Forges. As the king returned after supper to his cabinet he saw her, stopped his wheeled-chair, and spoke to her with great kindness of her journey and her return. She was the last lady of the Court to whom he spoke. That evening she told me she should never have recognized him had she met him elsewhere than in his own rooms; yet she had only left Marly for Forges on the 6th of July.

Wednesday, August 21, four physicians came to see the king; they were careful to say nothing except praises of Fagon, who now made the king take cassia. He put off reviewing the gendarmerie till Friday, held the council of State, and worked with the chancellor. Mme. de Maintenon came to his room with her ladies, where there was music.



Bedroom of Louis XIV at Versailles

Thursday, 22nd, the king was much worse. Four more physicians came to see him, and they, like the first four, did nothing but admire the learned knowledge and sagacious treatment of Fagon, who made him take quinine and water and ass's-milk when he went to bed. The king's state, which was now known to every one, had already changed the desert of the apartment of the Duc d'Orléans into a crowded waiting-room.

Friday, 23rd, the night was as usual, the morning also. The king worked with Père Tellier, who made fruitless efforts to get him to appoint certain persons to several large and important benefices which were then vacant; in other words, to dispose of them himself, Tellier, and not leave them to be given by the Duc d'Orléans. The worse the king grew, the more Père Tellier urged him, fearing to lose so rich a prize and the occasion to provide himself with henchmen, with whom his bargains were made, not in money, but in cabals. The king told him that he had accounts enough to render to God without burdening himself with those of more appointments, being, as he was, about to appear before Him; and he forbade Père Tellier to speak of it again. He dined standing up in his room in his dressing-gown, and received the courtiers.

Saturday, 24th, his leg was considerably worse, and gave him more pain. He supped, standing up in his dressing-gown, in presence of the Court for the last time. I noticed that he could swallow only liquids, and was annoyed at being looked at. He could not finish, and said to the courtiers that he begged them to pass, that is, leave the room. He then went to bed; his leg was examined and black spots were found upon it. He sent for Père Tellier and confessed. Confusion reigned among the doctors; they had tried milk and quinine, and now suppressed both without knowing

what else to do. They admitted that he had had a slow fever since Whit-Sunday, but excused themselves for doing nothing on the ground that he did not like remedies.

Sunday, August 25, was the fête of Saint-Louis; the night had been very bad. No mystery was now made of the danger, which was seen to be great and imminent. Nevertheless, the king would not allow the slightest change in the accustomed order of the day; that is to say, the drums and the hautboys stationed under his windows gave him, as soon as he waked, their usual music, and the twenty-four violins played in his antechamber during dinner. After which he was alone with Mme. de Maintenon and the chancellor, and, for a short time, the Duc du Maine; Maréchal, Fagon, and the valets in the next room. The night before, he had asked for paper and ink during his work with the chancellor; they were again produced on this occasion, Mme. de Maintenon being present, and it was on one or other of these days that the chancellor wrote, under his dictation, a codicil to his will. M. du Maine (thinking ever of himself) and Mme. de Maintenon felt that the king had not done enough for him. They resolved to remedy this by a codicil, which shows equally the enormous abuse they made of the king's weakness in his extremity, and the extremes to which ambition can lead a man. By this codicil the whole civil and military household of the king was subjected to the Duc du Maine, absolutely and without reserve; and, under his orders, to the Maréchal de Villeroy; thus making them sole masters of the person and dwelling of the king, of the city of Paris, of the two regiments of the guards and the two companies of mousquetaires, of the whole service of bedchamber, wardrobe, chapel, kitchens, stables, etc., so that the regent, having but the mere shadow of a nominal authority, would find himself at their mercy,

continually exposed to arrest and imprisonment whenever he did not please the Duc du Maine.

As soon as the chancellor left the king Mme. de Maintenon, who remained, sent for her usual ladies and for the band, which arrived at seven o'clock. The king fell asleep during his conversation with the ladies, and woke up with his mind wandering, which frightened them and made them send in haste for the doctors; who found the pulse so bad that they did not hesitate to advise the king, who had meantime recovered his senses, to make no delay in receiving the sacraments. Père Tellier was summoned with Cardinal de Rohan, and in a quarter of an hour all was ready and the music and the ladies sent away. Père Tellier confessed the king, while the cardinal fetched the holy sacrament from the chapel with the priests and the sacred oils. Two of the king's almoners, summoned by the cardinal, and seven or eight torches, borne by the footmen of the château and by two of Fagon's lacqueys and one of Mme. de Maintenon's, made up the small procession that followed the cardinal up the little staircase to the king's chamber. Père Tellier, Mme. de Maintenon, and a dozen others, masters or valets, received or followed the holy sacrament. The cardinal said a few words to the king on this great and final action, during which the king was very firm, but seemed much moved by what he was doing. As soon as he had received Our Lord and the holy oils every one left the chamber either preceding or following the Host; no one remained but Mme. de Maintenon and the chancellor. Immediately — and this immediate action was rather strange — a sort of book or little table was put upon the bed, the chancellor laid the codicil upon it, to which the king added five or six lines in his own handwriting and then gave it back to the chancellor. After

Receives the last sacraments.

Writes the codicil to his will.

which the king asked for drink, and then called to Maréchal de Villeroy, who, with a few others of note, was standing at the door between the chamber and the council-room. He talked to him alone for nearly a quarter of an hour, and then he sent a summons to the Duc d'Orléans, with whom he talked rather longer than he had done to the maréchal. He expressed much esteem, confidence, and friendship for him, and — which is terrible with Jesus Christ upon his lips — he assured him that he would find nothing in his will with which he would not be content; and he commended to his care the State, and the person of the future king. Between his communion and extreme unction and this conversation not half an hour had elapsed; he could not have forgotten the strange provisions which had been forced from him with so much difficulty, and during that short interval he had added words to the codicil just written which put the knife to the throat of the Duc d'Orléans, and its hilt in the hand of the Duc du Maine. This brief interview, the first the king had had with the Duc d'Orléans, gave rise to a rumour that the king had declared him regent.

And speaks to the Duc d'Orléans.

Monday, August 26, the night was no better. His leg was dressed, and he heard mass. Every one left the room after the service, but the king detained the Cardinals de Rohan and de Bissy. Mme. de Maintenon remained, as she always did, and with her Maréchal de Villeroy, Père Tellier, and the chancellor, — Fagon, Maréchal, and the valets within sight as usual and near the bed. The king called the two cardinals to him and protested that he died in the faith, and in submission to the Church. Then he added, looking at them, that he was sorry to leave the affairs of the Church in the state they were; that he himself was perfectly ignorant; they knew,

The farewells of the king.

and he called them to witness, that he had done all that they wished him to do; it was therefore for them to answer to God for what had been done, whether too much or too little; he protested once more that he charged them with it before God; that his own conscience was clear, as that of an ignorant man who had yielded himself absolutely to them throughout the whole affair. What a fearful thunderbolt! But the two cardinals were not so easily frightened; their calmness was beyond peradventure. They replied with praises and assurances of safety; and again the king repeated that, in his ignorance, he thought he did all for the best in allowing them to guide him, and therefore his responsibility before God would be laid upon them. He added that as to Cardinal de Noailles, God was his witness he did not hate him, and had always been sorry for what he had thought it his duty to do against him.

That same Monday, August 26, after the two cardinals left him, the king dined in his bed in presence of all those who had the *entrée*. When the meal was cleared away he requested those present to approach him, and said to them the following words, which were written down within an hour: "Messieurs, I ask your pardon for the bad example I have set you. I have much to thank you for, both for the manner in which you have served me, and for the attachment and fidelity you have always shown. I am very sorry not to have done for you all that I wished to do. The hard times are the reason. I ask of you for my grandson the same devotion, the same fidelity you have always shown to me. Let your example guide the conduct of my other subjects. Follow the orders that my nephew will give you; he will govern the kingdom; I hope he will do it well. I hope also that you will contribute to harmony, and if any one breaks away from it, that you will endeavour

to bring him back — I feel that I am moved, and I am moving you; I beg your pardon. Adieu, messieurs, I rely upon the thought that you will sometimes remember me."

Soon after, the king asked for Maréchal de Villeroy and said these words, which he remembered well and often repeated: "Monsieur le maréchal, I give you a fresh proof of my friendship and confidence when dying. I make you governor of the dauphin, the most important post that I can give. You will know by what is in my will what you will have to do with regard to the Duc du Maine. I do not doubt that you will serve me after my death with the same fidelity you have shown to me in life. I hope that my nephew will live with you in the consideration and confidence he ought to show to a man whom I have loved. Adieu, Monsieur le maréchal; I trust that you will remember me."

Some time after this he sent word to the Duchesse de Ventadour to bring the dauphin. He had him brought to his side and said these words before Mme. de Maintenon, a few privileged persons, and the valets, who repeated them: "My child, you are about to be a great king. Do not imitate me in the taste I had for building, nor in that I had for war. Strive, on the contrary, to have peace with your neighbours. Render to God that which you owe to Him; recognize your obligations to Him; make Him honoured by your subjects. Follow good counsels; try to solace your people, which I have been so unfortunate as not to be able to do. Never forget the gratitude you owe to Mme. de Ventadour. Madame," he added, addressing her, "let me kiss him;" and as he kissed him he said: "My dear child, I give you my blessing with all my heart." As they lifted the little prince from his bed, he asked for him again, kissed him once more, and raising his hands and eyes

to heaven, blessed him again. The scene was extremely touching. Mme. de Ventadour hastened to remove the dauphin, and carried him back at once to his room.

The following day, August 27, the king remarked to Mme. de Maintenon that he had always heard it said that it was difficult to resign one's self to die, but as for him, who was now at the moment so formidable to mankind, he did not find it painful to accept. She replied that it was very painful when people had attachments, or hatred in their hearts, or restitutions to make. "Ah!" said the king, "as for restitutions, I owe none to individuals, and for those I owe to my kingdom I must hope in the mercy of God." The night that followed was very agitated. They saw him clasp his hands repeatedly, and they heard him say the prayers he had always said in health, and saw him beat his breast at the *Confiteor*.

Early on the morning of Wednesday, August 28, he said an affectionate thing to Mme. de Maintenon, which did not please her and to which she made no reply. He told her that his one consolation in leaving her was the hope that at her age she would soon rejoin him. About seven o'clock that morning he called for Père Tellier, and as he was speaking with him of God he saw in the mirror over his mantelpiece two of his valets sitting at the foot of his bed and weeping. He said to them: "Why do you weep? Did you think me immortal? I never thought so, and you ought, at my age, to expect to lose me."

A Provençal peasant, extremely rough and common, came to Versailles in the course of the day with a remedy which, he said, would cure gangrene. The king was so ill, and the doctors so much at a loss, that they consented, in presence of Mme. de Maintenon and M. du Maine, to make use of it. Fagon wanted to say something, but the peasant, whose

name was Le Brun, browbeat him so brutally that Fagon, accustomed to browbeat others and to be obeyed in trembling, was quite dumfounded. They gave the king ten drops of the elixir, in wine of Alicante, about eleven in the morning. He seemed much stronger for it; but, the pulse having failed again, they asked him to take another dose, saying it would restore him to life. He answered as he took the glass, "For life or death, as God pleases."

Meantime Mme. de Maintenon had left the king's room with her hood drawn down, and was led by the Maréchal de Villeroy past her own apartments, which she did not enter, to the foot of the grand staircase. There she raised her hood, embraced the maréchal, saying to him with dry eyes, "Adieu, Monsieur le maréchal," got into the king's carriage, which she always used, where Mme. de Caylus awaited her, and, with all her women following in her own carriage, went off to Saint-Cyr. That same evening the Duc du Maine gave a most amusing account in his own house of Fagon's encounter with Le Brun. I shall have occasion to speak later of his conduct, and that of Mme. de Maintenon and Père Tellier during the very last days of the king. Le Brun's remedy was continued as he wished, and each time he saw the king take it. When some broth was proposed to the king he replied that they ought not to speak to him as they would to another man, because it was not broth he wanted, but a confessor. Once when he returned to himself after a loss of consciousness, he asked Père Tellier for a general absolution from his sins. Père Tellier asked him if he suffered much. "Eh! no," replied the king, "that is what troubles me; I wish I suffered more in expiation of my sins."

Mme. de Maintenon retires to Saint-Cyr.

Thursday, August 29, the night had been very bad; the absence of the usual tenants of the king's room, who had no

need of being there after what they had accomplished, left the entrance free to the chief officers, who had hitherto been excluded. No mass had been said the evening before, and there seemed no prospect of any in future. The Duc de Charost, captain of the guard, who had slipped in with the rest, very naturally thought this wrong, and he made one of the valets ask the king if he would not be glad to hear one. The king said he desired it. They then sent about for the proper persons and the necessary things, and continued to do so on the following days. In the course of this Thursday he seemed much stronger; the news flew round on all sides, and was much exaggerated. I went about two o'clock to the Duc d'Orléans, whose apartments had so swarmed with people for the last week that there was scarcely room to drop a pin, and found no one. As soon as he saw me he began to laugh, and told me I was the first man who had been near him that day; his rooms were deserted. Such is the world!

I took this moment of leisure to speak to him of many things; and then it was that I became aware he was no longer in favour of the convocation of the States-general, and (except as to what we had agreed upon concerning the councils), that he had not given the rest a thought; about which I took the liberty of giving him strongly my opinion.

The evening of that day, the 29th, did not answer to the hopes of the morning; at eight o'clock in the evening the king again took the elixir of the Provençal peasant; his mind seemed to wander and he said himself that he felt very ill. At eleven o'clock they examined his leg, and the gangrene was found in his foot and his knee, with the thigh much swelled. He fainted during the examination. He observed with pain the absence of Mme. de Maintenon, who did not intend to return.

The king, very ill, sends for Mme. de Maintenon.

Several times in the course of the day he asked for her, and it became impossible at last to hide her departure. He then sent to fetch her from Saint-Cyr, and she returned that evening.

Friday, August 30, the day was as bad as the night had been. Much drowsiness; at intervals the mind wandered. No one was in the chamber but the necessary valets, the doctors, and Mme. de Maintenon, with rare apparitions of Père Tellier, whom Bloin or Maréchal summoned constantly, for he did not remain as before in the cabinets, nor did M. du Maine. The king responded readily to pious thoughts whenever Mme. de Maintenon or Père Tellier took moments when his mind did not wander, but these moments were now few and short. At five o'clock Mme. de Maintenon went to her own apartment, where she distributed what furniture she possessed among her servants, and went back to Saint-Cyr, which she never left again.

Saturday, August 31, the day and night were terrible, with only a few short periods of consciousness. The gangrene had gained the whole thigh. They gave him a remedy of the late Abbé d'Aignan, sent by the Duchesse du Maine, which was excellent for the small-pox. The doctors consented to anything because there was no hope. About eleven at night the king was thought so ill that the prayers for the dying were said. The ceremony recalled him to himself; and he recited the prayers in so strong a voice that he was heard above the voices of a number of priests and of other persons who had entered the room. At the close of the prayers he recognized Cardinal de Rohan, and said to him: "These are the last favours of the Church." The cardinal was the last person to whom he spoke. He repeated several times, *Nunc et in hora mortis;* then he added, "Oh, my God, come to my help; hasten to succour

His last words; his death.

me!" Those were his last words. All night he lay without consciousness, and the lingering death-agony ended on Sunday, September 1, 1715, at a quarter past eight in the morning, — three days before he was seventy-seven years old, and in the seventy-second year of his reign.

X.

Character of Louis XIV.

Louis XIV. was a prince in whom we cannot deny much that was good, even great, while we recognize still more that was petty and bad, without being able to discern what was native in him, and what was acquired. As to either, nothing is more rare than writers who are well-informed; nothing more difficult to find than men who knew him of their own knowledge and experience and are capable of writing about him, who yet, at the same time, are sufficiently masters of themselves to speak of him without hatred and without flattery; saying only that which is dictated by the naked truth as to the good and evil, equally. With regard to the first qualification, it may here be relied upon; as to the second, I shall endeavour to attain it by sincerely holding all passion in abeyance.

I shall not speak here of his earliest years. King almost at birth, smothered by the policy of a mother who wished to govern, still more by the selfish interests of a pernicious minister, who risked the welfare of the State a thousand times for his own personal grandeur, and under subjection to that yoke as long as the minister lived, this period of his life is just so much cut off from the reign of Louis XIV. Still, he was dawning beneath the yoke. He felt love; he comprehended that idleness was the enemy of renown; he had made feeble efforts in both directions; he had enough perception to feel himself delivered by Mazarin's death, though he did not have the force to deliver himself earlier.

That event produced, in fact, one of the fine moments of his life, and it bore fruit in the maxim, which nothing ever shook, to eschew prime ministers and all ecclesiastics in his council. He learned another at the same time, which he did not maintain with the same consistency because he never perceived that in practice it was constantly escaping him; namely, to govern by himself, — the thing on which he most piqued himself, about which he was praised and flattered most, but of which he actually did least.

His early years.

Born with a mind below mediocrity, but a mind that was capable of forming, training, and refining itself, and of acquiring from others without imitation or constraint, he profited immensely from having all his life lived among people of the world, both men and women of all ages; persons who had the most knowledge of life and the best minds of different sorts and descriptions. If I may so speak of a king twenty-three years of age, on his first entry into the world he was fortunate in being surrounded by distinguished intellects of all kinds. His ministers, within and without the country, were the strongest in all Europe; his generals the greatest; their seconds the best, becoming afterwards leaders of the same school; all were men whose names have passed to posterity by unanimous consent. The tumults by which the State was so furiously agitated, within and without, after the death of Louis XIII. had produced a body of men who formed a court of able and illustrious personages and refined courtiers.

The apartments of the Comtesse de Soissons, who, as superintendent of the household of the queen-mother, lodged in Paris at the Tuileries and reigned over the Court, partly by the remains of the splendour of her late uncle, Cardinal Mazarin, but more by her own intellect and cleverness, had

become the centre of everything, but a very select one. It was there that all the most distinguished men and women of the time assembled, rendering those apartments the centre of Court gallantries and of the secret manœuvres and intrigues of ambition, upon which noble descent and parentage, as much prized and respected in those days as it is now forgotten, had great influence. It was into this important and brilliant vortex that the king first threw himself; it was here that he acquired that air of courtesy and gallantry which he retained all his life and knew so well how to combine with decorum and majesty. It may be said that he was made for majesty; amid all other men his figure, his carriage, the graces, beauty, and the noble mien that succeeded beauty, even to the tones of his voice and the supple, natural, and majestic grace of his whole person, distinguished him to the day of his death as king of the world's hive; so that had he been born to private life he would still have had the talent of fêtes, pleasures, gallantry, and the same turn for love and its license. Happy would it have been for him had all his mistresses resembled Mme. de La Vallière, shamed in her own eyes by being what she was; still more by the fruits of her love (acknowledged and brought forward against her wishes); modest, disinterested, gentle, kind to the last degree, struggling ever against herself, and victorious at last over her wrong-doing through the cruel effects of love and jealousy, — her torture and her resource; for she used them finally to tear herself away and consecrate her life to the harshest and most saintly repentance. It must be admitted that the king was more to be pitied than blamed in giving himself up to love, and that he deserves commendation for having, at times, torn himself away from it for the sake of military glory.

Mme. de La Valliere; her character.

The intrigues and adventures that, king as he was, he shared in this vortex of the Comtesse de Soissons, made impressions upon him which grew fatal for the reason that they ruled him ever after. Intellect, nobility of sentiments, self-respect, a lofty heart, an educated mind, all became suspicious to him and presently hateful. The farther he advanced in life, the more this aversion was confirmed. He felt it towards his generals and his ministers, and it was only counterbalanced by his need of them. He wanted to reign alone. His jealousy on that point amounted to madness. He reigned in small things; to the great he never attained; and even in the small he was often governed. His first seizure of the reins of empire was marked with extreme harshness and extreme gullibility. Fouquet was the luckless man who felt the first; Colbert was the active agent of the second, by seizing the sole management of the finances while making the king believe that everything was in his own hands, by reason of the signatures with which he overwhelmed him after the suppression of Fouquet's office.

Hatred of intellect and nobility of sentiment; desire to reign alone.

Soon after this, the death of the King of Spain made the young prince, who was eager for glory, seize upon a pretext for war, from which his recent renunciations, so carefully stipulated in the queen's marriage-contract, did not deter him. He marched into Flanders; his conquests were rapid; the passage of the Rhine was memorable; the triple alliance of England, Sweden, and Holland only spurred him on. He took, in the depth of winter, all Franche-Comté, which served him, at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, to preserve his conquests in Flanders by relinquishing that province. All was prosperous in the State; all was affluent. Colbert had brought the finances, the navy, commerce, manufactures, even letters, to the high-

Eagerness for glory.

est point; and this era, like that of Augustus, produced, in emulation of one another, illustrious men in every walk of life, even to those who were good for nought but pleasure.

Le Tellier and his son Louvois trembled at the success and influence of Colbert, and had no trouble in putting a new war into the king's head, the successes of which caused such alarm in Europe that France could never overcome it, and, after nearly succumbing to it many years later, she still feels the weight and the misfortune of it. Such was the true cause of that famous war in Holland, into which the king allowed himself to be pushed, and which his love for Mme. de Montespan rendered so mortifying to his kingdom and to his own fame. All being conquered, all taken, and Amsterdam ready to send him her keys, the king, yielding to the impatience of love, left the army, flew back to Versailles, and destroyed in a moment the triumph of his arms. He repaired this shame later by a second conquest of Franche-Comté in person, which thenceforth belonged to France.

War of 1688; its curious origin.

The war of 1688 had an equally strange origin, the narrative of which, alike authentic and curious, serves so well to characterize both the king and Louvois that it ought to find a place here. Louvois, on the death of Colbert, took his place as superintendent of buildings. The little porcelain Trianon, built for Mme. de Montespan, dissatisfied the king, who always wanted palaces. He amused himself immensely in building; he had a compass in his eye for proportions, accuracy, and symmetry, but taste was lacking, as we shall see elsewhere. The new château was going up, when the king observed a defect in a window which was just being finished among a line of others on the range of the ground-floor. Louvois, who was rude by nature and so spoilt that he would scarcely allow

his master to find fault with him, disputed the matter stoutly and maintained that the window was right. The king turned his back upon him, and walked off elsewhere.

The next day he saw Le Nôtre, a good architect, though more famous for his taste in gardens, which he was the first to introduce into France, bringing them to a state of the highest perfection. The king asked him if he had been to Trianon. He said no. The king then explained what had struck his eye, and told him to go and look at that window. Next day the same question, same answer; and the day after, the same. The king saw that Le Nôtre would not risk finding either himself or Louvois to blame. He was angry, and ordered him to be at Trianon the next day, when he should be there himself and Louvois also. This time there was no means of getting out of it. The king found them both at Trianon when he arrived there. The question of the window came up at once. Louvois disputed the point; Le Nôtre said nothing. At last the king told the latter to go and measure it by rule and come and tell him the result. While he was doing this, Louvois, furious at the proceeding, grumbled aloud, crossly declaring that the window was exactly the same size as all the others. The king said nothing and waited; but he was plainly displeased. When the measurements were made he asked Le Nôtre the result. Le Nôtre hesitated. The king was angry and ordered him to speak out. Le Nôtre then admitted that the king was right by several inches. He had scarcely said the words before the king, turning to Louvois, told him he could not put up with his obstinacy any longer; that if it had not been for his own eye that window would have been crooked and the whole building must have been torn down as soon as finished; in short, he washed his head for him.

Louvois, incensed at this rebuke, given in presence of the

courtiers, the workmen, and the valets, went home furious. He there found Saint-Pouange, Villacerf, the two Tilladets, and others of his henchmen, who were much alarmed to see him in such a state. "It is all over," he said to them; "I am ruined with the king after his treating me in this way about a mere window. I have no resource but a war which will put building out of his head and make me necessary to him, and by ——! he shall have it." He kept his word, and within a few months, in spite of the king and the other powers, war was general. It ruined France within, and gained her nothing without, for in spite of the prosperity of our arms, it only led to shameful results.

The peace that followed that war, for which the king and the country, now reduced to their last shifts, had long sighed, was shameful. We were forced to go, how and where the Duc de Savoie chose, in order to detach him from the allies; to recognize the Prince of Orange as King of England after long efforts of hatred and personal contempt against him; and to receive the Duke of Portland, his ambassador, as a species of divinity. Moreover, our pressing need of peace cost us Luxembourg; and the military ignorance of our plenipotentiaries, who were not properly instructed by the cabinet, gave the enemy great advantages in forming their frontier. Such was the Peace of Ryswick, concluded in September, 1697. The lull of arms lasted but three years, during which we felt all the loss of the restitution of the countries and places we had conquered, added to the weight of what the war had cost. Here ends the second era of the king's reign.

The third opened with a great show of glory and prosperity, — a period that was only momentary. It intoxicated every one and paved the way to strange misfortunes, our issue from which has been a species of miracle. Other misfor-

tunes of a different kind henceforth accompanied the king and conducted him to his grave; fortunate indeed would he have been had he survived the accession of his grandson to the throne of Spain by a few months only. This last era of his reign is so near to the present time that I shall not enlarge upon it. But what I have now recalled of the reign of the late king was necessary to make what is said of him personally more intelligible.

I must repeat that the mind of Louis XIV. was beneath mediocrity, but very capable of improving itself. He loved glory, he wanted order and regularity. He was born prudent, moderate, secretive, master of his emotions and of his tongue, and — will it be believed? — he was also born kind and just. God had given him the makings of a good king, perhaps even of a great king. Evil came to him from the outside. His early youth was so neglected that no one dared to approach his apartment. He was often heard to speak of those years with bitterness; he would even relate how they found him one night fallen into the fountain of the Palais-Royal, where the Court then resided. His dependent condition was extreme. He was scarcely taught to read and write; and he remained ever after so ignorant that he never knew the best-known facts of history, events, fortunes, careers, rank, or laws. By reason of this deficiency he often fell, and sometimes in public, into the grossest absurdities.

Virtues of Louis XIV.; his miserable education.

One might have thought that the king would have liked a great nobility, and not have desired to level it with any other class. Far from this; the aversion he felt to nobility of sentiment, and his weakness for his ministers, who hated and kept down, in order to raise themselves, all that they were not and never could be, had given him a like aversion to noble birth. He feared it as much as he feared intellect;

and if these two qualifications were united in one person, and he knew it, it was all over with that person.

His ministers, his generals, his mistresses, his courtiers perceived, very soon after he became master, his foible, rather than his real taste, for glory. They vied with each other in praising him, and they spoilt him. Praise, or to speak more truly, flattery pleased him to such a degree that the coarsest was well received, the basest with most relish. It was only in this way that any one ever reached him. It was this that gave such power to his ministers through the constant opportunities that they had to adulate him, especially by attributing to him whatever they did themselves and letting him think he inspired them. Suppleness, baseness, an admiring, cringing, and dependent air, above all, an air of nullity except through him, were the only means of pleasing him. Leaving that path, there was no recovery, and it was this that eventually ruined Louvois. Year by year the poison spread, till it reached an almost incredible height in a prince who was not without some intelligence, and who had experience. He, who had neither voice nor music in him, would sing in his private rooms the prologues of plays and operas that praised him; he was so bathed in that delight that sometimes at his public suppers if the violins played the tune of those praises he would hum the words between his teeth as an accompaniment.

His pleasure in flattery.

Hence came also the desire for glory, which tore him at intervals from love; hence the facility with which Louvois involved him in great wars (partly, on Louvois' side, to overthrow Colbert, partly to aggrandize himself); hence the ease with which the minister convinced him he was a greater captain than all his generals, both for plans and for execution of campaigns, — an idea which the generals themselves abetted

in order to please him. He appropriated all with an admiring complacency in himself, and believed he was really such as they depicted him. Hence his taste for reviews, which he pushed to such lengths that his enemies called him the "review king;" hence his liking for sieges, where he could show his courage cheaply, exhibit his capacity, foresight, vigilance, and his fatigues, to which his robust and splendidly formed person was so marvellously suited that he never suffered from hunger, thirst, cold, heat, rain, or any kind of weather. He was very conscious of hearing himself admired, as he rode among the camps, for his grand air, his noble bearing, and the skill with which he managed his horse. It was chiefly about his campaigns and his troops that he talked to his mistresses, and sometimes to his courtiers. He spoke well, in good language and correctly; he told an anecdote better than any other man living; also a narrative. His commonest remarks were never without a certain natural and conscious majesty.

His liking for details.

His mind, dwelling naturally on small things, found pleasure in every sort of detail. He was constantly busy with those of the troops: clothing, arms, evolutions, exercises, discipline, — in short, the minor details. So with his buildings, his civil household, his table; he believed that he was teaching others in such matters, about which they knew more than he, though they received as novices lessons they had long known by heart. This loss of time on details, which seemed to the king to have the merit of persevering industry, was a blessing to the ministers, who, with a little art and experience in twisting him, were able to make anything come from him that they wanted themselves; and while he was applauding himself over details, they were conducting the greater affairs according to their own ideas, and often their own interests.

Vanity and pride, which always go on increasing, and which were fed and increased in him perpetually, even from the pulpit and without his consciousness, became the basis of the elevation of his ministers above all other grandeur in the land. They cunningly convinced him that their ability was only his own put into them, and being derived from him, its vast extent became of course immeasurable.

Rarity, but advantage of an audience with him.

But however spoilt the king was as to his grandeur and his authority, which had smothered all other considerations within him, there was always something to be gained by an audience with him, if it could be obtained, and if one knew how to behave with the respect that his majesty and his habits demanded. Besides what I have known from others, I myself had experience of this. At such audiences, however prejudiced he might be, whatever displeasure he thought he had reason to feel, he listened with patience, with kindness, with a desire to be informed and enlightened; he did not interrupt unless to make things clearer. He showed a spirit of equity, a desire to know the truth, and this though he might be angry; it was so to the end of his life. At such an audience all could be said, provided, I repeat, that it was done with that air of respect, submission, and dependence without which things would be worse than they were before. But with it, one could interrupt the king, deny the facts he stated, raise one's voice above his in speaking, and do this not only without his thinking harm of it, but so as to make him congratulate himself for the audience he had given, and praise the man who obtained it; laying aside the prejudices he had taken up or the falsehoods put into him, and showing this subsequently by his behaviour. Consequently, the ministers took great care to inspire the king with a dislike to audiences, in which they succeeded, as in everything else.

It is therefore with great reason that one ought to deplore with tears of sorrow, not only an education solely arranged to smother the heart and mind of this prince, and the abominable poison of bare-faced flattery which made a god of him in the very bosom of Christianity, but the cruel policy of his ministers who hemmed him in, and, for their own grandeur, power, and fortune, so intoxicated him with ideas of his authority and glory that they corrupted him; and if they did not smother in his soul all the goodness, equity, and desire to know the truth with which God had endowed him, they blunted them and hindered him from making any true use of those virtues, to the lasting injury of himself and his kingdom. From these pestilential and outside sources he acquired a pride so great that it is not too much to say that, without the fear of the devil, which God implanted in him even in the midst of his loosest living, he would have had himself worshipped, and would have found worshippers; witness those extravagant monuments (to speak soberly); especially his statue in the Place des Victoires and its pagan dedication, at which I was present, and in which he took such keen delight. From this pride came all that ruined him; we have seen its fatal effects already, and others still more fatal are to come.

His extreme pride; causes and results of it.

The Peace of Ryswick, so dearly bought, so necessarily desired after such great and protracted efforts, seemed to enable France to breathe at last. The king was sixty years of age, and he had, in his opinion, won every sort of glory. His great ministers were dead and had left no pupils. His great captains were also dead, and the men they had trained were dead too, or no longer of an age or health to be reckoned in future wars; and Louvois, who had groaned with wrath under the weight of the great chieftains, had

taken good care that no more of them should be formed whose merits could give umbrage to him. He allowed none to rise but those who would always have need of him to sustain them. He did not live to gather the fruit of this, but the country bore the penalty, and, from hand to hand, bears it to this day.

We were scarcely at peace, without as yet having had time to enjoy its benefits, before the king's pride stirred him to astonish all Europe by a show of his power, which she had thought subdued; and he did, in truth, amaze her. This was the cause of that famous camp at Compiègne, where, under pretence of showing his grandsons an image of war, he displayed a magnificence, both in his Court and in his troops, unknown to the greatest kings and the most famous tournaments. This was a new form of exhaustion, following so long and exhausting a war. The whole army felt it for many years; some regiments were still in debt for it twenty years later. It was not long before we had reason to regret a prodigality so immense and so uncalled-for, coming at the close of a ruinous war, instead of allowing the kingdom to recover and repeople itself by quiet ease; to refill slowly the king's coffers and the storage places of all kinds; to revive the navy and commerce; to let hatreds and distrust die out, separating little by little allies so united and formidable, and giving by prudence just cause for the radical dissolution of a league which had been so fatal to us and might be again. As, in fact, it proved to be four years after the Peace of Ryswick, on the death of the King of Spain and the failure of King William, who did not long survive him. Then it was that the vanity of the king brought this great and noble kingdom within an inch of its destruction, as a consequence of the great event [the Spanish succession] which caused all Europe once more to take up arms. This, however, will be referred to farther on.

The Court was another phase of the king's domineering policy. Many things contributed to remove the residence of the Court from Paris and establish it permanently in the country. The troubles of his minority, of which the city was the great theatre, had impressed him with a great aversion to it and a conviction that his stay there was dangerous; also that the residence of the Court elsewhere would make cabals with Paris less easy, although the distance might not be great, and more difficult to conceal because absences would readily be noticed. Louis XIV. could never forgive Paris for his fugitive departure from it on the Eve of the Epiphany, 1649, nor for having witnessed, in spite of himself, his tears at the first retreat of Mme. de La Vallière. Moreover, the embarrassment of his various mistresses, the danger of carrying on such great scandals in the midst of so populous a capital filled with minds of all descriptions, had no little influence in sending him from it. Besides which, his taste for outdoor life and hunting could be better indulged in the country than in Paris, far from forests and sterile of places for walking or driving. The taste for building, which came later and grew by degrees, could not have been gratified in a city where he was continually a spectacle to the eyes of a crowd; and finally, the idea of making himself more venerated by withdrawing from the eyes of the multitude and ceasing to be seen daily, was added to all the other considerations that led the king to fix his residence at Saint-Germain after the death of the queen-mother.

The Court; its removal to the country; reasons for this.

The amour with Mme. de La Vallière, at first a mystery, gave rise to constant excursions to Versailles, then a mere house of cards, built by Louis XIII. on the site of a wretched tavern with a windmill, where he and his suite had sometimes slept when tired out with

Origin of Versailles.

their long hunts in the forest of Saint-Léger and farther still. These short trips of Louis XIV. and his mistress to Versailles gave birth little by little to the vast buildings that he constructed there. The accommodation they afforded for a numerous Court (so different from the lodgings at Saint-Germain) induced the king to fix his dwelling permanently in Versailles not long before the death of the queen. He made a vast number of lodgings, to ask for which was a means of paying court to him; whereas at Saint-Germain nearly every one had the inconvenience of lodging in the town, and the few who lodged in the château were terribly cramped.

The frequent fêtes, the drives to Versailles, and the various trips elsewhere were means which the king employed to distinguish, or mortify, the persons who were or were not invited to join them, and thus to keep every one attentive and assiduous to please him. He felt that he had not enough real favours to shed around him continually; he therefore substituted ideal ones, little preferences which were shown daily, one might say momentarily, with an art that was all his own. The hopes that these small preferences and distinctions excited, the consequence that people derived from them, were amazing, and no one was ever more ingenious than he in contriving such occasions. Marly, in the end, was of great use to him in this respect, and also Trianon where every one, it is true, might go and pay their court to him, but where, alone, ladies had the honour of eating with him and were chosen specially for each meal. There was also the honour of the candlestick to be held at his *coucher* by a courtier whom he wished to distinguish and named aloud after he had finished saying his prayers. The *justaucorps à brevet* was another of these inventions. It was blue, lined with red, the facings and waistcoat also

red, embroidered magnificently in a gold design touched up with silver in a style reserved for these garments. Only a certain number of them existed; of which the king, his family, and the princes of the blood had each one, but the latter, like the rest of the courtiers, only had them when a vacancy occurred. The most distinguished personages at Court asked for them, either for themselves or for others, and it was thought a great favour to obtain them. The king invented them for those persons, very few in number, who had the privilege of accompanying him in his walks at Saint-Germain and at Versailles without being invited; and after the walks ceased, the coats ceased to give any privilege, except that they might be worn when there was court or family mourning. The different ingenuities of this nature which succeeded each other as the king advanced in years, and fêtes increased or diminished, and the attention he gave to keeping a numerous Court about him, would be endless to relate.

Not only was he desirous of the continual presence of distinguished persons, but he was just as anxious for that of the inferior ranks. He looked about him to right and left at his *lever*, his *coucher*, at his meals, as he passed through the apartments, and in his gardens at Versailles, where alone the courtiers had the liberty of following him. He saw and noticed every one; no one escaped his eye, not even those who scarcely hoped to be seen. He noted in his own mind the absence of such as were usually present, also that of occasional persons who came more or less often; he informed himself as to the causes, general or special, of such absences, and never lost the slightest occasion to act towards the persons in consequence. In his eyes it was a great demerit in the most distinguished personages if they did not make

Desire of the king to keep a full Court about him.

the Court their abode; it was another in those who came seldom; and it was certain disgrace to those who never, or almost never, came at all. When some favour was asked for one of the latter, "I don't know him," he would reply, haughtily. About those who came seldom, he would say, "That is a man I never see;" and the decision against such persons was irrevocable. It was another crime not to go to Fontainebleau, which he regarded as a second Versailles; and for certain persons not "to ask for Marly," some always, others often, it needed a valid excuse to save them, men and women both, from disgrace. Above all, he could not endure that persons should go to Paris and amuse themselves. He was rather easy with those who liked to go to their country-seats, but they had to be careful not to stay too long, or else have taken precautions to give notice of it.

Pains taken by the king to obtain information. Spies and police.

Louis XIV. took the greatest pains to be informed of all that happened everywhere, in public places, in private houses, in social life, in the privacy of families and intimacies. His spies and reporters were numberless. He had them of all kinds; many of them did not know that the information they gave was taken to him; others did know it; some wrote to him directly and sent their letters by secret ways which he prescribed to them (those letters were never seen except by him), and finally there were some who entered by the back way and with whom he talked privately in his cabinet. These secret reports broke the necks of an infinite number of persons of all stations without their ever discovering the cause, frequently most unjust; but the king, once prejudiced, never recovered from it, or so rarely as scarcely to be mentioned.

It was to this curiosity that the dangerous functions of the lieutenant of police owed their establishment. Once established they went on steadily increasing. These officers were

more feared, more cautiously treated, more considered than even the ministers, even by the ministers themselves; and there was no one in France, not excepting the princes of the blood, who did not think it their interest to pay respect to them, or who failed to do so. Besides the more serious reports which the king received in these ways, he amused himself by learning all the gallantries and follies of Paris. Pontchartrain, who had Paris and the Court in his department, paid court to him by these base means (which incensed his father, the chancellor), so that his usefulness in this way maintained him with the king, by the king's own admission, against various rough attacks, under which he would otherwise have succumbed. This was known more than once through Mme. de Maintenon, the Duchesse de Bourgogne, the Comte de Toulouse, and the personal valets.

Secrets of the Post-office.

But the most cruel of all the means by which the king obtained information, for many years before it was suspected, aided by the ignorance and imprudence of many unfortunate persons throughout his life, was the opening of letters. No one would believe the quickness and dexterity with which this was done. The king read extracts from all letters that the heads of the post-office and the minister who ruled them, thought advisable to show him; also whole letters, when it was considered worth while to send them, either for their contents or because of the importance of those to whom they were addressed. Thus the principal agents of the post-office, masters and clerks, were in a position to impute what they liked and to whom they liked. A word of contempt for the king or the government, a jest, a sarcasm, a fragment of a letter speciously detached, destroyed a man hopelessly, without inquiry; and this power was continually in their hands. Whether the accusations were true or false, it is incredible, the number of persons who were more or less ruined

in this way. The secrecy was impenetrable; nothing cost the king less than to hold his tongue absolutely, or to dissimulate. This latter talent he possessed even to falseness, but never to falsehood; and he piqued himself on keeping his word; for which reason he seldom gave it. As for the secrets of others, he kept them as religiously as he did his own. He was even flattered by receiving confessions and confidences, and none of his mistresses, ministers, or favourites could get them from him, not even when the secret concerned themselves.

Personal charm of the king.

No one ever gave with better grace or so enhanced in that way the value of his benefits. No one ever sold his words, his smiles, his very glances to better advantage. He made them all precious by their choiceness and majesty, to which the brevity and rareness of his words gave additional value. If he addressed any one, either to question, or to speak of indifferent matters, all present looked at that person; it was regarded as a distinction, talked about, and the recipient of that favour was the more considered. It was the same with all attentions, distinctions, and preferences, which he gave in their due proportions. Never did he say a disobliging thing to any one; and if he had to reprove or reprimand or punish, which was very rare, he did it always with an air that was more or less kind, seldom harsh, and never angry, except in a few solitary cases, like the affair of Courtenvaux, which I related in its place; though he was not exempt from anger, and he sometimes wore an air of severity.

His politeness.

Never was a man so naturally polite, with a politeness that distinguished age, merit, rank, both in his answers, when they went beyond the usual "I will see," and in his manners. Those three stages were marked precisely in his manner of bowing and acknowledging

salutations. He was admirable in his different ways of receiving the salutes of the various army corps in the field or at reviews. But above all, towards women his politeness was unequalled. Never did he pass a petticoat without raising his hat, even to the waiting-women, whom he knew to be such, as often happened at Marly. To ladies he took off his hat entirely, but more or less far as the case might be. To titled men he took it half off and held it against his ear for a few moments, more or less marked. To seigneurs he simply touched his hat. If he joined the ladies he did not cover his head until he left them. All this was out-of-doors; in the house he wore no hat. His bows, more or less marked, but always slight, had a grace and majesty that were really incomparable, even to his manner of half rising from his chair at supper to every *dame assise* [lady with right to *tabouret*] who arrived, no other. Towards the end of his life this tired him, and though he never gave it up, those ladies avoided entering the room after his supper had begun.

His patience.

If he was made to wait for anything when he dressed, he always did so patiently. He was punctual to the hours he appointed himself for his whole day, with the clearest precision in his orders. If it happened that in rainy weather, when he could not go out, he went a little earlier to Mme. de Maintenon than the time he had fixed, so that the captain of the guards in quarters was not present, he never failed to say to him afterwards that it was his own fault not to have warned him in time. This regularity, which never flagged, caused him to be served with the utmost punctuality; and it was also an infinite convenience to the courtiers.

He treated his valets, especially his personal attendants, kindly. It was among them that he felt most at his ease,

and talked familiarly, especially to the chief of them. Their good-will or their dislikes often had great results. They frequently did good or ill turns; reminding one of those powerful freedmen of the Roman emperors, to whom the senate and the grandees of the empire paid their court, and cringed humbly. These of this reign were not less reckoned upon or less courted. The most powerful ministers treated them with circumspection; so did the princes of the blood, even the bastards, not to speak of all the lesser people about the Court. The insolence of most of them was great, and such that it was necessary to know how to avoid it, or else endure it patiently.

His natural grace in everything.

Nothing could equal the king at reviews, at fêtes, and wherever an air of gallantry prevailed through the presence of ladies. I have already said that he learned this at the Court of his mother and in the salon of the Comtesse de Soissons. The company of his mistresses had more and more accustomed him to it; but always majestically, though sometimes with gayety; never anything before the world that was unbecoming or hazardous; his slightest gesture, his walk, carriage, his whole countenance, proper, decent, noble, grand, majestic, and yet very natural, to which habit and the incomparable advantage of his fine figure added great ease. Also, at serious moments — the reception of ambassadors, ceremonies, etc. — no man ever so awed others; it was necessary to begin by getting accustomed to the sight of him, if the person who made the harangue did not wish to be taken aback. His answers on such occasions were always brief and to the point, very rarely without something courteous, frequently flattering when the previous discourse deserved it. The respect felt for his person, wherever he was, imposed silence and even a sort of terror.

Beauty, Veine and Vesta

His love of air and exercise.

He was very fond of the open air and of exercise, as long as he was able to take it. He had formerly excelled in dancing, and in playing *maille* and tennis.[1] For others to play well or ill before him was a merit or a demerit. He said that such things were not necessary, and if people could not do them well they had better not do them at all. He was very fond of shooting, and there was no better shot than he, nor one so graceful. He chose out the best setter bitches, and always had seven or eight in his cabinets, whom he fed himself to make them know him better. He delighted in hunting the stag, but did so in a calèche after he broke his arm while riding to hounds at Fontainebleau after the queen's death. He went alone in a sort of cabriolet, drawn by four small horses in five or six relays, which he drove himself at full speed with a skill and precision which the best coachmen could not equal, and always with the same grace in all he did. His postilions were children nine or ten years of age, and he guided them. Air was essential to him, and when deprived of it his health suffered from headache and depression, first caused by his inordinate use of perfumes in former days, which had been so great that for many years past he could bear none, except that of orange-flowers; and it was necessary to be very careful not to have any about you if you had to approach him. As he was not sensitive to cold or heat or even rain, nothing but great extremes of weather hindered him from going out. He had only three objects in doing so: to hunt the stag at least once a week, usually oftener, at Marly or Fontainebleau, with his own hounds and those

[1] *Maille*, or *pale-maille* (O. F.), a game in which a ball is struck by a mallet through iron arches in the ground; precisely the same as the modern croquet. Hence Pall-Mall, a place in London where the game was played, and the present word *mall*.— Tr.

of others; to shoot in his preserves, and no man in France shot better, or with such grace; he always went out once or twice a week, especially on Sundays and festivals, on which days he did not choose to have great hunts, and the workmen were not employed upon his buildings; on all other days he went to walk in his gardens and to watch the progress of those buildings; sometimes he drove with his ladies, taking collations for them, in the forests of Marly and Fontainebleau; at the latter place his drives around the canal, where several courtiers appeared on horseback, presented a magnificent spectacle.

His devotion to the services of the Church.

Never but once in his life did the king miss a mass, and that was with the army on the day of a great march, or a fast-day, unless from some real and very rare indisposition. Some days before Lent he always gave a public discourse at his *lever*, in which he made known that he should think it very wrong if any one ate *gras* under any pretext whatever; and he ordered the grand-provost to keep his eye on this and render him an account of it. He missed few sermons in Lent or Advent, and none of the devotions of Holy Week, nor the two processions of the Holy Sacrament, nor the Saints'-days, the day of the Order of the Holy Spirit, nor that of the Assumption. He was very respectful in church. All persons at his mass were obliged to kneel at the Sanctus, and to stay on their knees till after the communion of the priest; and if he heard the slightest noise or saw any one talking during the mass he thought it very bad indeed. At the mass he said his own chaplet (he did not know anything else), and always on his knees, except during the Gospel. At the high masses he never sat in his chair except at the times when it is customary to be seated.

He was always dressed in some colour more or less brown, with a slight embroidery, but never on the skirts of his coat, sometimes nothing but a gold button, at other times black velvet. Always a waistcoat of cloth or satin, either red, blue, or green, much embroidered. Never any ring, or jewelry, except the buckles of his shoes, his garters, and his hat, which was edged with Spanish point and carried a white feather. He wore the blue ribbon beneath his coat, except at weddings, or on similar great occasions, when he wore it outside, and very long, with eight or ten millions in value of precious stones upon it. He loved splendour, magnificence, profusion in all things. This taste he turned into a maxim in politics, and he inspired it in the whole Court. It was pleasing him to expend one's self on luxuries for the table, on clothes, equipages, buildings, cards. Those were occasions to make him speak to you. The end of it was that he exhausted the means of every one by making luxury an honour, and for some a necessity; and he thus reduced the whole Court to depend entirely on his benefactions for subsistence. He found satisfaction for his pride in a Court superb in all things, in a confusion of splendour which annihilated more and more all natural distinctions. This was a sore which, once set-up, has since become a cancer that gnaws the vitals of private life; because from the Court it spread to Paris, to the provinces, to the armies, where persons in any office are not considered except in proportion to their luxury and magnificence ever since this unhappy introduction of extravagance, which eats into private fortunes, forces men in a position to steal to do so, chiefly from the necessity of meeting their expenses, and, through pride and the folly of swelling, goes on increasing, till the results are infinite and point to nothing less than public overthrow and ruin.

His dress; his love of splendour and profusion.

Fatal and lasting effects of it.

Nothing, until the time of Louis XIV., ever approached the variety and magnificence of his hunting equipments and of all his other sorts of equipage. His buildings, who can count them? And who does not deplore the pride, capriciousness, and bad taste they exhibit? He abandoned the beautiful Saint-Germain, and never did anything for the adornment and convenience of Paris, except (from pure necessity) the Pont Royal, so that Paris, with her incomparable site, is inferior to many cities in various parts of Europe. When the Place Vendôme was built it was made square. Louvois superintended the building of the four fronts. His intention was to put the Bibliothèque du Roi, the mint, the cabinet of medals, all the academies, and the grand Council (which still holds its sittings in a hired house), within this inclosure. The first act of the king on the day of Louvois' death was to stop that work, and to give orders to fill in diagonally the four corners, to place none of the proposed public offices in the buildings, but to finish them for private houses, such as we now see them.

Passion for building; his bad taste.

Saint-Germain, a spot unique for its collection of delightful views and the immense extent of level forest that adjoins it; unique also for the beauty of its trees, its soil, its situation, the abundance and convenience of its springs of water, the charm of its gardens, its slopes and terraces, and for the beauty and convenience of the Seine; in fact a city ready made, the position of which provided it with everything needful, — all this he abandoned for Versailles, the gloomiest and most thankless of places; without view, without woods, without water, without soil, for all is either sand or bog, consequently with an air that cannot be pure.

Abandons Saint-Germain for Versailles.

He delighted in tyrannizing over nature, in subduing it by force of art and money. He raised buildings one after another on that spot without any general design; the fine and the villanous were huddled together, the vast and the cramped. His apartments and those of the queen are most inconvenient, looking out at the back on privies and other dark, closed-in, and evil-smelling places. The gardens, the magnificence of which amazes, while the slightest use of them is repulsive, are in the worst taste. One can only reach shade by crossing a vast torrid zone, at the end of which there is nothing to do but go up or down a hill, which is very short and ends the gardens. The rubble pavement burns the feet, but without it one would sink in the sand or the mud. The violence everywhere done to nature repels and disgusts the mind. The volumes of water collected and forced in on all sides make these gardens verdant, rank, and miry; they exhale an unhealthy dampness which is very perceptible, and an odour that is more so. Their vistas, which have been carefully managed, are incomparable; but that is all, and the result is that we admire and flee. On the courtyard side, the narrowness is suffocating, and the vast wings of the château spread away without holding to anything. On the garden front, one might enjoy the beauty of the *tout-ensemble*, but the building looks like a half-burned palace with the upper story and the roofs missing. The chapel, which overtops everything because Mansart wanted to oblige the king to put on a whole upper story, presents on all sides the melancholy appearance of a great catafalque. The workmanship of every kind is exquisite; the plan of it *nil;* it is built entirely with regard to the king's pew above, for he never entered the chapel from below. It would be endless to mention the monstrous defects

Versailles, its miserable defects; king's desire to force nature.

of a palace so immense and so immensely expensive, with its adjuncts that were even more so. This Versailles of Louis XIV., this masterpiece so ruinously dear and in such bad taste, where the mere changes of fountains and groves have buried more money than could ever appear, he never finished. Among all the many salons crowding one upon another there is no banqueting hall, no ballroom, no theatre. Before and behind the palace, much remains to be done. The parks and avenues, newly planted, have still to grow; gutters many leagues in length are still to be made; even the walls, that within their vast contour inclose a little province of the gloomiest and most wretched bit of land in the world, are not wholly finished.

Trianon, in the same park, at the gates of Versailles, was first a little porcelain building for collations, then enlarged in order to sleep there, and finally made into a palace of marble, jasper, and porphyry, with delicious gardens, a menagerie opposite, and a canal beside it. Clagny, also at the end of the park of Versailles, built for Mme. de Montespan and passing into possession of the Duc du Maine, was a fine château with fountains, gardens, and park. Aqueducts worthy of the Romans led from all directions. Neither Asia nor antiquity could show anything more vast, profuse, elaborate, superb than these buildings and pleasure-grounds, or so filled with the rarest relics of all ages, in marbles the most exquisite, in bronzes, paintings, carvings, and all so perfect.

But water lacked; no matter what was done, these marvels of art in fountains went dry (as they still do at times), in spite of the seas of reservoirs which had cost so many millions to build and to conduct through the quicksands and bogs. Who would believe that this failure of water caused the ruin of our infantry? Louvois was then superintendent of buildings; peace reigned in the land. It

occurred to him to turn the river Eure between Chartres and Maintenon and bring it bodily to Versailles. Who shall tell the gold and the men that this attempt, persisted in for many years, cost the country? Finally, it was forbidden in the camp there established, under great penalties, to speak of the sick, still less of the dead whom the hard toil and the exhalations of the freshly turned earth had killed and were killing. Many were years in recovering their health from this infection; while others have never recovered it at all. Not only the subordinate officers, but the colonels, the brigadiers, and even the general officers employed there were not allowed to absent themselves for a day, nor miss a single hour of their duty on the works. The war of 1688 interrupted this enterprise, which has never been taken up again. Nothing is left but shapeless mounds to perpetuate the history of this cruel folly.

Marly.

After a while, the king, weary of splendour and a crowd, persuaded himself that he wanted something small and solitary. He searched around Versailles for a place that might satisfy this new whim. He visited various places, particularly the slopes leading down from Saint-Germain to the vast plain below, where the Seine winds and waters the rich meadows and lowlands after leaving Paris. He was urged to choose Lucienne, where Cavoye has since made a country-seat, the view from which is enchanting; but he answered that so delightful a situation would ruin him; he wanted a mere nothing, and therefore he must choose a situation which would not allow of his having more than that mere nothing.

He found behind Lucienne a deep, narrow valley, with steep and craggy sides, inaccessible on account of its marshes; with no view, hemmed in by hills on every side, extremely confined, with a wretched village on one of its slopes which

was named Marly. This inclosure without view, or means of getting any, was the attraction. The narrowness of the valley, which could not possibly be widened, was another merit. He fancied he was choosing a minister, a favourite, a general. It was a great piece of work to drain this sewer, into which the whole region sent its refuse, and to bring earth to form a soil. The hermitage was built. It was only to sleep there three nights, from Wednesday to Saturday, twice or thrice a year, with, at most, a dozen courtiers in the most indispensable offices.

Little by little the hermitage grew; and as it grew the hills were cut into to make room for the buildings; one, at the end, being almost levelled to give a vista to a view that was, after all, very imperfect. In short, in buildings and gardens, in fountains, aqueducts, and waterworks, so well-known and so curious under the name of the "Machine de Marly," in forests improved and inclosed, in statues and precious furniture of all kinds, Marly became what we now see it, though much despoiled after the king's death. Many tall trees in leaf were repeatedly brought there from Compiègne, and from even greater distances, to make instant shade; three-quarters of which died and were immediately replaced by others; vast spaces of thick woods and dark alleys were suddenly changed to sheets of water where people were rowed in gondolas, and then as suddenly the forest was replaced so thickly that daylight was not visible the moment the trees were planted. I speak of what I have seen myself within the space of six weeks. Fountains and basins of water were changed a hundred times; cascades were formed in successive shapes and all different; retreats for the carp, decorated with gilding and exquisite paintings, were scarcely finished before they were taken to pieces and set up elsewhere by the same artists; and this was done an infinity of

times. The mighty waterworks mentioned above, with their vast aqueducts and conduits, and their enormous reservoirs, were consecrated to the sole use of Marly and did not supply Versailles. It is little to say that Versailles, such as we see it, did not cost as much as Marly.

Such was the fortune of a den of snakes and buzzards, toads and frogs, selected solely because it gave no opening for expense. Such was the bad taste of the king in everything, and his proud liking for forcing nature, which neither the burdens of war nor his religious devotion could ever blunt.[1]

[1] The following list of Louis XIV.'s expenditure on buildings from 1664 to 1690 is taken from the accounts of Marinier, clerk of the buildings of the king, under Colbert, Louvois, and Mansart; preserved in the library of Versailles. The document is entitled: "Interesting items from the Building account of the king since, and comprising, the year 1664, when the late M. Colbert was superintendent of buildings, and when the expenses began to be considerable, until, and comprising, the year 1690, when his Majesty retrenched them on account of the war."

[These items include only the first costs of Marly, which was not begun till 1679. The waterworks and forestry expenses are not included, nor all that the king spent upon the place from 1690 to 1715, the years when he chiefly embellished it.]

Sum total from 1664 to 1690, 153,282,827 frs., 10 sols, 5 deniers.

Of this sum the items are: —

Total for Versailles	87,736,836	frs.,	4	sols,	4	den.
" " Saint Germain . . .	6,455,561	"	18	"	0	"
" " Marly	4,501,279	"	12	"	3	"
" " Louvre and Tuileries .	10,608,969	"	4	"	3	"
" " Fontainebleau	2,773,746	"	13	"	5	"

The remainder of the sum total was spent (for all but one under Colbert) on the following works: —

Château de Chambord; Arc de Triomphe;
Observatoire; Hôtel and Church of the Invalides;
Place Vendôme and Convent of the Capucines;
Val-de-Grâce; Convent of Meulan;
Manufactories of the Gobelins and the Savonnerie.

And, curiously enough, on pensions to *gens de lettres*, men of literature, and the Academies of Paris and Rome, the costs of which were charged

to the king's building account. These items were as follows (for the same years) : —

Pensions to *gens de lettres*	1,707,148	frs.,	13 sols,	4	den.
Académie Française	189,000	"	0 "	0	"
Academy of Architecture	94,500	"	0 "	0	"
Academy of Painting and Sculpture, in Paris	243,000	"	0 "	0	"
Academy of Painting and Sculpture, in Rome	1,620,000	"	0 "	0	"

The costs of maintaining the royal residences during those twenty-seven years from 1664 to 1690 were: 43,200,000 frs. If we estimate the same to king's death in 1715: 81,600,000 frs. This included the wages of the officials. There seems evidence in this document that all the costs of the king's residences were not included in the above account. — TR.

XI.

From such excesses of a power so ill-understood we must turn to others more conformed to nature, but which, in their way, were still more baneful; I mean the amours of the king. Their scandal filled all Europe, confounded France, shook the State, and, without doubt, brought down upon the king the maledictions beneath the weight of which he found himself so imminently near the verge of the precipice, with his legitimate posterity reduced to a single thread and in danger of extinction in France. These were evils that turned to scourges of all kinds, which will long be felt.

Amours of the king.

Louis XIV., in his youth, more made for love than any of his subjects, tired of fluttering from one to another and gathering passing sweets, fixed at last upon La Vallière. The progress and fruit of that connection are well known. Mme. de Montespan's rare beauty touched him next, while Mme. de La Vallière's reign still lasted. She soon perceived it and urged her husband in vain to take her to his country-seat in Guyenne. His foolish confidence would not listen to her; but she spoke sincerely. After a while she listened to the king, who took her from her husband with that shocking notoriety which echoed abhorrently among the nations, and gave to the world the novel spectacle of two mistresses at once. He took them with him to the frontiers, to the camps, sometimes before the army, and both in the queen's carriage. People hurried from all parts of the country to see the sight, asking one

"The three queens."

another with simplicity if they had seen "the three queens." In the end, Mme. de Montespan triumphed, and ruled alone over king and Court with a display that wore no veil; and, as if nothing should be lacking to the public license of this life, M. de Montespan, for having resisted, was put in the Bastille and then exiled to Guyenne, while his wife received the office of superintendent of the queen's household. The births of her children were made public; her Court became the centre of the Court itself, of pleasures and fortunes, of the hopes and terrors of ministers, of generals, and the humiliation of all France. It was the centre of wit and of a charm so peculiar, so delicate, so refined, but always so natural and winning that its unique character can never be forgotten.

Mme. de Montespan was satirical, full of whims, with much temper, and haughty to the skies, — a temper from which no one was exempt, the king as little as others. The courtiers avoided passing under her windows, above all when the king was with her; they said it was getting under fire, and the saying became a proverb at Court. It is true that she spared no one in her sarcasm, which was often without other object than that of amusing the king, and, as she had plenty of wit and delicate pleasantry, nothing was more dangerous than the satire that she could deliver better than any one. Nevertheless she loved her family and friends, and never neglected to serve those for whom she had taken a liking. The queen could scarcely endure Mme. de Montespan's haughty manner to her, so different from the constant respect and careful consideration of Mme. de La Vallière, whom she liked, and sometimes it escaped her to say: "That strumpet will be the death of me." We have seen in its place the subsequent retirement, the austere repentance, and the pious end of Mme. de Montespan.

During her reign she was not without causes of jealousy.

Mlle. de Fontanges pleased the king sufficiently to become an acknowledged mistress. Her beauty sustained her for some time, but mind was lacking to amuse and hold the king. He had no time, however, to be completely disenchanted. A sudden death, which caused some wonder, ended this brief love; and nearly all the others were mere passing fancies.

Beautiful unknown, very well known.

One attachment, however, existed for a long time, and was converted into an affection that lasted to the very end of the lady's life, and from it she managed to derive enormous advantages even in her grave; for she left her two sons the abominable and magnificent inheritance, of which they well knew how to make the most.[1] The infamous policy of her husband willingly allowed this love, and gathered the fruits of it; he stayed in Paris, scarcely ever went to Court, and secretly used the money and all the advantages which, in concert with him, his beautiful better-half drew out of it. He changed his narrow little house in the Place Royale for the palace of the Guises, the extent and sumptuousness of which those princes would never have recognized after it passed into his hands and those of his two sons. The king put these sons of the lady (who was, however, red-haired) in positions to rise and enrich themselves and their families more and more, even after their mother's death, so that down to the third generation in the present day they are living in splendour. This is knowing how to obtain great results, the wife from her beauty, the husband from his policy and infamy, the children by the means placed in their hands by such parents — but as the sons of a beauty.

Another woman[2] obtained a great deal throughout her life

[1] Mme. de Soubise.

[2] Mlle. de Chausseraye, formerly maid-of-honour to Madame.

by the same conduct, but without the beauty, art, or social position of the other, and without a husband; consequently this affair did not last as long, nor had it the continuity or the open prosperity which the former obtained and bequeathed to her sons and her grandsons. Still the king took much delight in it, because the lady was very amusing and entertaining when she chose to be, and had the art of hiding her mental superiority from him (which was in fact her great point), playing the *ingénue* and the careless creature who took no part or sides in anything. In this way she accustomed the king not to distrust her, to be at his ease, to talk to her in confidence, to listen to her advice; and it is incredible the number of persons she contrived to serve or injure in this way, without the king ever perceiving that she cared in the slightest degree for those about whom they talked. This influence lasted, though the full extent of her favour was never generally known, to the end of the king's life.

Another, chiefly unknown.

That of the other was much greater. She had only to wish a thing and she had it. Though the amour itself was long at an end, every one at Court knew her power and all were respectful before her; ministers, princes of the blood, no one resisted her wishes. Her notes went direct to the king and he answered them instantly. If, very rarely, she desired to speak to him, a thing she avoided as much as possible, she was admitted the moment she asked for an audience. If she had but a word to say she would stand at the door of his cabinet, and all present could see by the way the king approached her, listened to her, and parted from her, that he was far from indifferent, and this to the very last of her life, which ended several years before his own. She was beautiful to the last. Once in three years she went to Marly, where she was never in private with the king, not even with

other ladies. She was often present at his supper, where he never distinguished her in any way. This was the agreement with Mme. de Maintenon, who, on her side, to reward such behaviour, did everything else she could desire.

I must not forget to mention the beautiful Ludre, Demoiselle de Lorraine, maid-of-honour to Madame, who was loved for a moment openly. But this affair passed off with the rapidity of lightning, and Mme. de Montespan remained triumphant.

We now pass to another sort of love, which amazed the nations no less than the former had scandalized them; a love which the king carried with him to the grave.

Mme. Scarron; her early life.

From these few words every one will recognize the celebrated Françoise d'Aubigné, Marquise de Maintenon, whose unbroken reign lasted no less than thirty-two years. She was born in the Isles of America, where her father, possibly a gentleman, had gone with her mother in search of a living, and where obscurity has smothered them. Arriving alone and by chance in France, and landing at La Rochelle, she was picked-up out of pity by Mme. de Neuillant, mother of the Duchesse de Navailles. Reduced by her own poverty and the parsimony of the elder woman to keep the keys of the stable and measure out the oats for the horses, she finally came to Paris in her suite, young, clever, witty, and beautiful, without means and without relations. Fortunate accidents brought her to the knowledge of the famous Scarron. He thought her lovable; his friends, perhaps, still more so. She thought it a great, unhoped-for good fortune to marry that jovial and learned legless torso, and persons who, perhaps, had greater need of a wife, succeeded in persuading him to rescue this charming unfortunate from her misery by wedding her.

The marriage took place; the new wife pleased the various

companies who visited Scarron. He received the best, and of all kinds; it was the fashion to go to him; persons of intellect, courtiers and men of the world, all that was best and most distinguished, whom he was not in a condition to visit himself, came to him, attracted by the charms of his mind, his knowledge, his imagination, that incomparable gayety amid his sufferings, that rare fecundity and wit of the best taste, which we may still admire in his works.

By this means Mme. Scarron made acquaintances of all kinds; but this did not prevent her from being reduced after the death of her husband to the charity of the parish of Saint-Eustache. She took a chamber for herself and a servant in an attic, where she lived very poorly. Little by little her charms relieved her indigence. Villars, father of the maréchal, Beuvron, father of Harcourt, the three Villarceaux, who remained in possession, and many others, kept her. This floated her once more, and, little by little, introduced her to the hôtel d'Albret and elsewhere. In such houses Mme. Scarron was not on the footing of a guest. She was there to make herself useful, to call for fuel, to see if dinner were ready, and whether the carriage of this one or that one were in waiting, — in short, to do the thousand little errands which the use of bells, introduced long after, has now superseded.

The Maréchal d'Albret lived in the closest intimacy with his cousin, M. de Montespan, and his wife. But when the latter became the king's mistress, he became her adviser, and abandoned M. de Montespan, by which conduct he maintained himself in the highest favour until his death at the age of sixty-two. Mme. Scarron owed to this near relationship between Maréchal d'Albret and M. de Montespan the introduction that led to the incredible position she

Brings up in secret the children of the king and Mme. de Montespan.

attained about fourteen or fifteen years later. M. and Mme. de Montespan were constantly at the hôtel d'Albret, where the maréchal kept a grand and hospitable establishment, to which the most distinguished and choicest company of the Court and the city resorted. The respectfulness, anxiety to please, and the wit and charm of Mme. Scarron, succeeded in making her agreeable to Mme. de Montespan, who took a liking to her, and when she had her first children by the king (M. du Maine and Mme. la Duchesse), whom at first they concealed, she proposed to the king to confide them to Mme. Scarron. This was done, and a house in the Marais was given to her in which to keep them, with means to bring them up properly, but in the utmost secrecy. In the end these children were taken to the palace, shown to the king, and soon after openly acknowledged. Their governess, now settled with her charges at Court, became more and more pleasing to Mme. de Montespan, who persuaded the king to make her presents on various occasions. He, on the contrary, could not endure her, and what he gave her, which was little enough, he gave to please Mme. de Montespan, and with a reluctance he did not conceal.

The estate of Maintenon being for sale, its proximity to Versailles tempted Mme. de Montespan in Mme. Scarron's behalf, and she left the king no peace till she got enough out of him to buy it for that woman, who then took the name of Maintenon. She also obtained enough to repair the château, after which she attacked the king for means to restore the gardens. This last scene took place at Mme. de Montespan's toilet, the captain of the guards in quarters being the only person present. He happened to be my father-in-law, the Maréchal de Lorges, the most truthful man that ever was, who has often related to me the scene that he witnessed that day.

The king cannot endure her.

At first the king turned a deaf ear; then he refused. Finally, provoked that Mme. de Montespan would not give up the point but still insisted, he was angry, and told her that he had done too much already for that creature, that he could not understand Mme. de Montespan's fancy for her, nor her obstinacy in keeping her after he had asked her so many times to send her away. He added that she was intolerable to him, but, provided he was never asked again, he would give once more, though he had already done too much for a creature of that species. Maréchal de Lorges never forgot those words, and always repeated them to me and to others, in precisely the same order. Mme. de Montespan was silent, and seemed troubled at having vexed the king.

M. du Maine was very lame, in consequence, it was said, of his falling from the arms of a nurse. All that was done to cure him not having succeeded, they decided to send him to certain practitioners in Flanders, thence to some baths, among others, those of Barèges. The letters which the governess wrote to Mme. de Montespan were shown to the king; he thought them well-written; he enjoyed them, and in the end they lessened his aversion. Mme. de Montespan's temper did the rest. It was high, she was wholly unaccustomed to restrain it. The king was its object oftener than any one. He was still in love with her, but he suffered. Mme. de Maintenon would sometimes reproach Mme. de Montespan for this; the king heard of it, and spoke now and then to Mme. de Maintenon, telling her what he wanted her to say to Mme. de Montespan, until at last he confided all his griefs to the governess and consulted her about them.

Little by little she is brought nearer to him.

Admitted thus, little by little, into the secret relations of the lover and mistress, and this by the king himself the

astute governess cultivated her opportunity, and did it so well that she presently supplanted her mistress, who perceived too late that she had made herself necessary to the king. Having attained to that point, Mme. de Maintenon complained in her turn to the king of all she had to suffer from a mistress who spared her as little as himself; and so, through these complaints from one to the other of Mme. de Montespan, she finally took her place completely, and knew well how to keep it.

Mme. de Maintenon supplants Mme. de Montespan.

Fate, — not to name Providence in this connection, — which was preparing for this proudest of kings the deepest, most public, most lasting, and most unheard-of humiliations, strengthened more and more his taste for this able woman, so expert at her business; the jealousy of Mme. de Montespan made that taste more solid by the frequent outbreaks which her embittered temper drove her to make against the king and her supplanter. Mme. de Sévigné has described this very prettily in enigmas in her letters to Mme. de Grignan, whom she sometimes amuses with these anecdotes of the Court, Mme. de Maintenon having been somewhat in the society of Mme. de Sévigné, Mme. de Coulanges, and Mme. de La Fayette in Paris, where she was then beginning to make her importance felt. This same fate, — or Providence, — absolute ruler of times and events, ordered them now so that the queen lived long enough to let this new love rise to its height, but not so long as to let it cool.

The king passed the first few days of his widowhood at Saint-Cloud, with Monsieur; after which he went to Fontainebleau, where he spent the autumn. It was there that his new liking, goaded by absence, made the separation seem intolerable. On his return it is said — for I wish to distinguish what really was from that which was merely

said to be — that he spoke more plainly to Mme. de Maintenon, and that she, venturing to try her strength, intrenched herself cleverly behind religion and the propriety of her present life; and finding that the king was not rebuffed by this tone, she preached to him a dread of the devil, and so worked with great art upon his love and his conscience that she succeeded in becoming what our eyes have seen and what posterity will refuse to believe.

The king marries Mme. de Maintenon.

However this may be, what is very certain, very true, is that after the return of the king from Fontainebleau, about the middle of the winter succeeding the queen's death, — a thing that posterity will hardly believe, though perfectly true and authenticated, — Père de La Chaise, the king's confessor, said mass at midnight in one of the king's cabinets. Bontems, governor of Versailles, first *valet-de-chambre* on duty, the most trusted of the four personal valets, served the mass at which the monarch and the Maintenon were married, in presence of Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, as diocesan, and of Louvois, — both of whom had, it was said, extracted from the king a promise that he would never declare the marriage, — and, thirdly, of Montchevreuil, relation and friend of Villarceaux, to whom in former days he had lent his country-house every summer, where Villarceaux kept this queen (as he did in Paris), paying all the expenses because his cousin was poor, and because he was ashamed of this concubinage in presence of his cousin's wife, whose patience and virtue he respected. The satiety of wedlock, usually so fatal in marriages of this description, served only to consolidate the favour of Mme. de Maintenon. From that moment the king passed several hours a day with her to the end of his life.

Mme. de Maintenon was a woman of much intelligence, whom the best company, in which at first she was only

tolerated, and of which she soon became the delight, had greatly polished and adorned with a knowledge of the world, while gallantry had given her the art to be agreeable. Her various states of life had made her flattering, insinuating, obliging, seeking always to please. The necessity of intriguing, the intrigues of more than one kind which she had seen and in many of which she had taken part, either to serve herself or others, had trained her to duplicity and had given her a habit of artfulness. Incomparable grace in all she did, an air of ease, and yet of reserve and respect, which, from her long servitude, had grown natural to her, aided her talents marvellously, — together with a quiet, correct method of speaking, in good language, which was naturally eloquent and brief. Her best days (she was three or four years older than the king) were those of that period of fine conversations and gallantry which were called in the language of the time *les ruelles*, and she had so imbibed their spirit that she always retained a taste and a tincture of them. The *précieuse* and pretentious air of those days had been increased by the varnish of importance, and later by that of piety, which became in the end her principal characteristic and made semblance of absorbing the rest. It was her capital, by which to maintain herself at the height to which it had brought her, and enable her to govern. To govern was her very being; all the rest was sacrificed without reserve to that. Candour and integrity were too difficult to harmonize with such an object and its attendant fortunes to allow her to retain more than the outside adornment of them. She was not so essentially false that falsehood was her veritable liking, but necessity had long forced the habit upon her, and her natural fickleness made her seem twice as false as she really was.

Character of Mme. de Maintenon.

She had no stability in anything, except by constraint and force. Her inclination was to flutter about, as much in regard to friends and acquaintances as in amusements; excepting always a few faithful friends of her early days from whom she never parted, and some new ones of her later period who were necessary to her. With regard to amusements, she was unable to vary them after she found herself queen. Her fickleness showed itself therefore in serious matters, and caused great evils. Easily infatuated, she became so to excess; as easily disenchanted, her liking turned to disgust, often without there being cause or reason for either. The abject position and distress in which she had lived so long had narrowed her mind and degraded her heart and her feelings. She thought and felt in so small a way about all things that she was actually less a person than Mme. Scarron; and in all things and all places this was so. Nothing could be more repulsive than such meanness joined to a position so radiant; no greater impediment could there be to all good, and nothing so dangerous as this facility in changing friends and confidants.

She had the weakness of being governed by confidences, or, rather, by confessions, and to be their dupe in consequence of the narrow limits within which she had shut herself up. She had also the disease of direction, which deprived her of the little liberty she might otherwise have enjoyed. The time that Saint-Cyr made her waste is incredible, and that which a hundred other convents cost her is as much so. She thought herself abbess universal, specially in spiritual matters, and in this conviction she undertook the details of diocesan management. This was her favourite occupation. She imagined herself a Mother of the Church. She sat in judgment on the pastors, the superiors of seminaries and communities, of monasteries and convents, and the nuns

who managed them. Hence a sea of frivolous occupations, illusory, toilsome, always deceptive. Endless were the letters to receive and answer, the directions to be given to chosen souls, and all the puerilities that usually ended in nothing, though sometimes in things of importance, when deplorable mistakes were made in decisions, in selections, and in judging of the results of actions.

Persecution of Jansenism.

The piety which had crowned her, and by which she kept herself safe, led her by craft and taste to rule, to which succeeded domineering in all these occupations; while her vanity, which met with nothing but adulation, fed upon it. In the king, who thought himself an apostle for having all his life persecuted Jansenism, or what he was told was such, she found her opportunity; the field seemed a suitable one in which to fill the king with a sense of her zeal, and so introduce herself into the heart of everything.

The crass ignorance of all kinds in which so much pains had been taken to educate the king and to maintain him in after years; the distrust that from his youth up had been inculcated in him, and the narrow limits within which he was barricaded under the lock and key of his ministers, his confessors, and those who had an interest in his ignorance, had given him a pernicious habit of taking sides on the word of others in questions of theology and in the disputes arising between the different schools of Catholicism. The queen-mother, and the king even more than herself in the end, seduced by the Jesuits, had allowed themselves to be persuaded of the exact and precise opposite of a truth; namely, that all other schools than theirs aimed at attacking the royal authority, and were moved by a spirit of independence and republicanism. About this the king (as about many other things) knew no more than a babe. The Jesuits were well

aware with whom they had to do. They were in possession, as it were, being confessors of the king and the disposers of the benefices; moreover, the fear these priests inspired in the ministers gave them perfect liberty. The vigilant care with which the king kept himself barricaded from the world in public matters was a rampart to them, and enabled them to get his ear on all matters relating to religion, secure that they alone would be listened to. It was therefore quite easy to fill him with the idea, even to infatuation, that whoever spoke otherwise than as they did was Jansenist, and that Jansenists were enemies to the monarch and to his authority.

It was thus that they managed to disperse those illustrious solitary saints whom study and repentance had assembled at Port-Royal, — saints who made such great disciples and to whom all Christians should be forever grateful for the famous books which have shed so vivid and strong a light to enable truth to be distinguished from appearances, the kernel from the husk, and to make visible to the eye a vast horizon, so little known, so darkened, so disguised; books well fitted to enlighten faith, to kindle charity, to develop the heart of man, reform his morals, give him a faithful mirror, and guide him between just fears and reasonable hope.

The king became devout, — and devout in the deepest ignorance. To religion the Jesuits united politics; they touched him on the spots that affected him most sensitively, devotion and authority. They painted the Huguenots in the darkest colours; a State within the State; having reached that stage of license by revolts, riots, civil war, foreign alliances, and open resistance to the kings his predecessors, while even he himself was reduced to live in treaty with them. But they carefully avoided telling him the source of all these evils, the origin of their rise and progress, why and

by whom the Huguenots were first armed and then supported; above all, they did not tell him a single word of projects long planned, of the horrors and outrages of the League against his crown, his house, his father, grandfather, and all belonging to him. They kept from his knowledge with jealous care what the Gospel and divine law, the apostles, and the Fathers and their followers have taught as to the true way of preaching Jesus Christ, of converting infidels and heretics, and of the right behaviour in all that concerns religion. They stirred his piety by the comfort of doing an easy repentance at the cost of others, which they persuaded the king would secure for him the other world; and they worked upon his pride by showing him a course of action which was beyond the power of his predecessors. They made him — who piqued himself chiefly on governing by himself — perform a master-action of religion and policy, an action which should make their truth triumph by the ruin of others, and render the king absolute by breaking all ties with the Huguenots and destroying forever, as they said, those rebels, who were biding their time to rise and give the law to their kings.

Revocation of the edict of Nantes.

The revocation of the edict of Nantes, without the slightest pretext or the slightest need, and the divers proscriptions which followed it, were the fruits of that dreadful plot, which depopulated one fourth of the kingdom, ruined its commerce, weakened it in all its parts, gave it over so long to the public and avowed pillage of dragoons and authorized tortures and executions, by which so many innocents of both sexes died by thousands, — an awful plot, which ruined a whole people, rent in twain a host of families, armed relatives against relatives, drove our manufactories into foreign countries, where they glutted with prosperity those States

at the expense of ours, giving to the world the spectacle of a whole people proscribed, naked, fugitive without crime, seeking safety away from their own land, — a plot which sent nobles, rich men, old men, men much respected for their piety, their learning, their virtue, delicate, sick, and feeble men to the galley-oars for the sole reason of religion, and which, to crown all other horrors, filled the provinces of the kingdom with perjurers, who sacrificed their consciences to their goods and their peace, buying them by pretended abjurations, being forced, without a moment's interval, to adore what they did not believe, and to receive upon their lips the divine body of the Saint of saints, while in their hearts they remained convinced that it was only bread which they ought to abhor. Such was the general abomination in the land, begotten by flattery and cruelty. From torture to abjuration, and from that to communion, there were often not four and twenty hours.

Nearly all the bishops lent themselves to this hasty and impious action. Most of them urged the conversions and forced these strange converts to partake of the sacred mysteries, in order to swell the number of their conquests, of which they sent a record to Court, to gain consideration and to win their recompense. The king received from all sides the details of the persecution and its conversions. Those who had abjured and communicated were counted by thousands, — two thousand in one place, six thousand in another, and all at once, in an instant. The king gloried in his power and his piety; he thought he was reviving the times of the apostles, and took to himself all the honour. The bishops wrote him panegyrics; the Jesuits made the pulpits and the missions ring with acclamations. All France was filled with horror and confusion, but never were joy and triumph higher or praises so profuse. The monarch

felt no distrust of the sincerity of these conversions; the converters took good care to beatify him in advance. He drank in that poison with long draughts; never had he felt himself so great before men, so advanced before God in reparation of his sins and the scandals of his life. Nothing but praises reached his ears, while good and true Catholics groaned in spirit at seeing the orthodox imitating against errors and heretics what heretical and pagan tyrants had done against the truth, against believers, against martyrs. Above all, they could not be consoled for the horror of those sacrilegious perjuries. Bitterly did they weep for the lasting and irremediable odium cast by such detestable means on true religion; while neighbouring countries exulted in seeing us destroy ourselves, and profited by our folly to build schemes upon the hatred we were drawing down upon ourselves from all Protestant powers. But to such crying truths the king was inaccessible.

Establishment of Saint-Cyr.

The magnificent establishment of Saint-Cyr followed very closely the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Mme. de Montespan had built a noble house in Paris for the Filles de Saint-Joseph, for the education of young girls and also to teach them all species of hand-work; from this house issued very beautiful specimens of church ornamentation and other superb articles for the king, and for any one who ordered them. It was to this house that Mme. de Montespan retired when she was forced to quit the Court. Emulation led Mme. de Maintenon to visions more vast, which, by gratifying the poorer nobility, should make them regard her as a protectress in whom the whole nobility should feel confidence. She hoped to smooth the way to the declaration of her marriage by making herself illustrious in a public work which would amuse and entertain the king while it amused herself, and might in the end be-

come her retreat should she have the misfortune to lose him. The rich revenues of Saint-Denis, which she induced the king to unite with Saint-Cyr, diminished the cost of so great an undertaking in the eyes of the king and the people; moreover, the object was in itself so useful that it met with nothing but just applause.

Mme. de Maintenon misses for the second time the declaration of her marriage.

The declaration of her marriage was always Mme. de Maintenon's most ardent desire. Soon after the death of the dauphine [of Bavaria, Monseigneur's wife] it was on the point of being made. But the king, remembering all that had happened in the matter, consulted the celebrated Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, and Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, who both dissuaded him, and so earnestly that they ended the matter forever. The archbishop was already in bad odour with Mme. du Maintenon on account of Mme. Guyon, but Bossuet escaped her wrath because, without ever intending it, he had done her a most eminent service.

Bossuet; his influence drives Mme. de Montespan finally from Court.

Bossuet was a man from whom honour, virtue, and integrity were as inseparable as knowledge and erudition. His office of preceptor to Monseigneur had familiarized him with the king, who had gone to him more than once about his scruples of conscience. He had often spoken to the king with a freedom worthy of the first ages and the first bishops of the Church. He had stopped the course of the king's immoralities more than once; he had even dared to pursue the king, who evaded him. In the end he stopped all evil practices and crowned his work by giving the last blow which drove Mme. de Montespan forever from the Court. Her departure, never to return, was a great deliverance to Mme. de Maintenon, who was not ignorant that she owed it wholly to M. de Meaux. This was the period of the closer

and perfect union of M. du Maine and Mme. de Maintenon, and of her virtual adoption of him, which grew deeper and more consolidated ever after, and cleared his way to those incredible grandeurs, which would have ended by putting him on the throne, had it been within the power of his former governess.

The great step of Mme. de Montespan's expulsion forever having been gained, Mme. de Maintenon took another course. Having missed, for the second time, the declaration of her marriage, she saw that it was best to let the matter go and not revive it; she had sufficient power over herself to slip gently over her disappointment and not to turn into a wrong the refusal to make her queen. The king, who felt himself freed, was very grateful for this conduct, which redoubled his affection, respect, and confidence. She might possibly not have succeeded under the weight of the dignity which she coveted; at any rate she established herself more firmly by keeping up her transparent enigma.

Life and conduct of Mme. de Maintenon.

But it must not be supposed that she needed no skill, no art to maintain herself. Her reign, on the contrary, was perpetual manœuvring on her part, while the king, on his, was perpetually duped. A queen in private, seated in presence of the king, of Monseigneur, Monsieur, the Court of England, and whoever else might be there, she was a very simple, private individual elsewhere, and always in the lowest places. I have seen her at the lower end of the king's table at Marly, eating with him and the other ladies, and at Fontainebleau, in full dress in the Queen of England's apartment, always yielding her place, drawing back for titled women, and even for women of distinguished qualities; never allowing herself to be forced to do so, but doing it with an air of civility; and at all times polite, affable, talkative, like a person who pretends

to nothing, makes no display, and considers only those who are about her; and yet for all that, a presence which awed others greatly.

She was always well dressed, nobly, neatly, with good taste, but very modestly, and in a manner older than her years. After she ceased to appear in public, nothing was ever seen but her hood and her scarf, both black, if by chance a glimpse was caught of her. She never went to the king unless he were ill, or on the mornings of the days when he had taken medicine. When the king was in her room, they each sat in an armchair at either side of the fireplace, with a table before them; the king with his back to the wall and two stools beside his table, one for the minister who came to work with him, the other for the minister's bag.

During their work Mme. de Maintenon read, or did tapestry. She heard all that passed between the king and the minister, who spoke loud. She seldom said a word. Sometimes the king would ask her opinion, and she answered with great deference and reserve. Never, or almost never, did she seem to wish for anything, still less to be interested in any one; but all the while she had an understanding with the minister, who had not dared in a previous private interview with her not to agree to do as she wished, and who dared still less to flinch from doing it in her presence. When there was any favour or office to be given, the matter was settled between them before the work with the king at which the decision was made; this retarded the matter sometimes without the king or any one else knowing the cause. She would send word to the minister that she wished to speak to him. He dared not bring the matter forward to the king until he had received her orders. That done, the minister would propose a list of names. If by chance the king stopped at the one Mme. de

Her skilful method of governing the king.

Mme de Maintenon

Maintenon intended, the minister held him to it and did not go further. If the king selected another name, the minister proposed to examine the rest, let the king talk, and contrived to exclude the one selected; he seldom proposed expressly the one they wanted, but always several whose qualifications he tried to balance equally so as to puzzle the king as to his choice. Then the king would ask his opinion, and he would run over the reasons for several candidates, ending on the one they wanted. The king nearly always hesitated and asked Mme. de Maintenon what she thought. She smiled, played the incompetent, said a few words about some other person, and then returned, as if she had not considered it before, to the name the minister had dwelt on, and the matter was settled; so that three-quarters of the favours and offices, and three-fourths of the last fourth of what took place in her presence between the king and the ministers, was done as she directed.

Another manœuvre was practised if the king was obstinate; they avoided all decision by muddling and prolonging the matter and substituting some other as growing out of it, and thus turning off the king's mind, or else by proposing to get more information. In this way his first ideas were dulled, and they returned to the charge later and usually succeeded. All foreign affairs were decided in the council of State. It was Mme. de Maintenon's extreme desire to meddle in those affairs, but as it was impossible to have the work done in her presence, she took to the manœuvres (which I related in their proper place) by which she made the Princesse des Ursins mistress of all Spain and kept her so, in spite of Torcy and the French and Spanish ambassadors, to the injury of Spain and France, simply because Mme. des Ursins was clever enough to make everything pass through her hands and to persuade her that she herself gov-

erned the Court and kingdom of Spain under her, Mme. de Maintenon's, express will and orders.

To play a part in ecclesiastical affairs was long her most ardent desire. She made certain attempts in this direction in relation to Jansenism and the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The time came when she succeeded in taking a principal part in this section of the government, and in seizing from the king the key to the only class of affairs and favours on which she had hitherto had but a moderate influence. Henceforth she thought herself the prophetess who was to save the people of God from error, revolt, and impiety. With this idea, instigated by Cardinal Bissy, she stirred up the king to all the horrors, the violences, the tyranny which under the terrible affair of the bull Unigenitus were exercised upon the consciences and persons of those of whom the prisons and dungeons were full.

Her desire to play a part in ecclesiastical matters.

It was then that she swam into the full direction of Church affairs, so that even Père Tellier, in spite of his profound dislike, was forced to reckon with her. It weighed upon him cruelly; but the persecution he had undertaken, and the triumph of his modern school upon the ruin of all others, were to him the objects of such keen and eager interest that there was no sacrifice he would not make to them. The affair of the bull, carried on with such persistency, rancour, craft, violence, and tyranny, was at its start, as we have seen, the bitter fruit of the pressing necessity to which their Chinese and Indian affairs had reduced the Jesuits. It now became the interest of Mme. de Maintenon in governing the Church as she had long governed the State, and so important a matter did not escape her sway. The path once opened, there was no limit to it.

Usefulness of the bull Unigenitus to Mme. de Maintenon.

The barbarous treatment shown to the Huguenots after the revocation of the edict of Nantes became, in the main, a model for that which was given to all those who could not accept the bull. Hence stratagems without number to intimidate and win over the bishops, the schools, and the lower orders of the clergy; hence the incessant hail of *lettres de cachet;* hence that struggle with the parliaments; hence those arrests without number or restraint, those indictments before every court in the kingdom, that total and public denial of justice to whosoever would not bend his conscience to the yoke. Hence, too, that open inquisition upon simple laymen, that frank persecution of a whole people, exiled, or shut up in prisons, and many in dungeons; hence the troubles and subversions in the monasteries; hence, too, that inexhaustible pot of black with which to daub whomsoever they would, and brand to the king those whom they wanted to get rid of and proscribe; hence that innumerable cloud of persons of all classes and of both sexes suffering the same trials as the Christians had suffered under the Arian emperors, especially under Julian the Apostate, whose policy and violence seemed to have been imitated; and if there was no blood precisely shed, — I say precisely, because it cost the life of another sort to many a victim, — it was not the fault of the Jesuits, whose rage on this occasion exceeded their prudence, for they did not refrain from saying that blood ought to have been shed.

Last years of the king; his reverses of fortune.

Such were the last years of this long reign of Louis XIV., so little his own, so continually and successively that of others. During its latter period, crushed under the weight of a fatal war, relieved by no one because of the incapacity of his ministers and his generals, a prey to a crafty domestic plot, pierced with sorrow, not for his own wrong-doing, which he neither

knew nor chose to know, but for his impotence against all Europe united against him, reduced to the saddest extremities to maintain the finances and the frontier, he had no resource but to fall back upon himself, and to weigh down his family, his Court, the consciences of men, and his unhappy kingdom beneath a hard despotism, by which, in attempting to extend it too far, he revealed his weakness.

His domestic calamities.

After the year 1709, his domestic troubles increased yearly, and were never again lifted from the royal family. The Prince de Conti and M. le Prince were the first to die within six weeks of each other. M. le Duc followed them in the same year, when the oldest remaining prince of the blood was only seventeen years of age. Monseigneur died next. And then, soon after, the king was struck by a blow that he felt far more; his heart, of which he himself had been ignorant, was torn by the loss of that charming dauphine; his hopes were wrecked by that of the dauphin; his tranquillity was shaken as to the succession to the crown by the death of the little dauphin eight days later, coupled with the tender age and fragile health of the only remaining offspring of that precious race, who was but five and a half years old; and all these blows fell rapidly upon him, before the Peace, and during the most terrible woes and perils of the kingdom. And who can tell the horrors that accompanied the last three, their causes, the suspicions they aroused, suspicions so artfully spread and inculcated, and the cruel effect of them? The pen refuses to dwell on that mystery of abomination. Let us mourn its fatal success, the source of other baneful successes worthy to issue from it; let us mourn them all as a master-work of darkness which will shadow France for generations, the culmination of all crimes, the final seal to the misfortunes of the nation, for which French tongues will cry to God for vengeance.

Such were the long protracted, cruel circumstances of most painful sorrows which tried the constancy of the king, and, at the same time, did a service to his fame greater far than the glory of his conquests or the long continued years of his prosperity. I mean the bringing forth of a grandeur of soul which showed itself throughout these great reverses and amid these cruel domestic shocks in a king accustomed to the most omnipotent internal empire, and to the splendour of successes abroad, who saw himself, at last, abandoned on all sides. Overwhelmed without by foreign enemies who played upon his impotence, for they saw it was helpless, and who scoffed at his past glory, he found himself without resources, without ministers, without generals, because he had made and sustained them from pure liking and fancy, and from the fatal vanity of choosing and training them himself. Agonized within by the most poignant domestic catastrophes, without consolation from any one, the prey of his own weakness, compelled to struggle alone against horrors more terrible than his worst misfortunes, constantly kept before his eyes by those who were nearest and dearest to him, — in the midst of all this was seen that constancy, that firmness of soul, that external equanimity, that care to hold the helm so long as he could grasp it, that hope against hope through courage, wisdom, and not blindness, that kingly bearing in all things, of which few men indeed would have been capable, and which earned him the right to bear the title of GREAT, previously bestowed upon him prematurely. It was this that won him the true admiration of all Europe and that of his subjects who witnessed it; it was this that brought back to him so many hearts which his long, harsh reign had alienated.

His firmness and true grandeur; his piety.

He humiliated himself in secret under the hand of God;

he recognized His justice and implored His mercy, without degrading either himself or his crown in the eyes of men; on the contrary, he moved them to a sense of his magnanimity. Happy would it have been if, while adoring the hand that struck him, and receiving its blows with a dignity which gave to his submission an honour so illustrious, he had turned his eyes to the causes still reparable, instead of considering only those which had no other remedy than avowal, sorrow, and useless repentance.

Reflections.

What an amazing mixture of light and darkness! A perfect conviction of his injustice and his impotence, to which his own lips testified in his words to those who received his will, to the Queen of England, and to his bastards; yet a complete surrender to the latter of his family, his sole heir, his fame, his honour, his reason, the inward motions of his conscience, his person, his will, his liberty. But the proud monarch groaned under his fetters. These groans, stronger than his own will, burst forth occasionally; they cannot be mistaken in what he said to the parliament people and to the Queen of England; namely, that he had "bought his peace." He, so master of himself that he never said aught but what he chose to say, even he could not restrain himself from saying that his will had been extorted from him; they had made him do that which he did not wish to do and thought he ought not to do. Strange violence, strange weakness, strange avowal wrenched forth by feelings and by sorrow! What a contrast of strength and grandeur of soul superior to all disasters with abject weakness before a shameful, illegitimate, and tyrannical domestic plot! and what a verification of the warning of the Holy Spirit, in the all-wise books of the Old Testament, of the fate of those who are delivered over to licentiousness and the empire of women! What an end to a

reign so long admired, and until its last reverses, so dazzling in grandeur, in lavishness, in courage, in strength! and what an abyss of weakness, misery, and shame, felt, abhorred, and yet endured to its fullest extent! O Nebuchadnezzar! who can fathom the judgments of God? Who shall dare not to abase himself in His presence?

But what are we to think of the constant and tranquil firmness of the king, admired by all in these last days of his life? For it is quite certain that in leaving the world he regretted nothing, and that the quietude of his soul was proof against all anxiety; that he was troubled by none of his last directions; that he looked, spoke, foresaw, and regulated what should be done after his death with the usual ease of a man in perfect health and a mind at rest; that he maintained to the last that external decency, that gravity, that majesty which had accompanied every action of his life, and with them a perfect naturalness, an air of truth and simplicity which banished even the faintest suspicion of acting or pretence. Absorbed in the great future he was about to enter, with a detachment from life in which there was no regret, a humility that was not cringing, a contempt for all that was no longer to be his, a kindness and composure of soul that remembered to comfort even his valets, surely he presented a most moving spectacle, and the more admirable because he sustained it throughout precisely the same. The consciousness of his sins was there without terror; confidence in God — shall we so call it? — without doubt, without uneasiness, founded on His mercy and the blood of Jesus Christ; resignation as to his personal condition, as to his length of life, and regrets that he did not suffer more. Who does not admire an end so great, so Christian? But who does not also shudder?

What shall we say of his last words to his nephew, after

his will, and immediately after writing the codicil and receiving the last sacraments? What can be said of his positive assurances, clear, precise, and twice repeated, that nothing would be found in those documents to trouble him; whereas, they were solely drawn up to dishonour and to rob him, or rather, let us speak the truth, to cut his throat. Nevertheless he reassured him, he praised him, he caressed him; he recommended to him his successor, — whom he had totally abstracted from him, — his kingdom, which, he told him, he was about to govern, knowing well that he had taken all authority from him and had delivered him over bound to his enemies. Was this craft? was this deception? was it derision in the act of dying? What an enigma to explain! Let us endeavour to believe that in some way the king was able to explain it to himself.

Other reflections.

Perhaps he explained it by what he seemed to think the impotence of the deed that had been extorted from him. Let us go further and say he did not doubt this, and may have hoped that an iniquitous and scandalous will, fit to throw his family and the kingdom into flames, would meet with no greater support than that obtained by the will of his father, so wise, weighty, and just, which he himself had made public amid general and genuine applause.

Thus died one of the greatest kings of this world, in the arms of an unworthy and secret wife and of his double bastards, master of himself and provided with the sacraments of the Church by a confessor like Père Tellier. If such was the death of the saints, certainly the assistants were not of that order.

And even those assistants did not remain till the end. Masters of the king and of his chamber, admitting no one but themselves and a few necessary attendants, their assiduity never lessened so long as there was any need of it.

But as soon as the codicil was written and consigned to the chancellor they were not ashamed to withdraw. We have seen how the tender compliment of the king to Mme. de Maintenon on the hope of her soon rejoining him displeased that aged witch; and we have also seen how, on the Wednesday, four days before the king's death, she abandoned him forever; and how the king, observing this with pain, asked for her repeatedly, and finally obliged her to return from Saint-Cyr; though even then she had not the patience to await his death before she left him again and returned no more. Cardinals Bissy and Rohan, and Tellier, his confessor, troubled themselves so little to show any assiduity that the king was left without a mass, although he was in full possession of his senses and desired it; and if it had not been for Charost, as I have already said, he would not have had one.

Abandonment of the king in his last days.

Louis XIV. was regretted by none but his personal valets, a few other persons, and the leaders of the affair of the bull Unigenitus. Paris, weary of a subjection which had smothered it, breathed again with the hope of regaining its liberty, and rejoiced at the end of the authority of so many men who had abused it. The provinces, long despairing at their prostration and ruin, quivered with joy; their parliaments and all classes of the judiciary, crushed by the edicts and the indictments consequent on the bull, flattered themselves they were free at last. The people, ruined, crushed, desperate, gave thanks to God, with scandalous displays for a deliverance their ardent wishes thought secure. Foreign countries, delighted to be rid of a monarch who, for so many years, had imposed the law upon them, nevertheless restrained themselves with more propriety than Frenchmen. The marvels of the first three-quarters of a reign that was more than seventy years long, and the personal magnanimity

Louis XIV. was little regretted.

of a sovereign till then so fortunate, and after that period so deserted by fortune, dazzled and affected them. They made it a point of honour to render him after death that which they had constantly refused to him in his lifetime. No foreign court exulted; each and all they vied with one another in lauding and honouring his memory.

We shall see presently whether the French nation was right or wrong in the feelings to which it gave expression, and whether it found out later if it had gained or lost.

INDEX TO VOL. III.

Aguesseau (Henri François d'), *procureur-général*, opposes acceptance of bull Unigenitus, 213; his wife exhorts him to stand firm, 213.

Anjou (Duc d'), Louis XV., his life saved by Mme. de Ventadour, 67.

Beauvilliers (Duc de), his state on death of dauphin, 67; saves Saint-Simon by burning dauphin's papers, 68–70; requested by king to take the education of little dauphin, 169; asks Saint-Simon to accept the office under him, 169–171; his illness, death, and character, 171–176.

Beauvilliers (Duchesse de), her character, and conduct after husband's death, 177–179.

Berry (Duc de), puts out an eye of M. le Duc at a battue, 34, 35; his affliction at the dauphine's death, 45; his position as to the renunciations, 89, 98, 99; his speech before parliament, 110–113; its fiasco, his mortification, 113–116; taken ill, 138; death and character, 140–142; relations with his wife, 142; his illness, 143.

Berry (Duchesse de), her behaviour on Duc de Berry's death, 139; her gallantries, relief at his death, 142, 143.

Bossuet (Bishop of Meaux), prevents declaration of king's marriage to Mme. de Maintenon, 328; obliges king to dismiss Mme. de Montespan, 328, 329.

Boudin (physician), warns the dauphine that she and her husband will be poisoned, 32; openly accuses Duc d'Orléans of poisoning dauphin and dauphine.

Boufflers (Maréchal de), death and character, 19–22; grief at losing the king's regard, 21.

Boulainvilliers (M. de), foretells day of king's death, 211, 212.

Bourgogne (Duc de). See Dauphin.

Bourgogne (Duchesse de). See Dauphine.

Bretagne (Duc de), the little dauphin, dies, 66.

Catinat (Nicolas, Maréchal de), eulogy and death, 33, 34.

Charost (Duc de), appointed captain of the guards at dauphin's request, 23; action at king's death, 276.

Chevreuse (Duc de), his death and parentage, 102; character, 103, 104; anecdotes of, 104, 106; Chancellor Pontchartrain's remark on the two dukes, 105; the devotion of the two to each other, 106.

Clement XI. (Pope), the bull Unigenitus forced from him, his speech to Amelot, 119–122.

Colbert (Jean-Baptiste), father of the Duchesses de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers, 102.

Court (The), consternation of Court, Paris, and provinces at king's declaration of competency of his bastards for the throne, 149, 150, 167, 168.

Dauphin (The), his interviews and confidences with Saint-Simon, 2–11; is drawn by Saint-Simon towards Duc

d'Orléans, 15, 16; occupied with the affair that led to bull Unigenitus, 18, 19; king turns that affair over to him wholly, 27, 30; is warned by Philippe V. that he will be poisoned, 32; anguish at his wife's death, 38, 46; his illness and death, 47–50; believes himself poisoned, 48; public consternation, 48; his portrait and character, 50–57; his opinions, 57–64; universal regret for his death, 65; the pope says mass for him himself, 65.

Dauphine (The), discovers the dauphin and Saint-Simon together, 12, 13; her timid distrust of dauphin's best friends, 14; warning given her of poison, 32; goes with king to Marly, 34; receives a box of snuff, its mysterious disappearance, 35, 36; her illness and death, 35–39; her portrait, character, and life, 39–45.

Dubois (Guillaume, Abbé, afterwards Cardinal), portrait, character, 222, 223; infamous training of Duc d'Orléans, 224.

England (Princess Royal of), her death, 82.

England (Anne, Queen of), death of, her friendship for Louis XIV., 155.

Fagon encourages belief that the dauphin and dauphine were poisoned, 72, 75.

Fénelon (Archbishop of Cambrai), death, portrait, career, character, and hopes, 187–194.

Fleury (André-Hercule, Abbé, afterwards Cardinal), his beginning, 194; without convictions, persecutes the Jansenists to be made preceptor of little dauphin, 194, 195.

Hamilton (Duke of), appointed ambassador to France, but is killed in a duel with Lord Mohun, 100.

Lauzun (Duc de), his remark about Voysin's absurdities, 147.

Louis XIV., grief at the death of the dauphine, 45, 46, 48; action in regard to slander against Duc d'Orleans, 80, 81; resumes his usual life, 81; unwilling to allow parliament to ratify renunciations, 85, 86; his jealousy of authority, 86, 87, 109, 110; his ennui after the dauphine's death, 106; singular remark about Princesse des Ursins, 144; regret at losing Chancellor Pontchartrain, 145; declares his bastard sons competent for succession to the throne in default of princes of the blood, 147–150; is coerced to make a will, how, why, and by whom, 156–169; gives it to the custody of parliament, extraordinary speech in so doing, 163, 164; speech to Queen of England, 165; his health begins to fail, 181, 183; worried by the troubles of the bull Unigenitus, 183; undoubtedly the author of Mme. des Ursins' fall, 203; is deceived and pleased with a sham embassy from Persia, 206, 207, 209; health fails visibly, 210; urged by Père Tellier to have the bull enregistered, 212, 213; indignation with d'Aguesseau for opposing it, 213; his end approaches, 255, 262; journal of his last days, 264–279; last public act, 264; his appetite, 266; persists in working, 267, 268; refuses to make appointments for Père Tellier, 269; M. du Maine and Mme. de Maintenon force him to make a codicil to his will, 270; receives the last sacraments, shocking falsity to the Duc d'Orléans, 271, 272; places responsibility to God for his church actions on the church authorities, 272, 273; takes leave of courtiers, 273; last words to Maréchal de Villeroy and to the little dauphin, 274; affectionate speech to Mme. de Maintenon, 275; she leaves him four days before his death, 276; he misses her and sends for her, 277; she leaves him again and finally, 278; his death, 279; his character, early years, virtues, vices, acts, habits, charm, etc., 280–303; passion for building, 304;

delight in tyrannizing over nature, 305; Versailles, 304–307; Marly, 307-310; his amours, 311–315; Mme. de Maintenon, 315; his early dislike to her, 317; how she supplanted Mme. de Montespan, 318, 319; his marriage to her, 320; his ignorance, 323; becomes devout, 324; the infamy of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 325–327; last years, 333; his reverses of fortune, 334; his firmness and true grandeur, why he deserved the name of Great, 335; reflections on his last acts, 336–338; his abandonment in his last hours, 339; rejoicings in France at his death, were they justified? 340.

Luynes (Duc de), son of the famous Duchesse de Chevreuse, a recluse at Port-Royal, 102.

Madame (Élisabeth Charlotte, Duchesse d'Orléans), her description of her son, the Duc d'Orléans, 225.

Maine (Duc du), author and disseminator of the calumny against Duc d'Orléans, 73–76; declared by king competent for succession to the throne, 147–150; list of steps by which the king had raised him, 150–152; appearance before parliament, 154, 155; king's speech to him, 153; coerces the king to make a will, 156–163; obtains from king complete power over future regent, 270; jokes about a circumstance at king's death-bed, 276; having obtained all he wanted, neglects the king, 277.

Maintenon (Mme. de), says openly that the Duc d'Orléans poisoned the dauphin and dauphine, 75; efforts to amuse the king, recalls Villeroy to Court for that purpose, 106, 107; coerces king to make a will, why and how, 156–163; speech of king to Queen of England aimed at her, 164, 165; assists Duc du Maine in forcing king to put a codicil to the will, 270; not pleased by an affectionate speech of the king on his deathbed, 275; leaves the king four days before his death, 276; king sends for her, leaves him again and retires finally to Saint-Cyr, 278; her history, early career, how she supplanted Mme. de Montespan, 315–319; married to the king, 320; her character, 321–323; establishes Saint-Cyr, 327; ardent desire for recognition of her marriage, 328; resigns herself to that disappointment, 329; life and conduct, 329–331; desire to play a part in ecclesiastical affairs, usefulness to her of the bull Unigenitus, 332, 333.

Maréchal (surgeon), denies that the dauphin and dauphine were poisoned, 72, 75; brave defence of Duc d'Orléans to the king and Mme. de Maintenon, 78, 80, 81; warns Mme. de Maintenon of king's failing health, her anger and denial of it, 183.

Marly, the château and pavilions of, their wretched situation and cost, 307–310.

Noailles (Cardinal de), wicked plot of the Jesuits against him, 26–31; his slow, gentle behaviour ruins him, 29, 30.

Orléans (Duc d') efforts of Saint-Simon, to bring him and dauphin together, 14–17; accused of poisoning dauphin and dauphine, 70–78; insulted in the streets, 76, 77; bad advice given him under the accusation, 78; deserted by all the Court, 79; his position as to the renunciations, 89, 98, 99; affliction at death of the Duc de Berry, further suspicions of him in connection with it, 143; angry at king's declaration of competency of bastards for the throne, but accepts it silently, 150; his opinion about bull Unigenitus, 214, 215; his portrait and character, 216–221; his unfortunate education by Dubois, 222–224; his ennui, 225; character continued, 225–228; approves Saint-Simon's idea of councils, 242; courtiers begin to seek him as the

king's death approaches, 255; approves of Saint-Simon's request to convoke the States-General, then weakens, 261; courtiers crowd and then desert his apartment in view of king's death or recovery, 277.

Orléans (Duchesse d'), portrait and character, 228; efforts to recover from alienation of the Court, 229, 230; endeavours to discover Saint-Simon's future course in reference to her brother, the Duc du Maine, 230, 231, 256, 257.

Philippe V. (of Spain), warns his brother the dauphin that he will be poisoned, 37; royal grief at death of his wife, Louise de Savoie, 134; denies the idea of marrying Princesse des Ursins, 137; his marriage with Elizabeth Farnese, Princess of Parma, and heartless treatment of Mme. des Ursins, 196–202.

Pontchartrain (Chancellor), retires from active life, his motives, 144–146.

Renunciations (The), history of, 84–101; the Peace of Utrecht dependent on them, 84; merely registered by parliament, 110; scene on that occasion, 112–114.

Saint-Simon (Duc de), change in his relations to dauphin, 1; their interviews and discussions on matters of State, 2–11; unexpected interruption, 12, 13; endeavours to bring the Duc d'Orléans and dauphin together, 14–17; his memorial showing degradation of peerage, 17, 18; rescues a dangerous paper from Maréchal de Boufflers, 20; asks for post of captain of the guards, but is pleased when Duc de Charost gets it, 22, 23; Duc de Beauvilliers and dauphin wish him to be governor of the Duc de Bretagne, 23, 24; ordered by dauphin to study the questions of the Gallican Church and report to him, 30; last interview with the dauphin, 47; his anguish, 47, 50; condition of mind at dauphin's death, 68, 69, 77; fear lest the king should see his papers in dauphin's desk, 68–70; warned by all his friends, but persists in being faithful to the Duc d'Orléans, 79, 80; forcibly urged to leave the Court for a time, does so, 82, 84; his services in connection with renunciations, 88–93; extraordinary submission to Duc de Beauvilliers, 96–98; amazing interviews with Père Tellier on the bull Unigenitus, 125–133; hears of king's declaration of competency of his bastards to the throne, 147–149; visits the Duc du Maine, 149, 150; Duc de Beauvilliers proposes to share with him the education of the little dauphin, his reply, 169–171; grief and loss on the death of the Duc de Beauvilliers, 179–181; Père Tellier's proposal to him, 184–186; how he meant, as peer, to act on registration of the bull by parliament, 214, 215; tells Duc d'Orléans a home truth, 219, 220; Duchesse d'Orléans endeavours to ascertain his course after king's death, 230, 231; reflections on the future, 234; on present government and that which ought to be established, 235, 236; brief review of the past, showing degradation of nobles, 237, 238; his life-long sentiments on this subject, 239; his views of how to remedy it, 240; advises Duc d'Orléans to form councils, 241; this plan, accepted by Duc de Bourgogne, is afterwards used, though weakened, under regency, 241, 242; Duc d'Orléans proposes to make him head of council of finance, 242, 243; refuses, why, 243–246; is chosen by Duc d'Orléans for Council of Regency, 247; urges Duc d'Orléans to be prepared for immediate action on king's death, 248; advice as to education of young king, 249; desires convocation of States-General, why, 251–255; courtiers begin to seek him, 256; Duchesse d'Orléans questions

him, 256, 257, 262, 263; endeavours to escape all snares, 257; monstrous proposition of Maisons, 258–261.
Saint-Simon (Mme. de), helps and comforts the Duc de Berry about his speech in parliament, 110, 115, 116.
Sévigné (Marquis de), death of, a clumsy mixture of his mother's charm and his sister's affectation, 117.
Shrewsbury (Earl of), appointed ambassador to France in place of Duke of Hamilton, 101; personal history, 107, 108; present at the registration of renunciations, 112.
Shrewsbury (Countess of), her portrait, does what Louis XIV. could not succeed in doing, 108.
Spain (Louise de Savoie, Queen of), her death, 133, 134.
Spain (Elizabeth Farnese, Queen of), married to Philippe V. by the agency of Mme. des Ursins, 137; her extraordinary treatment of Mme. des Ursins, 196, 197, 202.

Tellier (Père), his infamous plot against Cardinal de Noailles, laid bare, 28, 29; deep and dangerous manœuvres, 117; origin of the bull Unigenitus, 118–124; his extraordinary interview with Saint-Simon on this subject, 125–133; makes a proposal to Saint-Simon, 184–186; neglects the king on his deathbed, 276, 277, 278.
Tontine, origin of the thing and the name, 33.
Toulouse (Comte de), his reluctant appearance before parliament, 154.
Unigenitus (bull), origin of, 117, 118, 119; by whom prepared and forced upon the pope, 120–122; anger of the cardinals, 122; outcry in France, 123, 124; horrors resulting, 133; impossibility of getting it accepted in France, 183–186.
Ursins (Princesse des), her project for becoming an independent sovereign, 24; builds Chanteloup mysteriously, 25, 26; her position with king and Mme. de Maintenon lost, 134, 135; her behaviour after death of Queen of Spain, 136; her scheme in marrying Philippe V. to a Princess of Parma, 137; singular remark of the king about her, 144; her fall, extraordinary treatment by the new Queen of Spain, her cruel arrest and journey, 196–202; evidently the work of Louis XIV., 202, 203; arrival in Paris, 203; interview lasting ten hours with Saint-Simon, 204, 205; retires to Italy, 206.
Utrecht (The Peace of), signing, and rejoicings, 116.

Vasé (Abbé de), declines a bishopric, 81.
Versailles (Château de), its wretched situation and cost, 304–310.
Villeroy (Maréchal de), Mme. de Maintenon has him recalled to Court to amuse the king, 106, 107; appearance at the Council in place of Duc de Beauvilliers, 182; fastens upon Saint-Simon to discover his future course towards Duc du Maine, 231, 232; portrait and character, 232–234.

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

DC
130
S2A4
v.3

Saint Simon, Louis de Rouvroy
Memoirs of the Duc de
Saint-Simon

NOT W... IN RBSC